

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



APRIL, 1913

WINNIPEG, CANADA

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Five Roses Flour

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“Not
Bleached---
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Blended.”



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIV.

Published Monthly

No. 4.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one-cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

Only a few more days of April show-
ers and then we enter the month of
May. Did you ever notice how almost
everybody begins to feel happy when
the calendar finally points its finger in
this direction each year—happy, that is,
in a lazy, satisfied, languorous sort of
fashion.

Well, that is natural enough, after
all, is it not? For, certainly, of all
months, May is the time of bright sun-
shine and genial gladness.

Anyone can be excused a certain feel-
ing of glumness when the winter snows

tion you will find in this "Smiling
Spring" number.

May, of all months, seems to have
been made for fiction—that is, the right
kind of fiction. We feel sure that, in
this respect, the Western Home Month-
ly is bounteously and richly supplied.
In all of the stories you can feel the
pulse of outdoor life and sense the per-
sonal touch of human interest.

This hint should be sufficiently sug-
gestive to make you really very impa-
tient.

At least, this is our opinion.

An Ambitious Woman

Chose to be Independent

She lived in Vancouver, B.C. She was not rich—
even well to-do. The little money she earned
brought her bread and butter, but not the amuse-
ments and little luxuries she wanted and to
which she felt she was entitled. In looking for
something to "help out" she read one of our
advertisements explaining subscription work in
home towns. The dignity of the work impressed
her, also the permanency of the plan. She is now
our "part time" representative, a regular member
of our pay-roll, and supplements her present in-
come by \$10.00 a week.

If your income is limited, and if you will
devote spare time to looking after the subscription
work of the Western Home Monthly among your
friends and neighbors, you can earn all the spend-
ing money you need.

AGENCY DIVISION

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

lie piled upon the ground and the flow-
ers and trees seem covered with a
perpetual icy blanket. But when the
birds begin to sing in the freshly covered
woods, and the friendly little
flowers spring up in their characteris-
tic riot of colorful beauty—then every-
body must wear a smile.

Next month the Western Home
Monthly will exhibit its most bewitch-
ing spring smile, so to speak. We are
all going to be happy together—happy
about the reawakening of Nature and
very much interested in every page of
a splendid and timely May-Day Number.

Aside from the spring note of glad-
ness characterizing every page, a bril-
liant galaxy of fiction, articles and pic-
tures will be the distinguishing charac-
teristic of the May number.

There will be special articles filled
with chatty and interesting informa-
tion about the household, while if your
aspirations tend toward artistic achieve-
ment, you will also find much interest-
ing material for your consumption.

Recognition of woman's work in all
branches of activity is becoming more
pronounced everywhere nowadays, and
many contributions from Western wom-
en will be found in the pages of our
May issue. Just a word about the fic-

These are, of course, only a few little
glimpses into the contents of your May-
Day magazine.

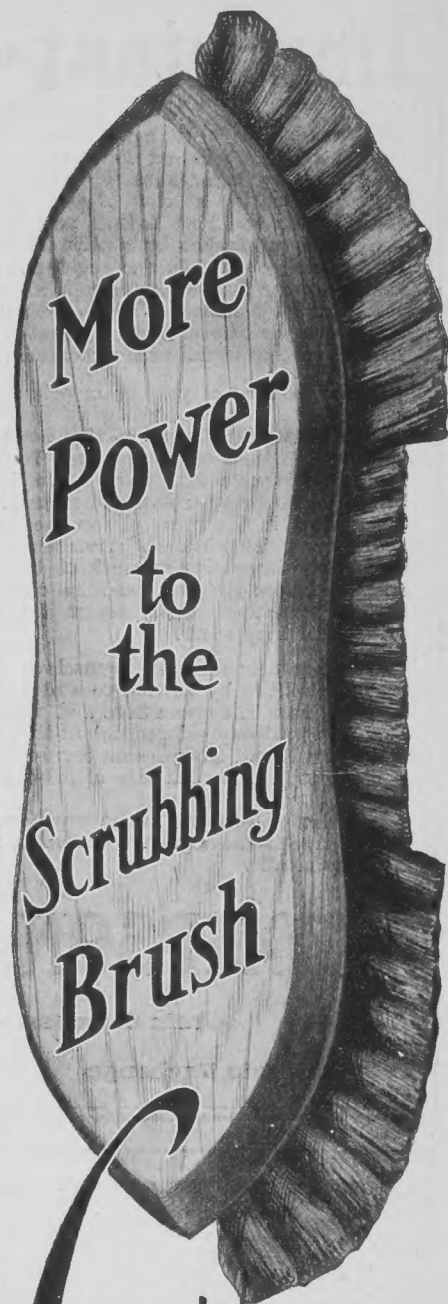
We have not forgotten to pack it full
of springtime suggestion and sunny
cheer.

But for the rest we must ask you to
wait until the issue comes to demand
its own warm welcome.

One thing is certain, however—you
cannot help being happy after you read
the May number.

Of course, you wish to have correct
views on the many important subjects
that are at present demanding western
attention. You can rely on W. H. M.
Editorial to be impartial, well consid-
ered, and well informed. The magazine
is edited by expert men and women who
have made the study of all that is for
the well-being of Western Canada their
life work.

In nearly every community there are
dozens, in many cases scores, and in
others there are hundreds of people who
would gladly subscribe for the Western
Home Monthly for the coming year if
they were shown one issue. Everybody
should get up a club this year. It will
be the greatest year for club raisers
in the history of the Western Home
Monthly.



With

Many Other Uses and
Full Directions on
Large Sifter-Can 10c



Important to Farmers

We would repeat again what we have so frequently stated in appeals to our Western Farmers,—that the only satisfactory way by which they can realize the largest net return for their grain according to the market at time of sale, is by shipping it by the carload to Fort William and Port Arthur, and having it looked after and sold in the Winnipeg market by a reliable and experienced commission firm, acting solely as the Farmer's agents. If besides this the grain is loaded direct into car instead of through an elevator it saves expense and cuts out every middleman but the one commission agent, between the Farmer and the buyer who pays the highest price in store Fort William or Port Arthur, who is usually the exporter, though not always.

At this time of year grain prices usually become firmer, because every day as it passes brings us nearer the opening of lake navigation, and decreases the length of time grain need lie in the terminal elevators under the expense of storage, and there is always the anticipation and prospect of increased activity in buying, which the opening of navigation brings. Also between now and summer there sometimes develops serious impairment in the prospect for the growing wheat crops in different countries, which advances prices sharply. Farmers therefore can make no mistake in getting as much of their left-over grain as possible shipped forward before the busy seedtime comes on, in order to have it in a position where it can easily secure the advantage of any sharp advance in prices that may occur.

Farmers should keep themselves informed about market prospects and possibilities by writing to and consulting us, and should bill their cars to Order Thompson Sons and Co., Fort William or Port Arthur (according to railway shipped on) notify Thompson Sons and Co., Winnipeg. We make liberal advances on car lots shipped to us, and carry same at a moderate commercial rate of interest, as long as seems desirable to do so.

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Saskatchewan—Adanac, Alsask, Arcola, Asquith, Bounty, Buchanan, Cabri, Canora, Carlyle, Craik, Cupar, Cut Knife, Esterhazy, Eyebrow, Fillmore, Gravelbourg, Gull Lake, Herbert, Humboldt, Indian Head, Jansen, Kerrobert, Kindersley, Landis, Lang, Lanigan, Leeville, Lemberg, Lumsden, Luseland, Macklin, Maple Creek, Maryfield, Milestone, Moose Jaw, Moosomin, Netherhill, Neudorf, Ogema, Outlook, Oxbow, Pense, Perdue, Plenty, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Rocanville, Rosetown, Saskatoon, Scott, Simpson, Sintaluta, Southey, Strassburg, Swift Current, Tessier, Theodore, Toga, Tompkins, Vanguard, Viceroy, Wapella, Wawota, Watrous, Webb, Weyburn, Wilkie, Windthorst, Wolseley, Yorkton, Zeelandia.

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All others to W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

The Moving Picture

Almost everything has power for good or a power for evil. Consider for example a book, a picture, a song, a game. As a rule that which has within it the greatest possibilities for good has also within it the greatest possibilities for evil. A tame, listless game that does not give opportunities for bruising limbs and breaking heads, is not to be compared to a rough-and-tumble game that give players a chance to exercise their invention and their daring. The moving picture is a form of appeal that keeps the emotions, and sometimes the intelligence, at a white heat. On this account it has possibilities for both good and evil. It is, therefore, something that is to be controlled rather than prohibited. It must be enlisted in the service of mankind, not used for his destruction. Unfortunately the first use that was made of the moving picture was to play upon the feelings. It placed before people not that which gave information, or higher pleasure, but that which suggested the very lowest of literature—the dime novel, the detective story, the story of revenge. It is not Canada which supplied these films, but irresponsible people in the United States. We are loud in our cries that the United States shall not steal our trade and our loyalty, but in this matter we are strangely silent, notwithstanding the fact that our children are losing their innocence, their sense of the becoming, their regard for life and honor? If we are true to ourselves, we must agitate for a stricter censorship of the films, and must back up the movement now on foot to supply to schools and all regular galleries pictures that are educational, uplifting, and worthy of our national and domestic ideals.

The Worth of Property

What is it that makes a piece of land have value? Its power to produce. If it is good farm land near a city it will produce more than equally good land farther away, because there will not be the same charge for haulage. If it is a piece of city property it will be valuable according to the business that can be transacted on it. For that reason central property is worth very much more than property away from the centre. So, too, property in a central city is worth more than that in a country town or a village. A recognition of these facts would have saved investors a good many dollars. There are some Western cities where the price of land is now too high. The country is bound to grow, but these particular cities will not grow. There are other cities where the land has not yet by any means reached its limit of value, for the reason that growth has but rightly begun. If one compares prices in Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, it is not the Western cities that can be charged with the sky-rocketing. In some small centres in the West, the prices are evidently greater than the prospects will justify.

Woodrow Wilson

The people of Western Canada are not directly interested in the choice of President of the United States, but everybody was deeply moved by the inaugural address of Woodrow Wilson on March 4. Those who have been longing for better economic conditions, and for higher ideals in public life, will in this address find much to give them hope and comfort. Justice without resort to revolutionary measures,—that is what is promised. It is to be hoped that the new President will have the wisdom and the strength to carry out his ideas. It is a giant's task he faces, but we feel he is a giant.

Redistribution

The following paragraph from the Montreal Witness shows that some of the Eastern people recognize the present injustice in Parliamentary representation:

"In 1911 the Liberals went out of power before they had a chance to make the census of that year effective. In 1911 Mr. Borden took the reins of Government and went through his first session of Parliament without passing a redistribution act. That was possibly excusable, as it is a difficult measure, and the new Government found its hands full. When, however, the Parliament entered on its second session, and it was announced that it was not the Government's intention to give redistribution, the 'Witness' began to protest. The West had the right to fifty-six members in 1911, and it only had thirty-five; it was therefore at that time under-represented by twenty-one members. If the growth of the West has been as rapid for the last two years, and there is no reason to think it has not, it is now entitled to sixty-four members, so that it has now twenty-nine members too few. The Parliament of Canada, therefore, as at present constituted, is not fairly representative, and cannot weight properly such proposed legislation as is brought before it. This situation is unconstitutional without doubt, and the sooner it is corrected the better."

The Suffragettes

Good women cannot be given too much power. Misguided women cannot be given too little. With or without legal privileges good women will always rule the world. Even when they are not very good, they succeed in ruling mankind. The rule by which they succeed is not force; it is love. Love never faileth. No matter how one may sympathize with the aims of the leaders of the suffragists, he cannot sympathize with their methods, for they are wrong in two particulars. First of all they are not the methods women should employ, they are unwomanly. Secondly, they will not win adherents, or, in other words, will not accomplish the desired results. If the women of England are accorded the franchise it will be in spite of and not because of the tactics lately employed.

If the women of Canada are to be given the right to a vote, they will not win this right by belligerent methods. In Saskatchewan and Manitoba woman suffrage was discussed quite freely in the legislatures and in such a way as to indicate that so soon as the women themselves are ready to assume the responsibilities they will be granted the privilege. The legislature of Saskatchewan, without any fuss, without any threats or destruction of property, without any organization forcing the issue, calmly considered the question and gave it a respectful hearing. Though the consensus of opinion was that the time had not arrived for the extension of the franchise, there was an assurance given that if the women presented a request, the action of the legislature would be reconsidered.

Similarly in Manitoba, without any demonstrations on the part of womankind, the matter came up in the legislature for discussion, and though the majority favored delay and further investigation before acting, a very respectable minority favored the proposal. All of which goes to show that the women out here have better judgment in these matters than some of the women in the old land—or it may be the men out here are more reasonable or more pliable. Certain it is that if the method of force were applied in Canada, nothing would be gained.

Two Rural Institutions

The only thing of which we are sure in this world is the phenomenon of change. Everything is in a state of flux. The old is always giving way to the new. In industry, in transportation, in trade; in medicine, in science, in art; in methods of warfare as in methods of tillage and farm husbandry—the story for the last fifty years has been the story of discarding the good for something better. New conditions have given rise to new needs, and new needs have demanded new inventions.

There has always been more or less opposition to change, for people are by nature conservative, every change is costly, and some people are bound to suffer during the period of transition. When the power looms were introduced there was a cry from the hand-weavers, when the type-setting machines were perfected, many printers had to adapt themselves to the new conditions or suffer. So it has been all around.

It is strange that, though in almost every department of life there has been a ceaseless round of changes, in education and religion there has been comparatively little departure from old-time methods. Indeed, the words of the prayer-book seem to have been literally applied—"As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end." Yet, in no two fields are there greater opportunities and greater necessity for improvement in methods than in the two just mentioned. What has been taking place recently in the city high schools and in city churches is but an indication of the wide departure that must be made from old customs, if our educational and religious life is to develop with our trade and commerce.

Take the case of the country school. It is clear that it cannot be satisfactorily managed in the old way. It must get a new conception of aim. It must change its methods. It must improve its equipment. It must perfect its organization. In other words, it must aim to meet present social and industrial needs; it must emphasize the practical studies and must make much of co-operative activity. There must be added to the little room now in existence, a workshop. The playground must be fenced and a garden made. Above all the present small unit must be discarded in favor of a larger so that free transportation of pupils to consolidated schools will be the rule rather than the exception.

The local church must also branch out in its activity. All life should be religious. Between the school and the church there should be opportunities in every district for evening classes, for amusements and club meetings, for debating societies and reading circles. Neither a school nor a church should be erected for use for only a few hours each week, but both should be used for the good of the community in every possible way. They should be the centre of physical, intellectual, and social activity; they should give inspiration, enlightenment and moral uplift. The two things usually associated with school and church are text-books and dogma; the two things that should be associated with both are social and spiritual efficiency. It is as easy to run these institutions on new lines as in the old. All that it requires is that people, preachers, and teachers should become alive to their opportunities.

The Easter Bonnet

Someone has defended the horse-show on the ground that it gives certain classes an opportunity to show off their fine clothes. In the same way Easter Sunday gives an opportunity.

(Continued on Page 80)

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Stylish Summer Costume (as illustration) made to order in superior quality Habit Cloth, in various fashionable self colours, for \$15.60. Also in "Royal" Wellesley Serge, Navy, Black, Cream, Brown, Green, etc., for \$15.60

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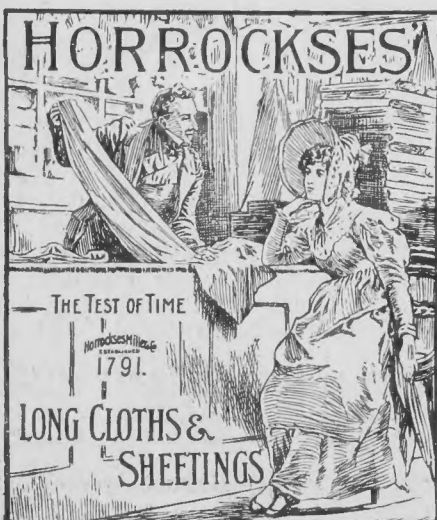
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ENGLAND

How Toomey Willed his Government Job

By Robert Shackleton

"I BEING in sound mind and body, do hereby resign my position in the Custom-house; and, being after dying, as I fully believe, and of sound mind and body as aforesaid, do hereby will my job, which I have held so long, to my good friend Dennis Duggan; and I hope Michael McShea will agree to this, and I hereby ask him to give the job to Duggan, this being my last will."

It was in broken sentences, for he was very weak, that old Toomey slowly dictated the document, and it was with evident pride in the composition. "You see how careful I am to put that in about being in sound body and mind?" he said, as Duggan slowly wrote down the words. "It's points like them that spoils many a will, Duggan; but you see I look out for you—I look out for you, Dennis."

"Yes," said Duggan, sighing deeply; and he caught the eye of the comely Mrs. Toomey, so soon to be a widow, and she sighed mournfully in return. "Yes, Toomey, and there's only one point more. It isn't signed yet, and many a will's been lost through not being signed—many a will's been lost through that. Will you sign it now, Toomey?"

Toomey answered with a touch of irritation. "Oh, I'm not so near going as that, Dennis. I've life in me yet, even though my time may be near at hand."

"The—the doctor—" sobbed Mrs. Toomey. She was thinking of the doctor's prophecy as to the few hours of life remaining to her husband. Now, Toomey never liked to hear Mrs. Toomey sob, and so, to divert her mind from her grief, he said: "Here, Duggan, give me that pencil, and after I sign it Mary'll sign as a witness." And so Toomey signed the will, and Mary witnessed it; and then he signed another will, giving to his wife all of his property, "both really and in person," as he expressed it; and then he lay back wearily, and his face grew ashen pale. Little by little he gasped out:

"It'll be all right now—it'll be all right. There's nobody to dispute the money with you, Mary, but brother Tim's children and my cousins. But you'll file the will at court, and there's \$2,300 in the three banks, and you'll get it. And the other will, Duggan, it don't need to be filed in any court, for it concerns a job that's nobody's business but McShea's and mine."

His earthly business thus concluded, he turned his face toward the open window, and looked out across the tenement street, and listened to the myriad of sounds that floated up to him. And again Duggan dolefully sighed, and again sighed the comely widow that was to be. It was a hot evening in mid-summer, following a torrid day; and Eldridge Street is one of the most densely populated neighborhoods of that most densely crowded portion of New York. Toomey had lived in his simple rooms, on the top floor of his particular tenement, for a quarter of a century, and had grown to love all of the neighborhood sights and sounds.

"Who's any happier than me?" he was wont to say. And tonight, as he looked and listened, the thought came to him, more bitterly than at any previous time in the course of his illness, that it was very hard to go away and leave all this. For many classes and conditions go to the making up of the life of the great East Side. There is poverty there, and there is inconceivable crowding, and there is lack of food and air, and there is unspeakable misery; but there is also much of happiness, and there are many who have plenty of money for comforts and gaieties. Squalor and prosperity are constant neighbors, not only on the same streets, but in the same huge tenements.

Toomey looked at the scores of people who clung sprawingly on the iron fire-escapes and balconies that gridironed the fronts of the buildings—and gridirons they in very truth still were, as

the sun, after baking them to a furious heat, was but a short time set, and the iron was still warm. But the population of the street, men and women and children were mostly ambulatory, and moved aimlessly about, and shifted back and forth on the pavement and sidewalks below. The shuffling of feet, the chirring hum of talk, the screams of children as they played together or savagely tore at each other in wrath, came up to Toomey, and he thought again of how sad it was to lose it all. To a stranger, the sounds would have been an indistinguishable medley, but the practised ear of Toomey could disassociate each from each.

He heard the vibrant clink of glasses in the nearby saloon. He heard the sinister clang of the patrol wagon, while it was still two blocks away, but to him it was but one of the many sounds that united to enhance the attractiveness of the street. "I wonder if it's Tim Hogan, and if he's been beating his wife again," he murmured. Above the confused dissonance he caught the distant sounds of a Salvation Army squad, and gently smiled as he listened to the notes of "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day."

The tune ceased, and he half-whispered; "Yes, and that's where I'm going. And I only hope the district leader up there will be as square as Michael McShea, for if he is I'll be all right." He paused a moment. "They're kneeling now," he said. And his wife and Duggan looked at each other and commiseratingly shook their heads, thus mutely agreeing that poor Toomey was becoming delirious.

A Jolly Good Day

Follows

A Good Breakfast

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Post Toasties

tomorrow morning.

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"But he's given you all the money, straight enough," said Duggan, drawing close to her.

"Yes; and he's given you the job," she responded.

From the corner of a fire-escape diagonally opposite shone the fitful glow of a pipe, and Toomey knew that Irene Baumann and her lover were there, that corner of that fire-escape having been adopted as their own, and yielded by the other tenement dwellers through courtesy, as they all knew that Irene's mother objected to the girl's going with the young man to the parks or recreation piers. Against the fronts of the buildings huge shadows, cast by the street-lights, grotesquely flung themselves. The notes of a twangy guitar floated in from a rear tenement.

Old Toomey's eyes wearily closed. "It's all so good. I hate to leave it. And what will they do without me?" He was not, however, thinking of his wife as he said this, but of many of the needy to whom he was in the habit of doing little kindnesses; but even in his whispered self-communion he did not

in the presence of soon-coming death. "Who's the Collector of Customs in New York now?" he asked; but Toomey answered, with a touch of impatience: "I—don't—just remember; I—don't—know—as—I ever knew."

"No, of course not," replied Duggan, soothingly. "Of course not. You never had any reason to. I'll ask McShea, if I ever need to know. He's been district leader for a great many years, hasn't he, Toomey? And it's many years that you've held your job under him."

"A long time, and always gave McShea the fullest satisfaction," sobbed Mrs. Toomey. "But McShea'll get another good man when Duggan takes your place," she added, as she dried her eyes on the hem of her skirt. Toomey, although dying, looked a trifle annoyed, and frowned ever so little, but the other two, looking at each other in mutual commiseration, did not notice it.

"And who was President of the United States when you first got the job?" Duggan continued, still under the impression that the circumstances of such



Feeding the Pet Cooon

mention any names, for he was always reticent about the good that he did.

Toomey had for twenty-three years held a position in the Custom-house. It was not a position of great consequence. It was only that of a packer and weigher, and it had only yielded the sum of \$725 a year. But in his own estimation and in that of his friends there was a certain dignity attaching to the position, more than to that of street-sweeper or assistant janitor of a public building, for example, and so he had been the object of considerable good-natured envy, which had, of course, been enhanced by the length of time that he had been able to hold the place. There were many who would prize the job, now that he was giving it up.

"Duggan, I've willed you a good thing," he whispered, faintly, turning his head from the window.

Duggan bent over him in deep concern. "Will there be any trouble about my getting it?" he asked. Toomey tried to shake his head.

"How could there be?" he answered. "McShea's never had anything against me!"

Duggan tried to make conversation, clumsily feeling this much to be incumbent upon him, after such a gift, even

a gift demanded appreciative conversation from him.

"I—don't—know; but McShea was—" Toomey stopped, and could not complete the sentence.

"Yes, yes, poor fellow. You've served under a good many presidents and a good many collectors. Do you remember who was the Collector of Customs, in this city, when you first got your place?"

"No. I never—paid—any—attention—to presidents or collectors," the dying man whispered. "My district leader was the only man I ever thought of."

"And that's just so," put in Mrs. Toomey. "Such things as collectors or presidents never makes no difference. You must always remember that, Dennis. It's the district leader that's the one to look out for. Whatever he says, always goes. Keep solid with McShea. Dennis, and you'll hold the job as long as—"

But here she again had recourse to the hem of her skirt. Toomey noticed this, and hurriedly strove to create a diversion. "If I was you, Duggan, I'd get after McShea right off. It'll be all right if he knows I want you to have the job, and have put it in my will, but he may hear of my being sick, and—"



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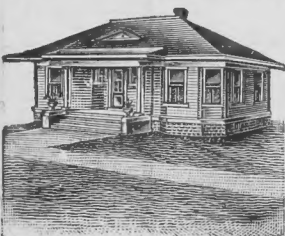
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His face again grew very white, and he became so weak that it seemed as if death was near at hand. The doctor, who at that moment arrived, stepped briskly to his bedside, while Duggan, spurred on by the fear of losing his job, hurried off to find McShea. At the foot of the long series of stairways he met the priest.

Duggan found the district leader in a saloon on the Bowery, below the rooms of the political club of the district. With a great deal of trepidation, for he had always held the great man in awe, he stepped up to him. "Toomey's dying, and he's made this will," he blurted out.

McShea, leaning against the bar, slowly read the paper that Duggan nervously poked up into his face, and then looked back at Duggan with much of dubiety. McShea was very stout, with grizzled hair, deep-set eyes, bulbous nose, and firm lips. His face at first sight seemed ordinary, but a second glance showed that it expressed capacity of an unusual order, and you began to realize how it was that he had been able to hold the position of district leader in his assembly district for nearly thirty years.

For a district leader, to be successful, must be a man of determination and ability, full of tact and resourcefulness. He is the head of his clan, and his clan is composed of every voter of his party in the district. He sees to it that his tribesmen have their full proportion of city jobs, both transient and of the more permanent character.

were times when, contrary to his usual habit of deciding alone, he chose to submit questions to his retainers, and the matter of Toomey's job he felt to be a fitting one for such a submission. He smiled grimly as he noted the angry clouding of the five countenances. Duggan weakly told the barkeeper to "ask the gentlemen what they would have," but this time they all refused to drink, and scowled upon him in a darkling circle.

"We heard that Toomey might die," said McShea, "and there are forty-two members of the club who are applicants for his job."

"And each of us is a man as has paid his dues square up," put in one of the men.

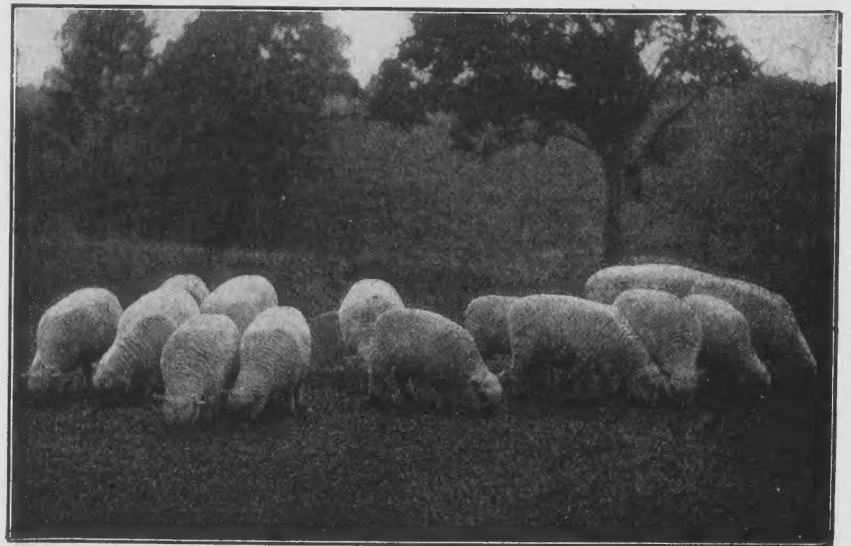
"But I'm only behind because I've been out of work," protested Duggan, "and I'll pay up all my back dues out of my first month's pay."

The circle sniffed. "When you get the job," said one. The circle laughed, and Duggan flushed with mortification. McShea looked on, judicially contemplative. "When's Toomey likely to die?" he asked.

"The doctor says to-night'll be the last—that he'll sure go before morning," replied Duggan. "And that's why he wanted me to see you at once about his job."

"That's bad," said McShea. "Poor fellow! I didn't know he was quite so sick as that. I'll go up and see him tonight."

"But about his job—" began Duggan again, persistently.



Southdown Sheep

For instance, when a big hotel burns down, and many lives are lost, and the city puts hundreds of laborers at work clearing the ruins in the search for bodies, each district leader in the city—if his is the party in charge of the city's politics—hurries the unemployed men of his district to the contractor, and the contractor must fairly balance the claims of all, or else he is sure to obtain no further jobs from the city.

When a voter is sick, the district leader is expected to see to it that he is cared for. When the voter is in need, his need must be relieved, or else an order must be obtained, transferring the sufferer to the almshouse or a public hospital. The head of the district clan has all the responsibilities of a tribal chief. And for the many benefits, actual and potential, of which he stands as the source, he expects an unquestioning return. The men must vote right at every election, and those who aim to get the most benefits must keep up their membership in the local political club.

McShea looked at Duggan doubtfully. He set his glass down, and it stood in a beery ring. He slowly wiped his lips on the towel that hung beneath the bar. Several members of the district club, who had been sitting at dingy tables, lounged forward. They cast hostile glances at Duggan, who nervously asked them all to drink. They promptly did so, and then, putting their glasses down in five beery rings, and wiping five mouths on the hanging towels, resumed their hostile looks.

"Duggan wants Toomey's place. You've all heard he's very sick. Well, Toomey's willed his job to Duggan," said McShea, in curt explanation. There

The district leader's patience gave way. He had been somewhat embarrassed by the forty-two applications, and the difficulty of deciding so as to make no enemies, and he was really annoyed that this will should further complicate the situation. He knew that many would believe that Toomey's last will should be respected, and he also knew that there would be inevitable dissatisfaction should the desirable job be given to Duggan, who had been derelict with his membership and dues. He turned on Duggan sharply.

"Why didn't you apply to the President? Don't you know this is a job in the United States Custom-house? What have I got to do with it, do you suppose?"

Duggan looked at him, open-mouthed. "You're the district leader, and—and Toomey always said—"

Still more irritated, McShea interrupted him. "And don't you know that at least the Collector of Customs is the head of his own department here, and that he's got all the say in such matters? I'm the district leader? Yes! But what have I got to do with all you fellows, except to keep track of your meetings and the way you vote? Do you expect me to settle every question that comes up? Take that will to the Collector, and see if he'll give you the job!"

Duggan's mouth was open wider than ever, and the jaws of the other five also dropped. The idea, thus propounded by their leader, awed them. They exchanged glances of dumb amazement, and every man spat solemnly into the big wooden cuspidor. Duggan was the first to recover himself. "Ah, you're just guyin' us! There's nobody bigger'n

the district leader. "Whatever you say goes, and there ain't no collector going to say a word. See?"

McShea dignified to unbend. "What'll it be?" he said. And the line, including Duggan, straightened up, and seven elbows simultaneously arose.

"And now, Duggan, you go back to Toomey. You can tell him that the question of who gets his job must be left to a vote of the club. There's too many members who have paid their dues, and want the job, and who told me so before I heard of his will, to let me decide on the matter without giving them a chance to be heard."

"But Toomey thought—"

"Never you mind, just now, what Toomey thought! You go along, and we'll see what can be done."

"If it's going to be left to us," put in one of the men with a sour grin, "why you can tell Toomey that I want the job myself."

"And me, too," cried another, as the swinging screen hit the disappearing Duggan in the back. "And we've all paid our dues reg'lar!"

The crestfallen Duggan did not hurry back, and when he reached Toomey's tenement both the doctor and the priest had gone. Toomey, fully prepared for death by bodily and spiritual ministrations, was talking with his wife. He had been told that he was unexpectedly holding his strength, and that there might still be a leeway of half a day or so. This had cheered him, and his eyes were brighter as he glanced out of the window, and he feebly hummed in unison with the guitar that someone was still twanging, out of tune, in the rear tenement.

"There's the Aarons going to bed on the corner of the roof. It's a wonder, with all their children, that none of them ever falls over the edge! And there's Irene Baumann's young man going. He always goes at half-past nine sharp, for he works in a gas-house and has to be there at ten. And there's the patrol gong again! I'll bet it's after Tim Hogan this time! I wonder if the judge'll send him to the Island or let him off with a fine!"

His eyes were alight with eagerness, but a broken sob from his wife recalled him to a realization of the fact

that in all probability he was not going to be on hand to know how the case would be decided.

"Don't cry, Mary. And don't let me dying make you very unhappy. You've got all the money—and I want you to be sure—after awhile—not to be lonely. There's other good men—and maybe—after a good while—"

"You were always so thoughtful for me," she sobbingly spluttered. "And, if you really mean it, and want me to, I think I'll do as you tell me to!"

"Ah!" murmured Toomey. And then he again lay very still, listening to the noises of the street, for in mid-summer the East Side never really goes to sleep. The noises were, however, gradually changing in character, and lights were flitting about in the tenements across the way. More and more came the realization of all that he was about to lose, and he answered in monosyllables several questions tearfully put to him by his wife. And then came in the disappointed Duggan.

"McShea won't let me have the job! He says there's too many asked for it before he knew of your will!"

"Won't let me will my own property as I want to!" exclaimed the dying man. "A job I've held for over twenty years!" He sat up in the bed, disregarding Mrs. Toomey's frightened expostulations.

"No, he won't!" said Duggan.

Toomey put one foot over the edge of the bed. "I'll go and see him myself," he said.

"But you're dying! You're dying!" wailed his wife. Just then the shrewdly forceful face of McShea peered in at the door. He had knocked, but in the excitement no one had noticed it. The district leader looked from Toomey to his wife, and from her to Duggan. Then he looked hard at Toomey again. Mrs. Toomey and Duggan looked at each other and then back at the dying man. No one spoke, till Toomey himself, putting his other foot over the side of the bed, broke the silence. "I feel so much stronger, that I was just going to go and see you," he said; "about my government job, you know, and my will."

McShea's eyes twinkled. "Toomey, it's no use. There's too many after it. If I was you, and feeling as strong as you seem to, I'd keep my job, and my wife, and my money!"

A stronger wave of sound rolled up. Again the patrol gong sounded. There was the clangor of an ambulance. From the saloon on the corner came confused shouts. Men and women screamed. People peered over the edges of the roofs, and windows and fire-escapes became suddenly alive. The sounds became a roar.

Toomey, in a tingle of excitement, ran to the window, leaned far out, and excitedly shouted out inquiries that nobody heeded or even heard. His wife and Duggan tugged at him in vain. McShea looked on in grim amusement.

Ambulance and patrol wagon went clangorously away. The crowd dispersed. The roar of sound died down. Toomey turned back into the room. Mrs. Toomey sat down, stupefied into silence. Duggan tried not to scowl. The eyes of the district leader twinkled. The almost defunct packer and weigher was for a moment disconcerted, but as he caught the twinkle in his district leader's eyes he braced himself with a grin.

"If you won't let me will my job, McShea, I think I'll keep it awhile myself," he said.

TOO FRAIL TO LAST.

"So you've broken off your engagement with Miss Smarte?" asked the inquisitive friend.

His victim shook his head.

"No," he replied; "I didn't break it off."

"Oh, then she broke it off?"

"No," answered the young man, enjoying his friend's growing wonder.

"But it is broken off, isn't it?" persisted the curious one.

"Oh, yes!" explained the young man gently. "She told me what her dress-maker's yearly bill was, and I told her what my income was. Then our engagement gently dissolved."

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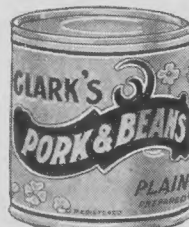


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"The doctors told me I was liable to become paralyzed at any time, so I was in constant dread. I took no end of medicine—all to no good."

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay. I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen."

"About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum."

"I have never had one spell of sick headache since and only one light attack of bilious colic. Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well and my heart is getting stronger all the time." Name given upon request.

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King Lear's Daughter

A Footlight Fragment

By Eileen Edgar.

HE was just eighteen.

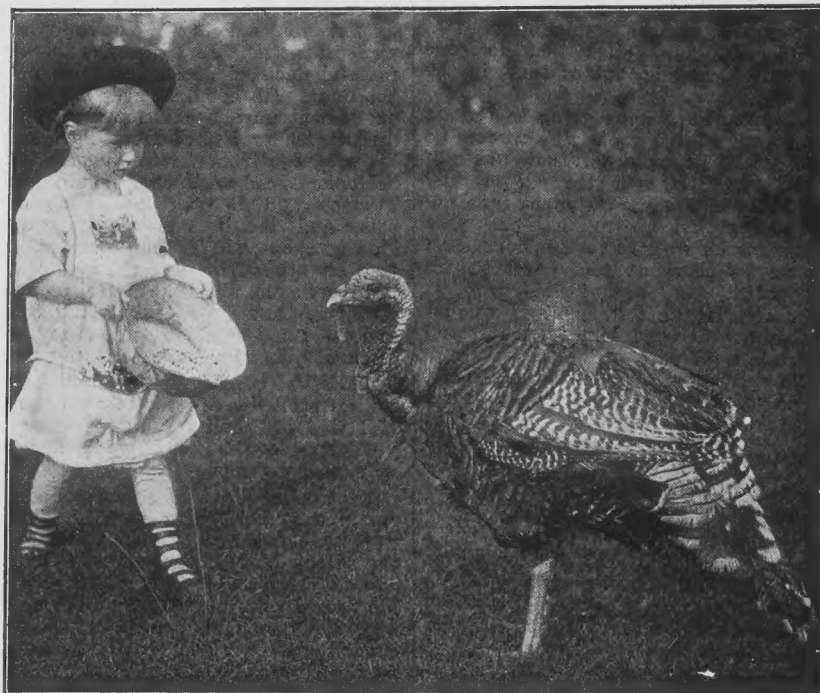
Every evening, Sundays excepted, precisely at eight o'clock, in the very scant quantity of silk known as tights, and an immoderate amount of breastplate and helmet, she descended the four flights of winding stairs leading from her dressing room among the flies, avoiding the dangerous pitfalls of each landing with surety born of long experience, and steering her course deftly between the set market place of Padua and the unset palace of Prince Popalanii, in Central Africa, emerged in due course upon the stage to the placid delight of the baldheaded contingent of the front row and the speechless admiration of its neighbor, the younger and more innocuous dude.

King Lear's daughter was a chorus girl.

Viewed from before the footlights, Cordelia was a lithe, erect young creature of a hundred evolutions and a thousand corrugations; the possessor of a superb figure that focussed the opera glass of every male critic of form in the house, and won the unwilling envy of every lady of fashion noting the same. Viewed from that vantage

girl's superb figure and dark beauty were rightfully hers by inheritance. At such times, too, a look, half tenderness, half shamed pride and appeal, would cross his face when she would appear, glance quickly, wistfully into his face, and, laying her hand on his arm, walk away by his side. She never failed to give this quick, wistful look, pathetic in its meaning, into his face. If she met the glance of pride and tenderness she would press his arm closer and smile happily. More often, however, the figure, bent and shrunken, shambled forth from the doorway, muttering incoherent reproaches at her delay and whining forth concerning its hard lot in having to wait in all sorts of weather, a poor, helpless old man, and giving forth a pungent odor of stale tobacco and cheap whisky. At such times she never took his arm, but walked in proud, uncomplaining silence beside him. Sometimes the old man never came at all.

This was old King Lear, father of Cordelia, who in his time had been tragedian and gentleman, and now in his declining years alternated the roles of helpless, repentant old man and hopeless, besotted drunkard.



First Call for Lunch

ground of Johnnie and Chollie—the stage door—she was seen to be a tall, graceful girl, young still, with glorious limbs, concealed by a black cashmere gown decidedly the worse for wear, while a modest coat and small black hat replaced the resplendent armor and magnificent casque.

Even thus transformed, and, as it were, fallen from her high estate, she won the undisguised admiration of Johnnie and Chollie as she brushed past them nightly, paying no more heed to their small selves than if they were so much nebulae in space, and compelling a certain respect that forbade them to thrust themselves within the focus of those beautiful, disdaining eyes.

"B'gad, y' know," said Johnnie to Chollie, watching the slim, erect figure, with its proud, graceful step, disappear down the street, "doosed fine filly, but steps too high. Gives you a chill, b'gad. Sooperb, but not my style, don't y' know." And they pounced with relief upon Tottie and Trixie, emerging, blonde and saucy, and with a healthy appetite for oysters and champagne.

There was an old man with a mass of silver hair and a splendid head, like a lion's, who in the shadow of a convenient doorway, was often seen waiting for the nightly appearance, or more properly speaking, the exit, of Cordelia. There was a vast difference in the nightly appearance of this old man. At times he would stand tall and erect, and it was then seen that he had been a handsome man in his day, and that the

On this night in November—a cold, blustery night, with Johnnie and Chollie shivering furtively, awaiting the coming of Tottie and Trixie—the old man was not there at all. She had not expected him. For three nights now she had not expected him. Yet she glanced, hoping against hope, to the place where he was wont to be, and caught her breath a little sharply seeing it vacant. She paused a moment, too, leaning against the door, and Chollie, with chaotic hopes of capitulation, and ready to abandon Trixie to her fate started forward, with carefully rehearsed formulae bubbling upon his lips. Ere the overflow, however, some one, whistling merrily and melodiously, pulled open the door from within averting the resultant catastrophe only by promptly catching the black-robed figure as it swayed backward.

"Oh, Miss Cordelia," exclaimed he of the tuneful melody. "Excuse me. I didn't hurt you, did I?" And the culprit, a handsome enough young sinner, anxiously looked his anxiety and contrition.

He had held her but the fraction of a second. She had steadied herself immediately. But a faint rose color had crept over her face and a startled light, not born of fear, flamed for a moment in her eyes. The merciful darkness, however, hid this.

"No; oh no," she murmured, hurriedly. "I—I felt tired for a moment. I was leaning against the door, so it

was all my fault. Good night, Mr. Ken-
nion."

She would have passed, but he detained her, standing on the dark threshold with the easy assurance of him to whom the world yields all things good. He was, in truth, the Idol of the Hour. He peered down into her face. It seemed very white now in the dim light. "You're not well," he asserted, promptly. "You look all used up. Old King Lear—your father isn't here to-night, is he? No? Well, you're not well enough to go home alone. I shall walk along with you."

"No; oh no!" It was almost a cry in its low startled meaning. He laughed negligently. "You're afraid they'll talk," he said. "Well, they sha'n't talk—about you. Hang it! just let them try it, that's all. Come!"

He looked very resolute, very handsome—confident, too,—as became the Idol of the Hour.

The girl for one instant hesitated. Her glance wandered to the place where her father should have been, but was not. In the empty space she seemed to see a bent, cringing figure, with bleared eyes and evil breath, who had taken a few evenings ago, with obsequious drunken deference, the pieces of silver this man had carelessly, half contemptuously, tossed him in answer to

The flat consisted of kitchen, bedroom and sitting room, which latter was transformed—upon the letting down of an ostensible bookcase, which immediately became a folding bed—into another sleeping apartment, occupied by Cordelia. From the further one at the moment of her entrance proceeded an incoherent muttering, accompanied by a strong smell of spirituous liquid. As the door closed behind her a quavering voice from within—as weak as the odor was strong—demanded if that was "her, Cordelia," and further vociferously entreated for a drink. She drew the curtains that separated the two rooms and looked in, gazing silently upon the spectacle of an old man—and one whom the Scriptures bade her honor—recovering from a three days' drunken debauch.

"You can have no more to drink to-night," she said.

He sat up in the bed, blinking at her as she stood, in her shabby black dress, against the moth-eaten old portiere, slim and beautiful. A shamed look crept over his face. He held out his hands entreatingly. Then on an instant his mood changed. Raising his arm, still powerful, though trembling, he thundered forth the curse of Lear. The "Strike her young bones, ye nimble winds" rolled out in grand sonorous



The First Ride

his mumbled plea. Her mouth hardened. She looked, still and impassive, into the handsome, confident face before her.

"No, thank you. I choose to go alone," she said. "Good night."

She passed him, no longer attempting to detain her, and walked swiftly down the street. He stared after her, an odd compound of vexation, surprise and amusement upon his face. "A regular facer," he muttered; "straight from the shoulder, too, and from old drunken King Lear's daughter—a chorus girl. My boy, you'd better go and quaff a beer at once." And, still with the vexed look lingering on his face, the Idol of the Hour departed to drown his ruffled feelings, if such might be, in the frothy glass.

It was just as the merry party among whom he presently found himself had called for a second round that King Lear's daughter reached home.

It was a tiny furnished flat in the unaristocratic precincts of Third Avenue, up three flights, back. Its assortment of odds and ends of mismatched furniture suites and miscellaneous collection of crockery, linen and silver took just seven dollars per week out of her weekly wage of twenty dollars, King Lear himself leaving all such frivolous and mundane matters solely to his daughter's effort and discretion.

cadence that once had charmed and thrilled audiences to a tumult of applause. "That she may know how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," trailed away into a husky, indistinct mutter. It was grotesque; it was tragic; it was pitiful.

He fell back at the close to sink into a half drunken sleep. Cordelia, who had not spoken or moved during the outburst, smoothed the disordered bed-clothing, and, drawing the portieres, passed into her own room. For quite half an hour she stood by the window looking out. There was a narrow court, and beyond this a high brick wall, offering little in the way of inspection. Between her and the wall, however, over and over again, stood an easy, careless figure, with a handsome, laughing face; now appearing, now disappearing as through a mist of tears, against the blackness of the barren wall.

A muttering from the adjoining room aroused her at length. Stray fragments of appeal, mingled with "serpent's tooth" and "thankless child," met her ears. She turned there with a sigh, the vision fading utterly. Such things were not for kings' daughters such as she, even in dreams.

It was evening again. She had lived her day.

She had tidied the flat, mended a rent



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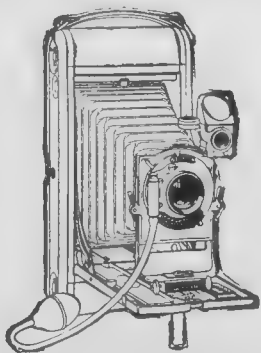
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in the shabby gown, ministered patiently to the many fretful demands of the querulous old father. He sat now before a cheerful fire in gown and slippers, while his daughter stood before him ready to go forth. The wind had changed and a cold, fine rain was falling.

"Is there anything more you want, father," she asked, "before I go?"

"Nothin', Cordelia, unless—"with a wheedling look and accent, "you can spare me a leetle, just a leetle money."

"I can't, father," she replied. "I've only carfare for to-night."

His face hardened. He was in that stage of recovery where the slightest opposition irritates and embitters. He raised his hand, and she knew the old anathema was about to break forth. "Don't father," she whispered, brokenly. "I couldn't stand it to-night." And she went out quickly. He delivered himself of his declamation to the empty air.

Presently, however, sitting before the fire he fell to reflecting. An expression of mingled cunning and cupidity gradually stole over his face. "I want money," he muttered. "She wants money. She said so. I'll get money for us both." And he began hastily to attire himself in his rusty old suit for the street.

"She shall have all she wants," he muttered as he crawled down the stairs, "if she is a thankless child; and I—I'll take one drink, just one drink—good whisky."

"Go," she panted, with ashen face and wide-opened eyes. "Go. Not that way. The way you came—through the side door. Go! go!"

Shaking, palsied, with the dazed, frightened wonder still upon his face, and his eyes, as though fascinated, fixed upon that rigid figure of Justice, the old man backed through the curtains at the opposite end of the room and out from sight. When he was quite gone a shiver seemed to strike the slender, upright figure. She trembled in every limb. Then, with an effort, she stooped and picked up the glittering thing lying coiled like a snake at her feet. And at that instant the maid, bearing the cup of hot bouillon, entered the room.

Three minutes later when an irate manager, frantic at the unlooked-for stage wait, rushed back for explanations he found in the prima donna's dressing room a voluble French maid, a discreetly hysterical leading lady and a mixed chorus, all talking excitedly at random. In their midst, standing straight and silent, stood Cordelia.

The manager was a man for emergencies. "You say she tried to steal this"—to the maid. "Very well, you need not lament, since you have lost nothing"—to the prima donna. "And you"—to Cordelia—"will finish the performance and then consider yourself discharged. Now all of you get on. The stage is waiting."

An instant later the glittering band



The New Way

It was near the close of the first act of "Prince Popalanii." The prima donna, as usual, had been vociferously encored and with her usual set smile of surprise, though she would have been in a violent rage had the arrangements for said encore been omitted, was preparing to give a repetition of her famous song. It was just at this time also that her maid always went for the cup of hot bouillon, which the extra exertion of the prima donna always demanded after this act. The chorus were already in the wings awaiting their cue. Cordelia, who had complained of headache and had remained aloft as long as possible, was just coming down the last flight of stairs. With her foot on the last step, which terminated at one side of the prima donna's dressing room, she paused. A little gasp strangled in her throat, and for a moment everything whirled in chaos.

It was a great gala night, and the prima donna in honor of the event had worn all her famous diamonds. A necklace whose clasp had been found defective had been left hurriedly on the dressing table. The maid, going forth for the hot bouillon, had forgotten it, and the door was ajar.

Before this gleaming, glittering thing, with back to the door, stood a stooping figure—a man's figure. One trembling hand reached out and clutched the string of diamonds, which corrugated madly in the shaking fingers. The next moment, as the figure turned, the necklace slipped to the floor and lay quivering as though instinct with life at his feet, while old King Lear faced his daughter.

burst upon the gaze of the waiting and slightly impatient audience, Cordelia at their head, erect and graceful. Only once had she flinched. That was when, turning from the dressing-room door, she had found the eyes of the people's idol fixed upon her, and he had moved aside, without a word to let her pass.

The prima donna also saw him and smiled to herself. "Guess he'll look no more in that direction," she thought; and tossed the recovered necklace into its casket, well content.

Upstairs in the dressing room King Lear's daughter looked at herself in the cracked glass half curiously. Yes, she was still the same as before this horrible thing had befallen her. Or, no—not quite the same. She looked pale under all the rouge. She put on more rouge. There was a bit of cosmetic that had rubbed from her eyelash upon her cheek. She carefully removed the black speck and patched up the defective eyelash. To the buzz and suppressed whisperings in the room she was as deaf as though graven from stone. A few of the girls—not many, for she had had few enemies among them—removed their small belongings with ostentation beyond her reach. She never saw them. She saw only one pair of eyes that had looked upon her in her shame and disgrace and believed her guilty. That was enough.

It was all over at last. The audience had departed, laughing and chattering. What did it know of dramas behind the scenes? She passed out of the room in silence and came slowly down the stairs. She stopped for one swift second where she had stood the evening be-

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fore, and he had said, "I am going to walk home with you." Was it only the evening before? It seemed years, eternities ago.

Out in the wet a figure crouched in the darkness. The rain beat in its face and drenched the masses of silver hair. She saw the figure and walked straight toward it. "Father," she said, and laid her hand upon his arm.

But the figure broke away from her with a low, inarticulate cry. "Tell them—tell them all," it cried and rushed back through the stage door. Feeble tears ran down its withered face as it ran, still weakly wailing its piteous cry: "Tell them—tell them all."

And so running, stumbling on in the semi-darkness, blind and bewildered, it tripped and fell. Fell through black space—a trap carelessly left unclosed—into the blackness of the chaos beneath. But it was still muttering feebly when stalwart arms, bringing the poor bruised body up from below, laid it gently down. It stared, dazed and uncomprehending, into the horrified faces bending around, while in the gray background, grimly waiting, stood Death.

"Father," sobbed Cordelia. "Oh, father, father!" And, kneeling on the bare floor, she raised the poor white head to her breast. Then a light of recognition lit the dim eyes. He looked up with a painful, quivering smile. "Kiss me, Cordelia," he said, and pressed his lips to hers.

Then suddenly he pushed her face aside, pushed away her clinging arms and sat upright.

"You called my girl a thief," he cried "Look at her! You might have known she was no thief. My Cordelia wouldn't steal to save her life. You might have known it was the good-for-nothing, worthless old sot you all called old King Lear, who has abused and well-nigh broken the heart of the sweetest, noblest daughter man ever had. You might have known. I stole the necklet and she'd take the shame to save her—father."

And with one last appealing look—a look that asked forgiveness for the wrongs of years—the old man fell back dead.

With a cry Cordelia flung herself across the body. "Oh, father, father!" she moaned; "don't leave me. You are all I have!"

"Cordelia!"

It was a very gentle, hushed voice—a very gentle hand, too—which fell upon her arm. There was no assurance in the old man's face now, and there were honest tears in the handsome eyes. And back of them, and shining for her and her alone, the light that makes the whole world beautiful.

"Cordelia," said the voice, low and tender, "may I take you home now?" And an instant later, tenderly drawing her from her prostrate position: "My darling, come!"

And slowly, still dazed and bewildered, with clinging, trembling hands and slow, uncertain steps, King Lear's daughter passed from the side of Death out into the night with Love.

The Peacemaker

By Bliss Perry

IF you turn to the right at the blacksmith's shop in Slab City, and keep straight on through the Hollow, you come out upon Church Hill. Ten years ago there were two white churches there, on opposite sides of the road. From the burying-ground of either one you could see four counties of Massachusetts and three of Vermont, while to the northeast Monadnock rested like a pale blue jewel upon the dark uplands of New Hampshire.

Church Hill, like Slab City, belonged politically to the township of South Broughton. Theoretically it was dedicated to the Lord. Practically, it was an oozy stamping-ground of the Devil.

The white churches were rivals. The squat tower of the First Congregational, on the north side of the road, was surmounted by a battlement; the tower of the Second Congregational, on the south side of the road, was a slender Moslem minaret; otherwise, there was no difference between the two structures. The horse-sheds in the rear of the Battlement were in somewhat better repairs but there were a few more Christian Endeavorers in the Minaret. The choirs were difficult of comparison, each being unique. The summer audiences were slightly larger under the Battlement, but the Minaret drew ahead in the winter—thanks to its Endeavorers. Down at Dakin's store, in Slab City, it was the general sentiment that the ministers were pretty evenly matched. "Not much git up 'n' git to either of 'em," declared Orrin Waterman, the stage driver, and indeed both pastors seemed permanently settled, for neither of them had ever had an opportunity to move away.

Dakin's store was a sort of chorus for the long drama of discord between Minaret and Battlement. Not one of the frequenters of the place could remember the beginning of the trouble, for it dated from the great Unitarian secession in the twenties. At that time the new-fangled heretics had managed to get control of the original church building, the Battlement, and the orthodox minority migrated across the road and built the Minaret. By and by the Unitarians were forced to sell out to the Baptists, and then the Baptists in turn grew fewer and fewer, until, just after the Civil War, the Hard Cider controversy split the orthodox congregation, and the seceding faction bought the old Battlement from the Baptists, journeyed back across the road, and called them-

selves First Congregationalists once more. Their tenets included the proposition that every man had a right to make and drink as much cider as he pleased. The Second Congregationalists thought otherwise. From this point on, every patron of Dakin's knew the story; how the south township could support just one church, and here were two; how the young people on both sides had made overtures which the stanch old people had rejected; how the young folks had then "got mad" until they were, if anything, more bitter than their elders; how old Deacon Holbrook had been tipped out of his wagon three times rather than give half the road to anybody in the First Church; in short, how the Devil's hoofs had stamped joyously up and down from Church Hill to Slab City and back again for many and many a year.

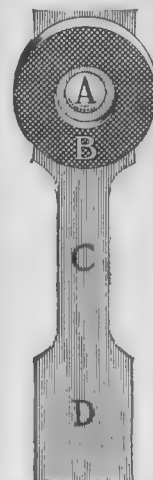
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The man that felt worse over it was the man that said least, 'Gene Holbrook. For thirty years he had been sexton of the Minaret, and when his father, the old deacon, had been tipped out of the wagon once too often, Eugene was chosen deacon in his stead. The vote was a close one, for he was an insignificant old bachelor, with no gift of extemporaneous utterance, and he toed in most absurdly as he trudged back and forth between Slab City and Church Hill. "Not over bright," was the comment of the very school-children; "no great hand to farm it," the verdict of the community. Mr. Holbrook had a singularly square head, as if whittled from a child's block; restless gray eyes; and a broom-shaped, crimped, black beard, most scrupulously trimmed. His maiden sister Lois, who kept house for him, thought it a beautiful beard, though she never told him so.

Lois had voted for 'Gene as deacon, in open defiance of what people would say. She knew well enough that compared with their father's iron-willed loquacity, 'Gene's voice in church matters would have little weight. It proved to have none whatever. For two or three years after his election, indeed, he wearied both churches by his efforts to secure a union between them. He got himself dubbed "Union" Holbrook, but that was all, and, in fact, his conception of union was that the Battlement folks should give up their enter-

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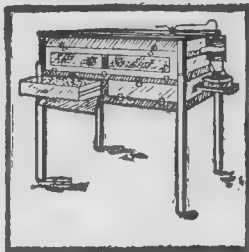
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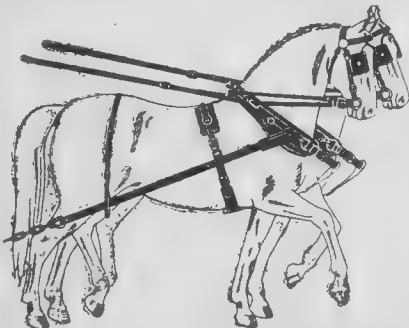
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prise and come over to the Minaret. "The lion and the lamb lay down together," he was reminded by the humorists at Dakin's, "but when they got up again, it was all lion. There wasn't no lamb." And 'Gene's scheme of one church—his own church—ended there.

But no one had any fault to find with Mr. Holbrook as a sexton. Nobody else could get any heat out of the Minaret's sheet-iron stoves. Nobody else could ring the cracked bell. Weakling as he was, he could set up and take down a Christmas tree unaided. Whenever the organist failed to make her appearance, 'Gene could fill her place. Four times, in the thirty years, he had climbed to the very top of the Minaret to oil the brass rooster that served as a weather-vane. It was a break-neck feat, performed out of sheer affection for the building that he loved, though among the boys of the Hollow it added to his grave-digger reputation for uncauniness.

In truth, no one felt really acquainted with 'Gene Holbrook. While his loud-voiced father lived, the son had effaced himself as a matter of course; and after his own brief, unavailing struggle for union, the habit of silence, or at most of inept, inefficient speech, became ingrained. He sat awhile at Dakin's every evening, before and after mail-time, but made no contribution to the wit or wisdom of the place. He did not even smoke, or do anything, in fact, except sit on a barrel and run his fingers through his beard. The talkers watched him often, as the never-ending debate between Battlement and Minaret drew on, but "not when father was alive," or "It ain't for me to say anything" was the utmost extent to which he committed himself. No one addressed him as "Deacon." It was tacitly felt that he owed that dignity to the accident of inheritance rather than to intrinsic importance in the community; and even little Polly Dakin, aged seven, called him "Gene."

One November night—the mail being very late—the talk at Dakin's grew unusually free.

"No, sir," said the shoemaker, who was a Mental Healer, "nothin' short of a stroke of lightning 'll ever scare them Congregationalists into keepin' the peace. Ain't that so, 'Gene?"

Holbrook shifted uncomfortably upon his barrel, but had no answer ready.

"There's them two buildings," pursued the shoemaker. "It's a question of property rights—that's what I've thought all along. If a stroke of lightning would consume one of them buildings—they ain't either of 'em insured, be they?—'n' folks had to get together, they would get together. Eh?" And he laughed maliciously at his own fancy, being convinced that religion, in the south township, had long since gone to pot.

But Holbrook spoke out for once, to the astonishment of the crowd.

"You better stick to healing, Josh Wetherbee, if you believe in healing, and let religion alone!" He slipped down from his barrel and stood erect, his gray eyes blinking, his hands fidgeting.

The spectators looked delightedly at Wetherbee, expecting a retort, but Orrin Waterman entered with the mail-bag, and before the general attention was directed again to the disputants, 'Gene Holbrook had teetered out of the door. He was still trembling as he turned the corner by the blacksmith's shop, and trudged along toward his little farm in the Hollow. Gentle-hearted, loving his own church with a devotion more intense than Slab City could comprehend, the shoemaker's taunt had jangled upon every nerve. And the worst was, that Josh Wetherbee had told the truth! 'Gene realized it, even at the instant that it had stung him into unwonted retort.

He stumbled onward, in the black November night, nodding his head excitedly. In a swift revulsion of feeling he saw the whole wretched business lying ghastly clear. The long strife between Minaret and Battlement was, in reality, a quarrel about dollars, involving the proportionate assessment of the two churches in case they united—a question of "property rights," as Josh Wetherbee had claimed. What was it

all about, this inherited love for the old Second Church, the passionate service of his own life—he, the doorkeeper in the house of the Lord—the fierce talking and fiercer praying of his own father, who would not give a First Church man half the road? It was about a building—mere timbers and clapboards, and plaster and carpets and pews. The forty-year fight for pure religion was as sordid as some long lawsuit over the right of way to a barn. In the sudden illumination of bitterness he saw the Minaret as a part of his father and himself—an embodiment of the Holbrook stiffneckedness—and he found himself almost hating it. The Battlement was as bad, but the Battlement was not, like the Minaret, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. And a man has the right to loathe himself.

He was mounting a little hill that thrust its foot across the Hollow road. It was too dark to see the muddy highway or the Holbrook farm that lay below him, and quite too dark, therefore, to catch sight of what he had marked a thousand times at the turn of the road, namely, the two white buildings glaring at each other on Church Hill! But to Holbrook's strained fancy they were visible, facing each other like two dogs, warily, sullenly. They had stood there like that for so long! Suppose the lightning were really to strike one of them! "By God!" he cried aloud, in his first oath since boyhood, "how it would burn!"

A moment more and he stopped short, flinging up his arms as if to ward off something, some treacherous thought that lunged at him. Slowly the arms dropped. He stood perfectly still, save that his square, ill-modelled head moved from side to side as if he were in terror. He glanced toward the sky—no, it was from behind him that the noise came. A real noise, too—horses' hoofs lifted painfully out of the sucking clay and a rattle of milk-cans upon a squeaking buckboard. It was only 'Gene's fellow-deacon, John Richardson, driving soberly homeward from the village. He was half blind and wholly deaf, and yet, as he drew nearer, Holbrook leaped swiftly into the mass of willows by the roadside and cowered there until long after his elderly associate had passed. To see him creep forth again, groping for the hat which he had lost in his frightened leap, one would have said that here was a man conscious of some crime, and already, perhaps, a fugitive from justice.

After awhile he started on, pausing now and again to listen, or to scan fur-

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Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was not "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

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But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

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tively the invisible roadway and shadowy fields. In front of his low-eaved, lilac-sheltered farm-house he came to a halt. Lois was sewing by the curtainless window; her gaunt, spectacled face bent over her work. She was re-lining her brother's best Sunday coat, the black one that he kept for communion days. He recognized this badge of his office, and as he did so the thought that had risen before him on the lonely road seemed more than ever like blasphemy. And yet—and yet might it not bring peace? And nothing else would.

By and by he went in. Lois barely looked up at him. She glanced at the clock and then went back to her work.

"Orrin was late, wa'n't he?" she asked.

"Considerable."

"Didn't you get the paper?"

"I didn't wait," he replied. The tone of his voice surprised her.

"Anybody been making fun of you?" she cried, with maternal fierceness. She knew that 'Gene was helpless in the strife of tongues at Dakin's.

He shook his head.

She worked on in silence until the clock struck nine. Then she folded the coat, placed the lamp exactly in the centre of the table, and motioned to 'Gene, who had been huddling by the stove. He brought the two Bibles—carefully protected by age-browned, fly-specked paper covers—and seated him-

midst of thy congregations; they set up their ensigns for signs."

'Gene. "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

Lois. "But now they break down the carved work thereof at once with axes and hammers."

'Gene. "They have cast fire into thy sanctuary; they have defiled by casting down the dwelling place of thy name to the ground." He looked up at her with a strange, terror-stricken face. She did not notice it.

Lois. "They said in their hearts, Let us destroy them together: they have burned up all the synagogues of God in the land." 'Gene, for the land's sake, 'Gene!

The Bible had fallen out of his hands upon the floor. His fingers were clutching at the worn arms of his father's stuffed chair, and he had the look upon his face that the old deacon had when he was dying. But even while she was staring, he regained command of himself, and stooped and picked up the Bible with a foolish, irritable laugh.

"Guess I'm a little nervous to-night," he volunteered, and without attempting to find the chapter again, he replaced the book upon the bureau, and began to shake down the stove.

"Ain't you going to finish the chapter?" she queried in alarm.

He made no answer.

Lois read the chapter through her-



The Morning Meal

self upon the opposite side of the table. The brother and sister had read an evening chapter in this way ever since they could read at all. Once there had been four voices in the Holbrook sitting-room, each taking its verse in turn, but it was ten years since the old deacon and his wife had read their last, and 'Gene and Lois were reading the Bible through for the fourth time since then. They took the chapters as they came, omitting nothing, questioning nothing—one might almost say expecting nothing.

"Psalm seventy-three," said 'Gene.

"Seventy-four," corrected Lois.

He examined his book-mark.

"We read that last night," she exclaimed, testily. "Begin."

And he began, in a voice that sounded like a timid imitation of his father's. "'O God, why hast thou cast us off forever? why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture?'"

She murmured rapidly in turn, "'Remember thy congregation, which thou hast purchased of old; the rod of thine inheritance, which thou hast redeemed; this mount Zion, wherein thou hast dwelt.'"

They went on, in dull antiphony, while the old clock ticked loud.

'Gene. "'Lift up thy feet unto the perpetual desolations; even all that the enemy hath done wickedly in the sanctuary.'"

Lois. "Thine enemies roar in the

self, and shifted her book-mark. Then she laid aside her spectacles and took up the lamp. 'Gene had already lighted his candle to go upstairs. "You feeling real well, 'Gene Holbrook?" she demanded.

"I dunno but I am," he replied. "I wish father was alive."

* * * * *

The next morning Lois watched him narrowly. To her relief she found him cheerful, almost talkative. His eyes were bright, though she fancied that they did not look squarely into hers. He was at work all day "banking up" the sills of the house with dead maple leaves, trodden firmly down, and as he drove the stakes that held the long boards in place, she could hear him singing. At nightfall, instead of starting as usual for the post-office, he seated himself at their worn-out parlor organ, where he spent the evening practising one or two new tunes. The next day it was the same, only that he was much quieter, and instead of playing the organ he put on his best black coat and read to himself in the Bible until bedtime. And one of these two occupations, varying by a caprice which Lois could not fathom, became his unbroken habit as the sour November and December days went by, and winter closed in upon the Hollow. At Dakin's store, his absence was scarcely noticed, beyond a witticism or two upon the theme of 'Gene's fearing to face Josh Wether-

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bee again. He came for his paper in the mornings, if at all, and even the genial inquisitiveness of Bill Dakin, failing to discover any adequate reason why 'Gene's evening seat was vacant, applied itself to more important problems.

To Lois Holbrook alone her brother's altered ways brought perplexity and misgiving. On his "singing days," as she came to call them, he seemed almost jocose. He stopped people who were driving by the farm-house to talk with them, and his invariable theme was the possibility of the two churches uniting after all. He even called upon the minister of the Battlement, and had a friendly talk with him upon the safe topic of the ultimate restoration of the Jews. But the singing days were invariably followed by the silent, black-coated days, when he sat hour after hour reading the minor prophets, until Lois thought she should scream.

What ailed him? At first, remembering that strange look in his eyes on the night when he had dropped the Bible, Lois persuaded herself that he had had a partial "stroke." But his actions varied so persistently that she abandoned this theory, and came to believe that he must be "possessed." What she meant by this she did not know, but the vague associations of the word were those of terror, and her anxiety deepened as the days grew shorter

and darker, and the great snowdrifts began to heap themselves against the lilac-bushes and climb silently toward the window-sills, for the winter's siege. And indeed if an idea ever took possession of a man, dividing his affections from his will, summoning from the depths of a gentle nature all the wild daring lurking there, making some cause so alluring and one's self so paltry that self-immolation seems a joy, then Eugene Holbrook was possessed.

It was Christmas Eve. The sexton of the Minaret had hauled from John Richardson's upper pasture a great fir-balsam, symmetrical as a candle-flame, and more odorous than frankincense. Unaided, he had nailed it into place in front of the platform. It was one of his singing days, and he laughed more than once as he helped Lois and the minister's daughter hang the tree with gifts for the Sunday-school, and long festoons of threaded popcorn, and muslin candy-gags, cut stocking-shape and sewn with bright worsted.

Then the women went home for supper, but 'Gene stayed to tend the fires and light the lamps. At a quarter before seven he began cautiously to light the colored candles on the tree. He counted them, even: there were sixty-one for each year of his life and one over. In a sudden whim he plucked

off that sixtieth candle, and flung it under the tree. This was to be his night, his own great night, and it seemed to him that the years that came after did not count, even if they were many!

At seven, the Sunday-school children were pounding on the door, and by eight, the presents had been distributed and the Christmas hymns sung, and the minister's painful annual effort to be cheerful was concluded. The little company withdrew noisily, family after family piling into its sleigh and shouting "Good-nights" that were drowned by the sleigh-bells. Bill Dakin offered Miss Lois a ride down to the Hollow, as usual, and at last the sexton was left quite alone.

He locked the door stealthily. The colored candles had burnt very low; even Dakin had warned him not to let that balsam-tree catch fire. Catch fire? He laughed to himself at Dakin's prudence as he snatched up armful after armful of the loose papers in which the gifts had been wrapped, and heaped them under the balsam's low, resinous boughs. Catch fire? He began to pile the straw-filled seat cushions all around, working more and more swiftly with each moment, until he was fairly running. He jerked down the big windows from the top, studying cunningly the draught. It was just right—and the whole thing was just right—and it flashed over him that it had all been

foreordained before the foundation of the world.

He pulled a guttering candle from the tree and held it to the papers, watching them curl and leap upward with a rush of flame. Then he lifted the big gilt pulpit Bible reverently from its cushion, and walked steadily down the aisle toward the door. At the Holbrook pew he paused; there, at the farther end, were his own boyish initials, cut idly deep; here, at this end, the old deacon used to sit, upright and implacable. The son shook his head and went on, the Bible under his arm, the great balsam crackling behind him. He meant to go down to Bill Dakin and give himself up. It was arson; that meant the county jail for many a year—or else the asylum. For they would be sure to think him crazy if he told them that he had set fire to his own church on Christmas Eve, to bring peace and goodwill into the south township!

But the tree and the flimsy platform were making such a noise now! He unlocked the door and ran out, locking it again behind him, and tossing the key into a snow-drift. He meant to take no chances.

And all at once he was aware of little Polly Dakin, trotting breathlessly up to the church steps.

"Gene, I forgot my candy-bag!"

He stared at her, shaking his head.

"I left it in the front seat," she persisted, "right by the tree. And papa said he could hold the horses while I came back for it. My! What makes the church so bright?"

"You can't get it!" he cried. For the fire was already roaring like a wind-swept woodland, and the red light from the front windows shone on the child's face and the piled drifts of snow.

She tried bravely to choke back the tears.

"It—was my—candy-bag!"

"Stay here!" screamed Holbrook. "I'll get it for you!"

He laid down the Bible and dashed into the snow-drift, snatching for the buried key. It was a minute or two before he grasped it, and though he sprang at the door then with tiger-like swiftness opened it and darted in, it seemed to the awe-stricken child as if the whole church were a fiery furnace. He ran straight down the aisle toward the flaming, swaying tree—and he must have stumbled.

She waited, too frightened to move or call—waited for 'Gene to come back. Her father, down on the Hollow road, saw the flames burst from the Minaret's windows, and wheeling his restless horses, lashed them to a run. From road to road around the hill-top hoarse cries rang over the frozen fields, and Bill Dakin's horses were not the only ones that were galloping. And still the little girl stood in front of the open door of the blazing church; and she explained to her father that 'Gene had gone in to get her candy-bag, and she was waiting for him to come out.

The Minaret was all aflame now, flaring up into the starlit night. And from somewhere in that quiet heaven came a breath of wind, blowing where it listed, and sparks from the Minaret, fluttering over the road, settled like gay-winged butterflies upon the Battlement, and in ten minutes more the two churches were striving to outshine each other once for all, tossing their angry red hearts higher and ever higher into the silent Christmas sky—the sky that was once brightened by a strange star and all agleam with shining wings and echoing with angelic voices.

'Gene Holbrook's secret remained his own. Dakin remembered warning him about the candles, but no one seemed to think that the fire was really the sexton's fault. "To get a candy-bag!" Lois kept saying. And she forgot her theory of "possession," and persuaded herself that her brother was a little touched, like their Uncle Joab. At Dakin's store it was noted, though not unkindly, that 'Gene didn't even get the candy-bag. Yet his death did something to dignify his memory, and the Rev. Salem Kittredge, preaching the first sermon in the new church, made a touching reference to the late Deacon Holbrook, who had lost his life to please a child after trying in vain to save the church of his fathers.

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The Cost of a Slight

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

Society at Dripleton—and round about—was so extremely exclusive, in fact, that it would not admit the least suspicion of charitable-mindedness into its charmed circle; and it is quite probable that if the Angel Gabriel had appeared in its midst Dripleton Society would have steadfastly refused to recognize him until it had learnt upon unimpeachable authority who his mother was, and that he was perfectly respectable.

Thus it was that when Gregson, the retired lawyer, unexpectedly returned from a six months trip to France, bringing with him a beautiful young bride, Dripleton "Society" from the leader, with a very big note of interrogation hung on to the end of it, into the affair, and demanded as of its right to know who Mrs. Gregson had been, and

what she had been, and where she had been before she was Mrs. Gregson. And when Dripleton "Society" failed utterly and absolutely in its pursuit after knowledge upon these three heads, Dripleton "Society" from the leader Mrs. J. D. Palmer, down to the inoffensive minister's wife, with one accord lifted up its nose into the sublime empyrean of its own exclusive atmosphere and passed by on the other side.

Gregson was amused, and his fair young bride, if she felt any sting at all, betrayed no sign of it but held her head quite as high as Mrs. J. D. Palmer, and her back a good deal straighter than that lady carried hers. Feminine Dripleton was madly envious of Mrs. Gregson's superb figure, her graceful carriage and her good looks; and a hundred sharp eyes were ever on the

alert to discover some slight flaw in her conduct that they could magnify into a serious faux pas. In vain! Mrs. Gregson's demeanor was discreet beyond reproach, and if she did not passionately love her comparatively elderly husband she was sincerely attached to him and performed her wifely duties nobly and faithfully.

One there was who mingled with Dripleton "Society" but was not of it, for he was no snob, who stood up for Mrs. Gregson and told "Society" pretty plainly that it ought to be ashamed of itself, for anyone who was good enough for Gregson was good enough for Dripleton. This was Charlie Branscombe. Insensibly little by little he fell deeply in love with Cora Gregson. But when he found out how his heart was involved, like a man, he never breathed one word to her that could lead her to suspect the state of things with him, and remained loyal to his friend Gregson.

Then Gregson died, and a middle aged female relative, a Miss Chippers, came to live with Cora, and Dripleton "So-

ciety" still passed by on the other side.

A year elapsed. Cora and Miss Chippers were away at the seaside and Charlie had determined that now a year of mourning had gone by he was free on her return to woo her, and win her if he could. Meanwhile Cora made the acquaintance of Captain Hilton who made himself most agreeable for two or three days and then departed for Dripleton! Upon arriving home a few days afterwards Cora Gregson heard that Captain Hilton had very recently become engaged to one of Mrs. J. D. Palmer's daughters and it rather amused her to think how he would behave if she happened to meet him when he was with any of the august family. She hadn't long to wonder, for the very next day whom should she see coming towards her but the Captain escorting Mrs. J. D. Palmer herself. She saw the Captain make some remark to his companion and she saw Mrs. J. D. Palmer's lips move more rapidly and decisively in reply. In another moment they would pass. Already Cora had almost commenced to nod a smiling recognition when the Captain and the lady crossed the road pretending not to have seen her.

"Detestable cad!" muttered Cora biting her lips, "If ever I have the chance, I'll..."

What she would do she didn't even think just then, for at that moment she met Charlie Branscombe, and what they talked about belongs to another tale.

Cora's return match with Captain Hilton came off at the races at Swinlawn, where Branscombe was—quite accidentally of course prospecting round in the same vicinity—Charlie had not yet brought his love affair to a crisis, but had shown his feelings pretty plainly and Cora had by one or two little actions fanned his spark of hope into a healthy flame.

All through his acquaintance with her Branscombe had had some vague haunting idea that he had seen her somewhere before, but where, he couldn't for the life of him make out.

Cora and Miss Chippers escorted by Charlie had gone to the races. Miss Chippers was sitting down to rest while the young pair strolled about; and his confession was trembling on Charlie's lips and Cora was waiting with downcast eyes for the words she had no disinclination to hear.

"Cora—" he began, when at that very instant they encountered Captain Hilton, who had a horse running at the meeting.

Instantly all Cora's high spirit plucked itself together. A charming smile of recognition passed over her bewitching face. Captain Hilton, far from the ken of the Palmer respectability, was nothing loth to renew his acquaintance with the prettiest woman on the course; and Branscombe swore softly to himself.

"So sorry I didn't see you while you were staying at Dripleton" murmured the lady sweetly.

"Ye-yes" stammered Hilton uneasily, "I was awfully sorry but I had to get away and er—I hadn't the chance to call on you. But," he added hurriedly anxious to get rid of a distasteful subject, "will you come and look at my horse? He's a hot favorite for the Cup, a funny looking beast but a real good goer. Heaven only knows his history, though they do say he was once in a circus until he developed a skin disease that has left his coat as bald as a jug in patches and spoilt him for the show business, and they even chaff me about riding a patch-work quilt. Ah! here he is!"

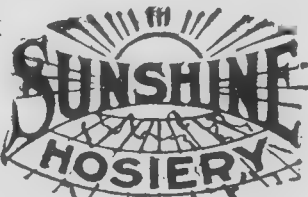
Hilton was quite right. St. Rip, as the horse was called, was a rum brute to look at. He was calculated to cause surprise. He did cause surprise to Cora. A bright dangerous sparkle of diablerie flashed into her dark eyes.

"I wouldn't go near the brute, he's a bit vicious at times," urged Hilton; but Cora only laughed.

"Oh! I'm not afraid. I love all dumb animals," and Cora proceeded fearlessly to stroke St. Rip's soft muzzle as she spoke to him.

The horse evidently appreciated her attentions for he stood with lowered head before her in perfect submission. The Captain had turned aside for a last brief interview with the jockey who was going to ride for him.

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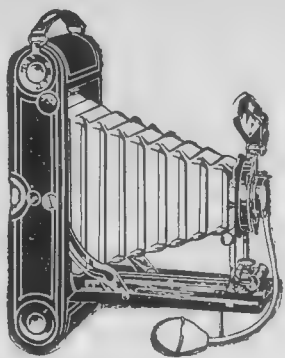
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WINNIPEG

Cora's opportunity had come, there was not a moment to lose. She laid her hand on Branscombe's sleeve and faced him earnestly. He had never seen her look like that. In the flush of her excitement she was lovelier than ever.

"Charlie," she began. She had never called him that before. It was delicious. "Charlie, there is no time to lose, I owe Captain Hilton a deep grudge and Fate has put it in my way to pay. Charlie I—" and she lowered her eyes and blushed divinely, "you were just going to ask me a question when Captain Hilton came up. If you want to ask me that question this evening if—if you really love me, do exactly as I tell you. Get Captain Hilton to bet with you on his horse as heavily as you can—thousands if you can—before the start. Then when the race is being run and if St. Rip happens to look like a sure winner work him again for another bet to the biggest amount you can manage."

"But Cora, my darling, just suppose if St. Rip should win?"

"St. Rip won't win, can't win—shant win! Ah, here he comes," and Hilton joined them.

Determined to act implicitly upon his instructions Branscombe worked the

trienne, marvelously like Cora, putting a chestnut trick horse, marvelously like St. Rip, through its paces in a Parisian circus he had visited a few years before.

In his excitement Hilton did not hear the shrill exclamation. St. Rip did though. Within seventy yards of the winning post he stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot. But his jockey didn't stop, but when he, fortunately unhurt, picked himself up St. Rip solemnly commenced to raise his hoofs in a slow, jerky fashion, and march funereally towards the winning post. In a trice the rider had vaulted into the saddle, but whip and spur were of no avail, St. Rip was utterly oblivious to either. One by one the field passed him and eventually he passed the wire at his ridiculous, jerky deliberate pace, a bad last.

Of course Hilton raved and swore but it was of no use. Proclaimed a defaulter he had to resign his commission, and shortly afterwards was asked to resign his position as Mrs. J. D. Palmer's prospective son-in-law.

As for Charlie Branscombe, he asked his question that evening and Cora gave him her answer. And it was—

"Yes."



The Cow Boy

Captain to the best of his ability, but Hilton had already plunged heavily on St. Rip so he could only get on \$3,000 to \$1,000. Then the horses were at the post, and got well away at the second attempt. St. Rip jumped to the front at once, leading by two lengths. To both the men's surprise Cora insisted upon all three leaving the stand and moving down the course. "Because, Captain Hilton, your horse goes so beautifully I really must see him close."

St. Rip was still leading. Hilton's face was pale with excitement his lips twitched nervously, and huge beads of perspiration studded his brow. Cora was hardly less excited, but her face was flushed, and her dark flashing eyes watched the Captain narrowly. St. Rip's victory was now apparently all over but the shouting.

"Twenty to one St. Rip wins," yelled his own excitedly.

Cora darted on Charlie one quick eloquent glance.

"I'll take you in thousands!" exclaimed Branscombe hurriedly.

"Done!" returned Hilton, as the horse came rushing towards them.

Already the shout began to ascend "St. Rip wins!" when a shrill feminine scream rose clear above the rising roar.

"Halte! Marche funebre!" and instantly there flashed upon Charlie Branscombe the vision of a fair equestrienne, marvelously like Cora, putting

His Use of It.

A teacher, after explaining the meaning of the word "income," told Johnny to go to the blackboard, write a sentence containing the new word, and read it aloud to the school. And Johnny, his freckled face fairly radiant, marched to the board, and after considerable thought evolved: "In come a cat!"

The reason Why.

It was summer and the minister was talking with the little girl of the house. "Why is it," the good man asked, "that the grass and the trees look greener than usual to-day?" "Because mother washed the windows this morning, when she heard you were coming," answered the little lady.

A China Top Head.

A small girl of five years had hair with a decided tendency to red. An uncle who was bald, remarked one day that if they got short of matches, all they would have to do would be to pull out one of her hairs and use it.

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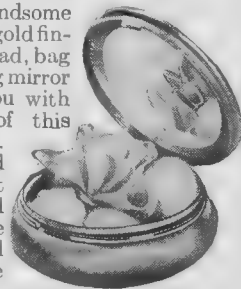
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The Real One

By Jesse Lynch Williams

OF course, I know the beginning sounds commonplace and summer-resortish enough: A tall girl with a quiet manner and three-quarter inch eyelashes which she worked up and down most of the time, and two able-bodied men that smoked cigarettes and wanted her.

But there is nothing usual or expected in the way it turned out, or I shouldn't take the trouble to tell you about it.

Those dots mean that you may imagine the first part. How Tom—he's our cousin; that's the reason I know (but I'm the only one of the girls that does) the true inwardness of this thing, which, by the way, Tom said I could

the hotel. He was camping, it was said, up the lake (they are always camping and killing things these Britishers), and only came down to our island two or three times a week for the dances, and he was, apparently, the mere conventionalized Englishman of the stage, with a monocle and a title of no particular consequence. But, you may be sure, up here in our remote little island such things are rare (we are very primitive, at least we cottagers are trying to keep it so, though down around the hotel end they are putting on lugs and spoiling it), and so this Sir Charles Wilkes made somewhat of a flutter that first evening he came to the Casino and proceeded serenely to snub—much to our delight—Mrs. Bal-



PRESIDENT TAFT GREETING WOODROW WILSON AT WHITE HOUSE.
A few moments later they were on their way to the Capitol where Woodrow Wilson took his oath of office as 28th President of the United States.
Photo Underwood & Underwood

not keep from telling, but I can; I have already demonstrated it for nearly a week now—how vigorous, violent, reckless, impetuous, wilful, loud, lovable, knocking-things-over and not-giving-a-rap-about-it Tom Potter, who previously spent all his time fishing and golfing with the men or riding the bay mare at an outrageous rate all over the island, and scorning all gentler amusements and making himself disagreeable and disobliging to all the cottage set generally—how poor young Tommy, for he is only a boy after all—at last found himself "up against it," as he would say (though now that he is out of college we all think he ought to quit slang; it's outrageous the way he talks). I say all that part, and how wonderful and important he thought this young girl was, can be taken for granted.

Likewise about the other one, "That Englishman," as he was soon called at

lard-Brown, who tried to interest him by telling, as usual, about her old relatives on the other side, with a view to passing the interest along to her rapidly aging daughter; then he rotated, rather patronizingly, about the room until he happened to get within the orbit of the Richardson girl. (Oh, did I tell you that her name was Ruth Richardson?) and there he stayed with a "Do you know, this is just the sort of thing I like?" expression on his face. Nobody could budge him. And after she left—Mrs. Richardson always bore her off early—he danced with no one else (I did not care, myself), which made the whole room buzz the more, and the gossips lose sleep that night, and made our Tom—you just ought to have seen Tom's face the next morning, after we told him about it at breakfast!

You see Tom did not go over to the hotel very much in the evening—I ought

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to have told you this—because at the beginning of the season, when he first came up to stay with us, he told everyone that he could not dance—merely to get out of being obliging, I really believe. I told him at the time he would regret telling that fib. And now he did not dare, even though he considered it very much worth while—at least we could not very well let him dance now, because, as mother said, it would give us all kinds of trouble answering questions over at our end of the island and would make all the more talk at the hotel, and I must say there was enough already.

"Let's see," they would begin, putting their heads together, as soon as breakfast was finished, those passe females with novels and work-baskets who can't do anything themselves and so, spend all their time on the big hotel veranda tearing to pieces everything everyone else does. "Let's see," they would cackle, "it's the Englishman's turn this evening, isn't it?"

"No," perhaps the big fat wheezy one would say, "he came to the Wednesday hop. It's young Potter's innings this time."

"Now, don't be too sure about that," says Mrs. Ballard-Brown (she's one of the worst), "you've noticed that he's been coming less and less since Sir Charles began. He's getting discouraged. He's such an awkward young cub, anyway."

(Very good, Mrs. B.-B. but you did not say so a year ago when you brazenly tried to throw your sharp-voiced daughter at Colonel Potter's heir, who only bowed and looked bored and distinguished and ran away and never came back, and the whole island laughed at you, Mrs. B.-B. By the by I have not mentioned that we are all very proud of Tom's looks, and what a manner too, for a boy of his age! That is, when he is willing to show it.)

"Well," the fat, wheezy one would go on, "I like young Mr. Potter. It's too bad Mrs. R. will only let Ruth sit out one dance an evening with him. I suppose she wants to avoid talk."

"Nonsense," says Mrs. B.-B., "it's because she wants the Englishman." (How about yourself, Mrs. B.-B.?) "If she didn't think herself so exclusive I'd tell her so to her face."

"But what I'd like to know," said the little old maid, who read the Duchess all the time, "is which one Ruth wants. I think she likes the younger one, Tom."

"Perhaps," says the big fat thing, "they'll both come at once this evening, and we can see."

"That won't happen," says Mrs. B.-B., positively. "The youngster's afraid. My daughter says she saw Tom peeping in through the Casino window last Saturday night and when he saw the Englishman there he ran away." (The idea of such a thing! I hate her.)

Naturally all this talk and gossip was quite mortifying to us over on the bluff. We cottagers, of course, have very little to do with the hotel herd—except to dance in their Casino at night and use their billiard-tables and bowling-alleys and tennis-courts by day. It was perfectly horrid in them. We told Tom that he ought to be more careful in the choice of his summer acquaintances.

"Who in the world are Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, pray?" mother asked him one day at dinner.

"They are the parents of Miss Richardson," Tom replies, in a deep, gruff voice, scowling at the salad-dish. As if that summed it all up! Men are so queer about these things. The young ones especially never seem to realize.

But, good gracious, that was near the beginning. It was not until it had become so bad that none of us dared mention the word "hotel" in his presence, and the poor boy was losing sleep (we heard him coming in late at night from rowing on the lake, all alone—the nights when the Englishman was at the hotel), it wasn't until this thing had been going on for two or three weeks, that, at last, Tom decided, as I had been hoping and praying he might do, to take me into his confidence.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. I had been shampooing and was lying in the hammock letting the sun dry my hair. Tom came up softly, filling his pipe. I pretended not to notice him.

"Molly, stop reading," he said in his

usual bossing way; "I want to talk to you."

I pretended to stop reluctantly. "Molly," he began, striking a match, "you may have noticed—you notice so many things—that I have gone over to the hotel a good deal of late." He lighted his pipe.

"Oh, my, no," said I. "No one has noticed that."

"I didn't come out here to get gayed," he retorted, fiercely.

"Suppose you omit all the preliminaries," said I, "it'll save time. What can I do for you?" (I was afraid someone would interrupt us.)

"All right," said he, and then smoked his pipe to the very bottom, positively, without saying a single word, and I all the while feeling so nervous that I could hardly hold myself together. But I know how to treat Tom.

"And," he said, taking out his tobacco-pouch again, and going on as if we had been talking all these fifteen minutes, "now he has done me up. And it is all your fault."

"Who has 'done you up'?" said I, "the Englishman?"

"That's what I said," Tom replied.

"How do you know you are 'done up'?"

"You see, don't you, that I am wasting my time here with you? I—I don't go to the hotel any more."

"Since when?"

"Long, long ago—day before yesterday. We took a walk in the woods—the last one I shall ever take. It's all over."

"Yes, yes, yes!—go on, go on, go on!" I did not say, though I wanted to. I only waited, pressing my fingers together.)

"She said she had thought for awhile I—I was it, but now she knows that that was all a mistake—She's awfully, awfully sorry—hopes we'll always be good friends—some day when some nice girl, etc. . . . Oh, Lord."

I knew better than to be sympathetic with Tom.

"How do you know it's the Englishman?" I asked. "Did she tell you so?"

"Molly, you are a woman. You're old enough to know better than that."

I am not so very much older than Tom, but I only said, "I'll venture to say it is someone miles and miles away from here."

"You do, do you?" said Tom. "All right. But I know it is the Englishman."

"But how do you know? They say he is only flirting—"

"Because I am both of them."

"Both of them? Both of—Tom!"

"Sit still. Don't get excited, Molly."

He pushed me back into the hammock and began to swing me, saying, "You people wanted me to dance when I did not care to dance. You wouldn't let me dance when I wanted to dance—when every Johnnie on the island almost was dancing with her. I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I did not stand it. I did the only thing possible under the circumstance. But I only meant to do it once or twice, Molly, really, I only meant to do it once or twice."

And then it all came over me like a flash; Tom's hit at Cambridge last year in the Pudding play—why, of course, we should have thought of it. And now I knew why he took lonely trips on the lake at night and why Sir Charles was never there when Tom was, and vice-versa. Now I knew why he did not bring back a new brassie when he went to the city expressly for that purpose, but brought instead a big bulky bundle from Horner's the costumer; I saw the wrapping paper, and I ought to have known. But I did know now, so I leaned back in the hammock and laughed, and Tom looked offended.

"Kindly cork up," said he.

"You poor little fool boy," said I.

"Yes, I think I am," said he. "But what shall I do? I have cut myself out. I have done myself dirt."

"Nonsense! But first of all, Tom, I think you might have asked me to dance with Sir Charles, just once or twice. It would have made the other girls—"

"I was scared to death enough as it was that some of you would recognize my nose."

"Not over that mustache. In fact—"

"Never mind that now. Go on," Tom commanded.

"Well—Why Tom! if she cares for the Englishman and you are he, why, what more do you want! Oh, I feel so relieved. How did you happen to think of—"

"But, Molly, don't you see, she has turned me down as plain Tom Potter. Now suppose I am available as the Englishman; don't you see, it is not for what I am, but for what I am not. That may be very nice for my non-ego, but it won't help my ego, and it's my ego, of course, that wants her, don't you see? not the non-ego."

"Why, yes, of course," said I, though really I did not exactly follow. I always get mixed up when they get to talking in syllogisms. Men are so logical, especially when just out of college. "All the same," said I, "you are all right, for see here," just to show him that girls can reason too, "if it is true that the Englishman is you, it is equally true that you are the Englishman. And if she cares for the Englishman; ergo she therefore cares for you, who are the Englishman, who is you, which is what you want, and there you are Q. E. D.!"

But he had risen, impatiently snapping his fingers, and now strode down the porch without so much as thanking me.

"Oh, you mean," I called after him, "that the Englishman has now been rejected too?"

That brought him back. "Shs—Don't tell the whole bluff. No, that isn't the way of it at all. I honestly wish it were. That's just the trouble." He sat down again and began to talk rapidly:

"Sir Charles was accepted last night just twenty-nine hours after young Potter was refused—down by the old mill. And, oh, Molly, it's lovely, but it's awful. It's all for somebody else! The more she likes him, the less she likes me. Talk about attending your own post mortem—that is nothing! After—after it happened; I don't know how it happened; I didn't intend it to but I suppose I was sort of crazy—she up and told me immediately, in her honest way, that she thought she ought to confess to me that once, not long ago, she came near caring—not the real thing, only near caring for someone else of whom she thought a good deal. Of course she wouldn't tell who—she's not that sort—but that meant me, of course: in fact she said I reminded her of him! Well, I groaned, forgetting I was Sir Charles, and then she looked up and said, 'But you surely aren't jealous; that would be absurd.'"

"Are you quite certain you don't care for him a bit now?" said I, in my English voice.

"Not a bit."

"I looked alarmed."

"Really not a spec," she assured me, "I hate him now."

"Poor fellow," said I.

"Isn't it too bad," said she. "I really hate to hate him—such a fine fellow, too."

"Is he?" said I, brightening up a little.

"Oh, but not—"

"Not what?" I asked.

"You know," said she in that smooth, low voice of hers, "do you not?"

"Yes," I said, "I know." And I had to look happy.

"But I want your advice," she went on, dropping them this way; Molly, they are as long as my thumb-joint. Then she proceeds to ask me (Sir Charles's, remember) advice as to how to treat me (that's Tom Potter); that she hated to lose me (T. P.) as a friend, but she wants to do the square thing—and, oh, Molly, she's as good and right and fine and untarnished by the world as gold and as . . . I don't pretend to remember all my cousin said at this point, but presently he recovered himself and went on. "Well, as I was saying, she was so afraid she wasn't doing right—you ought to see how she looks when she's troubled—and I assured her she was—she looked so terribly troubled—and that seemed to comfort her—and oh, Molly, that's the way I've been digging my own grave. Now what shall I do about it? You got me into this hole."

"You must give me a little time to consider," said I.

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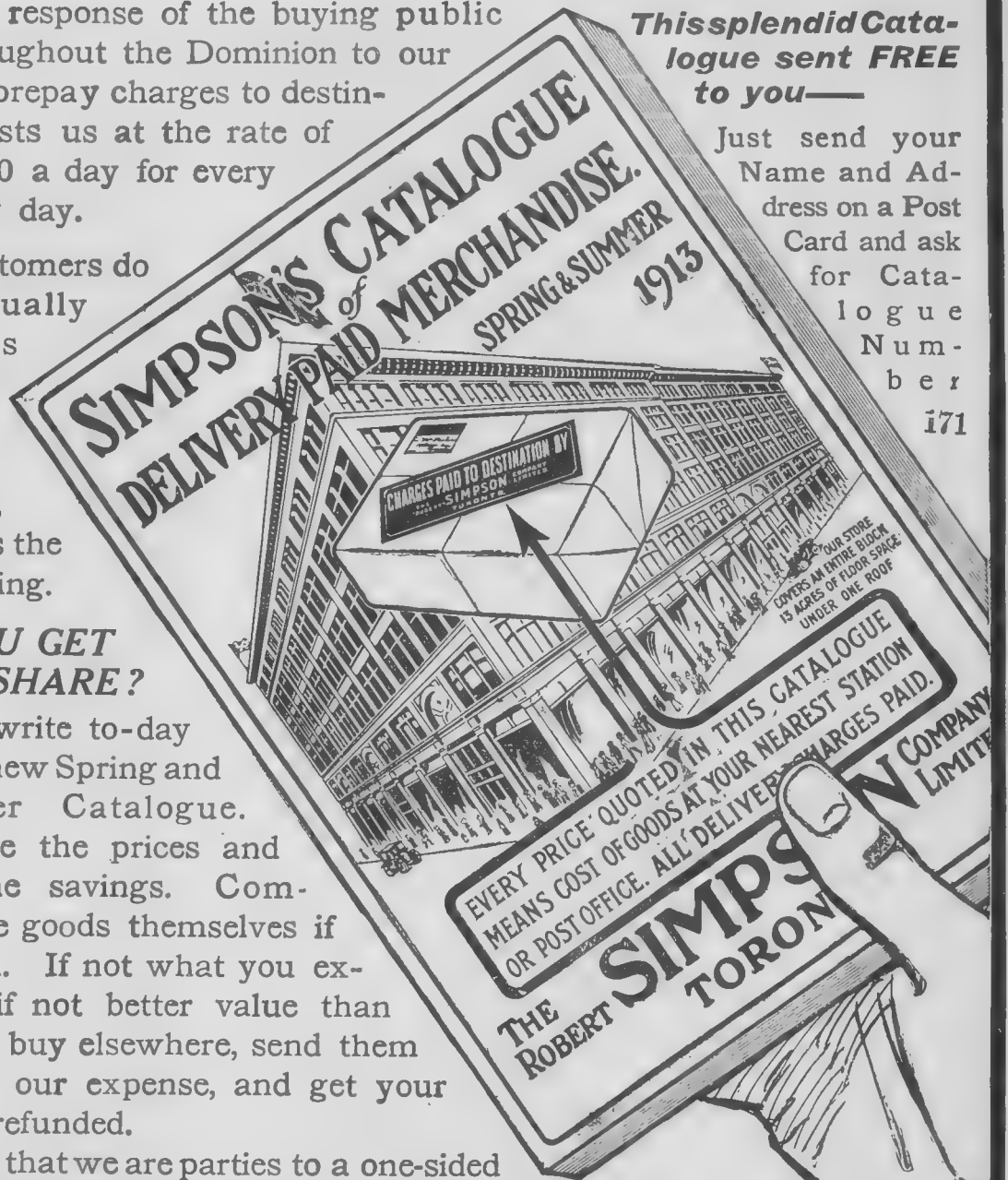
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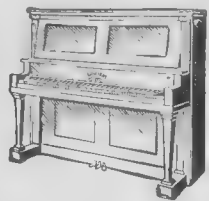
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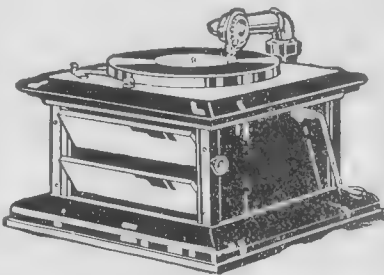
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grown up and in the thick of all this! I tried to look unperturbed, but I confess I felt like hugging him. Then I sat up straight to give him advice. He really has great confidence in me notwithstanding his disrespect sometimes.

"This is what you must do," said I, looking very serious. "You must immediately let up on that Englishman business. Come more often in your own personality. Let her see that you are in earnest and the Englishman is only a trifle—in fact, if necessary, desert her even."

"But think how it would hurt her," said Tom.

Now if you are a woman you will pardon me for kissing him right then and there.

"It is necessary, my dear little boy," said I. "You must trust to me and my intuition. All is fair in—"

"All right," said Tom, starting off abruptly and looking as if he thought

ing, "how I dislike slang in a girl." It made me so angry and embarrassed that somehow I became more and more slangy till we arose to go. And when her mother spoke of giving themselves the pleasure of returning the call at the earliest opportunity, it was as if they were beneficently bestowing a pleasure upon us. Driving home, Harriet said she felt it, too, so it couldn't have been all my imagination.

Well, Tom took my advice. He came less and less in his English capacity, and as Tom Potter was pursuing her for all he was worth again and reporting to me every morning after breakfast, greatly to the envy of Harriet and the other girls, who had to be satisfied with only the echoes they heard from the hotel people, who by this time had taken sides in the matter; the men were all making bets on it.

"Perhaps it's just as well that I did let up on the Englishman business," said Tom, grimly. "Mrs.



PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Photo Underwood and Underwood.

he had talked too much. "By the way," he added, "suppose you call on them, as you said, it may help if you look the ground over."

I did call, Harriet and I together. I wore the pink lawn.

Somehow neither Miss Richardson nor her mother seemed to be very much impressed. They did not realize apparently that they were only hotel people, nor seem to care whether the cottage set called or not; but as we had come they meant to be very kind, it seemed, not to say condescending, toward us. We found out that they were the Boston Richardsons. That may have been the reason.

That tall young girl somehow disconcerted me. She has a quiet, gentle dignity and a reserve about her, and a little humorous curve at the corners of her mouth—all out of keeping with a mere child, out only two seasons. I hate reserved people anyway. The worst of it was that she kept putting me at my ease; "I must not let this person know," she seemed to be think-

Richardson was getting alarmed and last week she telegraphed for her husband to come, and he asked for my—that is Sir Charles's credentials. You know they know nothing at all about me or my title, except what Harper said." (Harper was Tom's room-mate at college, and he was the one who served as introducer that first memorable night. Luckily he had since gone back to the city, where nobody could ask him questions. "A nice Englishman I met at Henley," was all Harper had said.)

"How did you work your disappearance?" I asked.

"We had a quarrel," said Tom. "She said she did not see why a man who had so much leisure for shooting and hooking things (she hates all that life-taking business you know; that's really why I never fish any more) could not devote a little of it to the company of the girl he was engaged to marry. Then I said she did not trust me, etc., and finally her under-lip trembled and I left the stage in high dudgeon, feeling like

the consummate villain I am in real life. Oh, it's easy enough for you to laugh," he went on, fiercely "but you don't know what mischief it's playing with her feelings. It's awful! She thinks she has broken his heart. He was a very noble sort of chap you know very proud and all that, with lots of feelings." And now he has gone off to the woods, as he said he would do, and she cries herself to sleep wondering what has happened to him. It's outrageous! It's sinful!"

"She'll come around all right," said I, confidently. "Give her time to see how much finer a chap you are than that skulking Sir Charles."

But somehow she wouldn't. Tom came to me a few days later, and made this announcement: "This thing has got to stop. I am going to put on the make-up again on Wednesday night—that's tomorrow. It's killing her."

"It'll kill your chances if you do," said I, shaking my head. "I'm a girl, I know."

But what can you do with a man in love?

So I decided to take an active hand in it. But instead of putting a hand, it was a foot I put in it, it seems, for the next day Tom came running to me in great excitement. "Molly," he cried, "somebody has written a note to her—she wouldn't say who—telling her that there isn't any Sir Charles! that he's a fake, an impostor and a lot of stuff—and oh, she's in an awful state."

"Well, is there any real Sir Charles, my dear Tom?" I asked.

"Did you do it, Molly?" He fairly screamed at me.

"Yes; and signed my name to it, and I'm not ashamed of what I said in it either."

"You did not say that I—"

"No, I did not say that you were Sir Charles, but I said what I thought of you and of him relatively, and I'm not ashamed of that either, and—"

"Well, you ought to be shot," he returned.

"Thanks, seeing I did it for you."

"She's a queen," said Tom, "you ought to have seen her righteous indignation—not saying a word, only looking grand and insulted, with her chin up and her eyelashes down—oh, it was magnificent. She's a queen."

"And you," I said, sarcastically, "bowed down, and made obeisance, like a slave and kissed her feet, I suppose"—for I was a little provoked; he seemed so ungrateful.

"I don't suppose she would let me kiss them, do you? I wonder if she would. Oh, of course not, I'm not worthy; and I told her that I agree with her that Sir Charles was ten miles more worthy of her than I and that, by heavens, I would find Sir Charles and tell him she was not angry, and bring him back safe and sound to her this very evening, if she would only say that she did not believe that I had anything to do with the writing of that outrageous, meddlesome note."

I had never seen Tom so excited before. Aren't men terrifying sometimes?

"Thanks," said I.

"And then," he went on, not hearing me, "she quieted down for a moment and said, 'Believe me, Mr. Potter, it never occurred to me that you would be capable of such a thing'—with, oh! such a look in her eyes—all for me, Molly, all for me; I'll never forget it. I've got that much for all my life anyway, haven't I, Molly?"

"Indeed!" I replied with great calm. "So you are going to bring this Englishman back to life again, just when your own chances are, evidently—from that look she gave you—coming back to life, and dash your last chance—all for a whim of a girl who does not care two straws for you just now, but will, sooner or later—mark my words—if you keep that Englishman out of sight!"

"It's breaking her heart," said Tom, pitifully.

"Well, and then what are you going to do? You are not an Englishman. There is no Sir Charles. It's got to come to an end some time. You can't go to the altar as Sir Charles. You'd be arrested as an impostor. Very likely Judge Richardson has detectives out on your trail already. What are you going to do, my young cousin?"

He looked at me a full ten seconds

and then said, "I don't know, Molly, I don't know."

"Well, at any rate, you won't be Sir Charles this evening."

"I'm afraid I shall, Molly."

"Then it'll put an end to your last chance."

"But it'll put an end to her trouble—temporarily, anyhow." And with that he ran out of my presence looking so sad and overcome, that even then I relented and decided still to do all I could to help him.

The next morning I could tell by Tom's face what he had been through. But all he said was: "Oh, Molly, I did

not know anyone could be so happy as that girl was when I—Sir Charles, rather—came to her last evening; only it wasn't for me!" He groaned; positively, he groaned. "By the way," he added, "I asked if I (Sir Charles) could come again this afternoon, and she said no, she had to make a stupid call—guess where?"

"Here, perhaps."

"Good guess," he returned, trying to bring back some of his old manner.

"I am glad," said I, for a bright idea had occurred to me. "Tom Potter, you put on your Sir Charles make-up just

the same. I have an idea. Never mind now. Do as I say."

That afternoon I arranged for all the others to be out. Miss Richardson came at five o'clock. Tom was in the next room, perspiring in his false mustache. I was a little rattled—owing to the note, and the importance of this last card I meant to play and the excitement and all; can you blame me?

Well, we did the usual foolish, futile formal-call talk for a few minutes, then I shifted it around, rather cleverly, I think, to the subject of Men and all that. We soon got rather deep, at least I did, and then I said, "Now what do

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you think of the following as a case in point?"

"Really, I think I must be going," said Miss Richardson in her very reserved manner, "I always make mother's tea at a quarter before six."

"You must stay," said I, "I need your advice." I kept my seat.

She sat down reluctantly, as if bored by my talk, but trying not to show it.

Then I pitched in and told her exactly her own story and Cousin Tom's, leaving out names, of course, and changing places and so on, but dwelling on Tom's manifest nobility in repeatedly shattering his own chances as he had invariably done, at every opportunity, simply out of love for the young girl who sat before me with those large disquieting eyes looking calmly back at mine from under the long lashes as if saying, "I wouldn't get so excited, if I were you."

But I was excited and I did not mind, and I think I talked rather eloquently. "And what do you think of that?" I remember saying as a peroration, "all because he cared for her so much! Despite the advice of his cousin—I mean of all his friends and of his own clear-headed opinions and everything—all because he cared for her so! What have you to say to that, Miss Ruth Richardson?"

"Why, to be sure, there is only one thing to say, Miss Potter. Naturally, every woman would rather have that than any possession in the world; provided she were the right sort of woman."

"Miss Richardson." I said, rising im-

what to think. How could I? But I am sure now that I have 'the real thing,' as you call it. I have been sure of it ever since last night when he brought back this Sir Charles in spite of all his cousinly advice to the contrary, kindly meant, no doubt, Miss Potter, but as it happened—invariably wrong."

She said this with much of her young dignity, but I noticed that she was trembling all the same.

"Do you mean," I began, "that you have been testing him to see—" but at this point Tom, who was more dumb-founded even than I, rushed into the room with his monocle dangling, his mustache gone, his mouth open but saying nothing, and under his false eyebrows the finest look of happy fright I ever saw.

"Yes, Miss Potter," said Miss Richardson, blushing crimson as she saw Tom coming toward her, "You do not suppose that such a man in such circumstances could keep on disguising his voice—or" she added, and gave my cousin a wondrous smile, "or his nature either."

"I'll go out," said I.

"Perhaps it would be just as well," said Tom, who was not looking at me. I thought, on the whole, it was a very ungrateful way of thanking me for all that I had done for them.

The two tramps had acquired a live chicken by the simple process of laying on of hands.



A pretty scene on the G. T. P. British Columbia Route.

pressively—"I am glad to hear you say so. I am very glad. Allow me to take the liberty of telling you that you yourself have such a possession. I trust you are the right sort of woman!"

I paused a moment to note the effect while the clock ticked. Miss Richardson only looked at me without moving a muscle of her face. The eyelashes dropped once, as if saying, "Indeed!"

I then walked across to the portieres behind which Tom Potter was panting. Just as I reached up to draw them back, Miss Richardson lifted her hand and said, "Ah—Miss Potter—don't, please. It would confuse poor Tom pitifully. I've been listening to his heartbeat for some time. It shakes the floor."

Then it was my turn to be astonished. "Why," I said, "how did you guess Tom was in there!" and I added, gasping, "Then you know?"

Miss Richardson nodded gravely, looking out toward the bay.

"And—it is all right?" I demanded.

"Yes, thank you."

"And you—but—" Well, then I pulled myself together and decided to give her the rest of my little lecture as prepared. "I only have to add," said I, speaking rapidly, "that you mustn't let it bother you, this thing. It will very likely save you a lot of trouble, this experience. It will teach you that glamour is only glamour, and that what you really have is the real thing, the sort of possession which you yourself said any woman would rather—"

"Yes, Miss Potter," she replied, "thank you, that is the reason I let him keep on thinking he was deceiving me so long. When I first saw through this disguise, some time ago, I didn't know

"Looky here," said Weary William, "we hes got ter dervide fair."

"Dat's right, pard," rejoined Hungry Harrison. "Now, I ain't had nuthin' ter eat fer t'ree days, an' youse ain't had no sleep fer t'ree nights, so I'll take de pullet fer me breakfas' an' youse take de feathers, spread 'em on dat ole plank an' perceed tew enjoy yerself."

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I could quite knock a tidy house down."

The good lecturer heard him with curious smile.

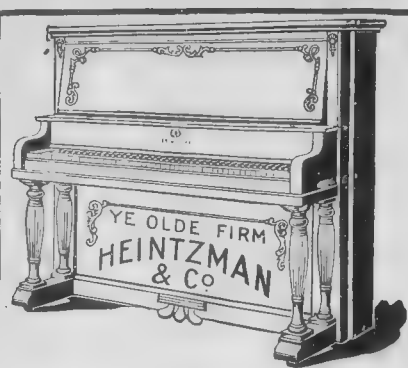
After which he indulged in this joke: "Eh! I'm glad I am talking tonight for awhile

To some shrewd and some sensible folk:

Let me tell one and all—and my friend over there—

Of a strong man who gave up the cup, Who really has beat him, for, here I declare,

He has just knocked two good houses up." (Rev.) John T. Goodacre.



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On April First

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne, Carberry Man.

IT has never happened before. That was almost sufficient reason for the consequences that followed upon the heels of his bewilderment. For five years, ever since he had been promoted to the editorial chair, David Hayworth had toiled at a table whereon the element of tidiness was notably absent, and which profited little from a single row of "pigeon holes" nailed to the wall overhead. But one night these articles had been spirited away and when Hayworth arrived at the office the next morning with his habitual promptness and nine o'clock smile, he was confronted by the unusual spectacle of a handsome roll-top desk occupying his old table space. A note addressed to himself was placed at a conspicuous point upon the desk and when he had perused the flattering sentiments contained therein, he was seized with a species of bashfulness—somewhat resembling stage-fright. His birthday! Who could have discovered the fact that April first and his birthday occurred simultaneously! Had he taken time to think of it at all it would have been to reflect that nobody except his mother could possibly have connected the two events. But now the staff pressed forward with handshakings and congratulatory speeches and the organ of his own speech was unloosed sufficiently to enable him to reply in terms expressing his genuine surprise and delight.

In a perspiration of pleasant emotions Hayworth at length fell to work—but not for long. The surprise of the morning had gotten into his head to the exclusion of all else. It "befogged the issue" of every sentence and came between the pen and the paper, at every turn.

"Guess I'll run over and see Miller," he mused, glancing at the clock.

But a 'phone inquiry revealed the fact that Miller was out.

"I'll go and have lunch," was his next mental decision.

He had reached the elevator and was about to touch the button, when like a thunderclap it came to him that there were two important notes which ought to be written and despatched without delay.

"Left my head at home this morning!" he muttered.

Returning to the office he dashed off the notes thrust each into an envelope and addressed it, and cramming them into his pocket rushed out to catch the first messenger boy that should appear.

George Miller belonged to that line of business broadly designated by the term "real estate." But his luck of late had been at low-tide and his spirits were at a corresponding level. Nursing a grouch he lolled in his swivel-chair, the window-sill supporting his feet in true Yankee style, while he idly nibbled the end of a pen and meditated upon Fickle Fortune.

"Phone ring when I was out?" he inquired of his stenographer, who had just returned from a lengthy visit to her friend in the next office.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Hayworth called you from his office, but he said it didn't matter, he'd call again or write."

"Said he'd write? Just step down and see if the noon mail is in yet."

"Must have been something regarding that house and lot that Dave was to ask old Holbrook about," he reflected.

"The mail is not in yet but Special Delivery left this," said the girl.

"This," torn hastily open, proved to contain the following:—

"Dearest—Cannot possibly go to the Opera tonight as I have an important Literary Club meeting at nine. So here are the tickets. You take a friend and go. Hope you have a good time, and I'll explain further when I see you.

Dave."

"Awfully good of old Dave! And by heck! how affectionate the old boy is to yours truly," commented Miller, "but hold! maybe this is some more April-Fool nonsense. Been fooled seven times and a half already and the day is young yet!"

He scrutinized the tickets on both

sides but they seemed genuine and represented seats in the orchestra-circle.

"Miss Stevens you're off for the rest of the day," he announced grandly, to the stenographer who was dividing her time between sharpening pencils and gazing out of the window. He smiled at the alacrity with which that young lady closed the type-writer and donned her outdoor garments.

"Guess I'll go off for the day too." Nothing doing here and it will take three hours to groom up, if this mug is to decorate the front seats tonight! Good luck to old Hayworth! Says he hopes I'll enjoy myself. Will I? Won't I?"

* * * * *

Miss Freda Farrington gave a last fond pat to her admirably dressed coiffure and proceeded to cover it with a silken scarf. The vision which the mirror gave back was one of youth, beauty and pleasurable anticipation.

"Dave is late," she said to her mother, turning at length from the contemplation of her reflected person.

"He ought to be here any moment, so if you are quite ready dear, we'll go down."

But when fifteen minutes had ticked themselves away on the drawing-room clock, Freda grew impatient. Her mother drew up a blind in the bow-window and glanced down the street. Bye and bye the clock struck the half-hour.

"There! Its half-past eight and still no Dave! Oh it's no good going now. We should miss the first act and that always spoils it!" and Freda threw her wraps off.

"Wait dear," said Mrs. Farrington, "I believe there is a boy coming up the walk. Perhaps it's a message."

Her conjecture proved quite correct. But the message was rather perplexing.

"Hello old skate," it ran "where do you hide yourself when I ring you up? I've got that house and lot for you so cheer up, and meet me at Schiller's Cafe tomorrow at twelve. I'm pressed for time, so cannot see you before that, —Dave."

The conscience of the messenger boy is at all times calm and untroubled. Nothing disturbs its equanimity. This particular boy stood respectfully indifferent and quite oblivious of the fact that a yellow journal protruded from his hip-pocket.

"Any answer, Miss?"

"I should think not!" cried Miss Farrington "this message is not for me. You have made a mistake. Who gave you this?"

"A gentleman just outside the 'Sphere' office, Miss."

"About what time?"

"This afternoon--no I guess it was before noon."

"And you're only getting here now! Don't you carry a watch?"

"No, Miss. I'm saving up my tips for one."

"But—this letter is not intended for me. What did the gentleman say?"

"Nothing at all. He just gave me the two letters, paid me and beat it down the street."

"Oh there was another letter then?"

"Yes Miss—for Mr. Miller in the Townsend Block."

"Oh mother I see it all now—Dave is mixed. He has put my letter into the other envelope and—"

"Your father told you that he would not allow any talk of marriage for another year," said Mrs. Farrington sternly, interrupting her daughter. She had acquainted herself with the contents of the note and the news that the young people were carrying on a clandestine business over a "house and lot" came as somewhat of a shock.

"You can go," said Freda to the boy, "had you been two hours earlier I'd have tipped you for that watch fund. If ever you bring me another message please be on time."

Of course there were tears—a few—before the humorous side of the situation appealed to her. If any person thinks it a slight matter, a mere trifle, to be disappointed on a first night Opera—when one is feeling one's gayes and

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dressed in one's daintiest, that person is altogether lacking in sympathy. To be compelled to don all that pretty raiment and the pearl necklace and remain at home! How cruel! Freda indulged in a few sobs, but shortly the other side of the April weather asserted itself. And when Mrs. Farrington had at last been brought to know that Dave did not as a rule refer to her daughter as an "old skate," and that her daughter was not in the habit of meeting young men by appointment in downtown restaurants, she too joined in the laugh.

"But I'll make Dave Hayworth pay for this never fear!" declared the young woman, "goodness only knows what was in the note Mr. Miller received!"

Thus it transpired that his morning's mail brought to the Editor of the "Sphere," a letter in his fiancée's hand-

writing, which contained the following blighting message:—

"Mr. Hayworth—Take back your house and lot and also your ring which follows in another mail. All is at an end between us.—F. F."

Just as his bewildered thoughts had at last resolved themselves into something like comprehension the telephone at his elbow clamored for attention and into his ear the voice of George Miller smote.

"I say old man, that was awfully decent of you. We're ever so much obliged! The show was first-rate. Took the wife and we had all sorts of a good time! By the way, when can I see you?"

But Hayworth postponed the appointment until he had settled the other little matter.

Shark Hunting with the Kwakiutls

By Bonnycastle Dale

L'askit told me he had seen a shark in the outer bay the night before. This was not uncommon, as these ground feeding mammals use that place all the year.

"Where can we get a big bait tonight?" I asked him.

"Hya! muck-a-muck" he laughed back in the coast lingo—he meant he could get lots of it.

every footstep took innumerable precious lives—down across the "painted rocks" where the lower orders of brilliant colours made the flat sandstone like unto a mighty paint-box. On over the slippery ribbons of the fuca we stumbled, trying to keep in the full light of the glare—but the bare feet of the nimble Coast Indian set a fast pace. On we splashed and plunged, through tide



"But where?" I persisted. For answer he drew with his sharp pointed cedar paddle a very graphic representation of the retiring tide and the big ice deposited glacial boulders at lowest low tide line. Soon I saw him fixing up a native torch—a fatty pine flare—so I called Fritz and told him we were in for a new experience—for although we had taken the big soft squid, the octopus, (the devil fish of the nature fakers) during the daylight hours we had never hunted this big soft harmless shellfish eater at night. I conjured up for Fritz's ready digestion many weird tales—of how gentle Indian maidens bathing by moonlight (the fakers always get the poor girl in some real damp place at very unseasonable hours) were silently, softly, sinuously—and many other adjectives understood—approached by the dreaded, horrid, gristly thing and instantly wound in its myriad armed embrace and dragged to the dark depths of some ocean cavern and there devoured—Well! as this member of the Cephalopoda has only a tiny inch-wide, black, beak-like mouth, one good robust maiden would last him for many weeks active eating—Bah! these writers make us weary.

So behold us, at the dread hour of midnight—as the tide was low then—setting forth across the sand dunes, over the rattling shingle, across the incrustated sea-snail covered rocks—where

pools where the "singing" fish took refuge under the rocks and the slimy eels wriggled off from the unusual light. Now we crossed sea meadows where the weeds looked like marsh grasses and the wild ducks leaped and sped off into the outer gloom quacking loudly. Now a clam bed intervened and all the syphons of the disturbed inhabitants squirted sea water in continuous arching streams until our legs and trousers were soaked. Fritz came a cropper once. He stepped right on a sea cucumber and the big "bech-de-mer" groaned as it exhaled all the waterbed, and the lad groaned too as he struck the big hard boulders under the peculiarly beautiful sea weeds.

Ahead, showed the glacial boulders, under these we knew the octopus lived—waiting no doubt for that tender maiden—he was just about due for a surprise party that squid was—L'askit thought so too as he swiftly wrapped a bit of sea lion sinew about a rude spear—or more truly a gaffhook—Fritz caught the torch the little brown man half threw him and sent its rich red beams right in under the rock. We had one glimpse of hanging starfish grouped in huge squashy masses, of chitons cleaving, of limpets and mussels and sea snailers, then—out, dragging, came the brown arm and the gaff—with pebbles and shells rattling and piling up before it—a huge grayish inert mass of gristle



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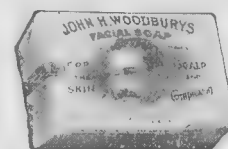
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that gave no motion, no sign of defence. As the big eight armed thing lay at our feet it slowly subsided, flowed, how can I by words express how that odd thing resumed its normal pose—much as a jelly would if you stood it on edge.

It was very evident to Fritz and I that our brawny little fisherman had never read our best writers on this fearsome amphibian. He did not seem to know that it lived on man, excepting such times as it was embracing whales and engulfing ships—why even Fritz could have told him of the ghastly pictures he had seen in books of fair authority. No, No! Laskit simply whipped out a big pocket knife and swiftly cut the eight long tentacles off and slipped them into a bag and we as swiftly retraced our steps. The tide was insidiously creeping in all about us, back through the gloom, over the slippery rocks we stumbled, with the sluicing hurrying tide all about us, ankle deep, knee deep in places, and out of all the time it had taken we only gave about two minutes to capture and cut up a fifty pound "Demon of The Seas"!!

On the early flood next morning we were afloat. A big cedar war canoe held the dogs and the boy and the Indian and your humble servant and all that was left of the dreaded devil fish—for had not the youngsters of Laskit's illahie (fishing house) begged for the delicate ends of the tentacles, and the black haired mother had boiled them and the wee tots were comfortably mouthing them—much as ours do an "all day sucker." Sail and paddle and current bore us rapidly seawards and soon we entered the bay where the sharks were feeding. We saw one slowly swimming along on the surface of the shallow shore water as we rolled along outside the surf—there was a big roll on and the only danger to be expected was—if we lost control of the canoe while a shark was on the line—an up-

set, but in these waters it is often fatal, as the undertow was very strong.

The Kwakiutl took a goodly portion of the squid, a bit about a foot long and as thick through as your calf, and wriggled a huge hook through it—right up above the shank onto the bit of wire cable that led to the ropelike "line." Another chunk, then another, and another and still another made a very respectable bait, one that no self-respecting shark would care to pass, I am sure. Now what were we in for? I had heard a tourist tell of sharking with this very same Kwakiutl, of how, no sooner had the bait been thrown overboard than there ensued a violent commotion and in the swirl alongside appeared a huge brownish grey monster—with widely distended jaws—that advanced furiously towards the retreating canoe. Now, evidently to appease the semi dragon, a big fish was thrown out to it, it gulped that down like so much foam and was just about to swim off with it when—tug went the line, and the big hook in the innocent looking fish went piercingly into the tender mouth of the great shark. With a convulsive shudder the monster fixed its baleful green eye upon the boat and its devoted crew and plunged down—off, off, it headed for the open sea, dragging the thirty foot canoe like a very chip through the seething waters. The line was paying out fast and the native stood beside it with a glittering knife (do you notice that a knife always glitters in these wonderful tales). In its fury the agonized shark darted to the surface dyeing the waters red with its heart's blood (very very few of them have any save heart's blood) and so on and on for many weary minutes.

I guess this was a different breed of shark we were after, as we tossed and dragged that bait in many parts of the bay, and not a nibble did we get. Finally, Laskit, getting lazy no doubt, fastened the baited hook to a paddle and



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let it drift with the tide out near a patch of kelp—that shark must have rolled over like a shadow so gently did he engulf the big whitish looking bait—the first thing we knew about it was—the “bobber” disappeared and the big brown eyes of the Indian answered Fritz's question with a glance—yes the shark had it and was quietly swallowing it and also endeavoring no doubt to insert the paddle in his extensive maw. For of all the open countenances I ever saw the ground sharks take the palm. Now we braced ourselves for that awful race oceanwards, in fact I advised the lad to sprinkle himself with salt as his freshness might not agree with the shark and I wanted a good specimen in first class condition even if I had to sacrifice one well fed boy—look at all the boys there are everywhere about us and how few sharks.

What? Is the Indian actually aided and abetted by the lad, really drawing the great “cartilaginous” fish towards the canoe? Yes! and again yes! And the big soft bottom feeder allowed itself to be drawn right up until it saw the canoe—then it struck off to swim

front of our canoe beach, a big brown, soft, many-finned thing—all its bones are formed of bloodless gristle. All the body was covered with a bristle like armour of very fine scales—the “shagreen” as the sharkskin is called of commerce—rub it one way—all right. Rub it the other—all wrong! It feels then like barbed sandpaper. Five long thin slits took the place of gills in each side of the head of this odd fish. The mouth! Ah! what a mouth—there was ample room for my Gordon setter to lie down in it were it not for the formidable array of teeth that guarded it. Small though they were, they made up in numbers what they lacked in size. We counted several hundred, each one backed with a newly grown one so as to be all ready in time of need. Of all the sharks, and there are roughly speaking a dozen varieties, only one single species is harmful to man, and I, personally, have never met an eye-witness of the mutilation or death of any man by these sea monsters—for a really big sea shark will go but little short of forty feet.

The inside economy of this huge fish



about us in a great circle. And we saw through its devious plan, this was to make us dizzy then it might devour us at its leisure? Around and around the great fish swam. The line leading it like a driving rain. Once or twice it kicked up small didoes, as the pain of the great hook penetrated into its deepest softest “bones.” It rolled and tossed and struggled—at one moment putting up quite a fight—then it tired and—hand over hand—we drew it slowly towards the canoe—the right hand of the native left the line, searched for a second under the thwart and in a moment more was raining swiftly stabbing blows at the big throbbing fish. Small streams of blood followed each deeply driven impact and soon the five to seven hundred pound shark floated motionless beside the canoe—three half hitches were thrown over its tail and with the next tide we started homewards.

We never had an object to dissect that was so soft, so boneless, so shapeless. It had really flattened out almost completely when we approached it the next morning at low tide. It lay in

was as odd as the fish itself—all the body cavity was crowded full of liver. Two huge livers, each weighing fifty pounds extended from the gills right down to the end of the interior open space of the body—it was for the oil in this that the native captured it, as he gets enough oil from the rendering to bring him in about three or four dollars—so little to kill so great a creature for!

We had quite an interesting time peering into and examining the secret places of this huge fish. Some of them bear their young alive while others actually lay eggs. We often found the egg cases of the shark along the sea edge. When they issue they have on either of the four corners of this black envelope-like case sensitive tendrils, as soon as these touch a firm weed near the shoreline they cling to it and wrap themselves about it. Here they are hatched by the heat of the sun and the accommodating case opens a rear hatch and allows a fully formed young shark to make its exit and seek its fortune in the wide world—pardon me—sea.

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Fritz and I sought and interviewed the tourist that told us of the deadly encounter with a shark. We got him to carefully recount exactly where, when, and how it all happened—then, I

softly interjected the little tiny ejaculation "Oh"! He startled me into it. for whisper—L'askit showed us just where they did get that shark—they found it lying dead on the shore.

Studying Her Baby

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Vera True, Vancouver

"From now on," Mrs. Gadabout announced with an air of finality, "from now on I'm going to give up going out nights. I'm going to study my baby."

"He certainly ought to go to bed earlier," agreed her husband, "but say, you mustn't cry off the 'Moose' tonight, you know. Bundle him up, and I'll draw him in his sled. He'll be no worse for this once."

"It must be the last, then. You know I'll hate to miss the fun, but I really must begin to study my baby. He's awful thin, Tom."

"He sure is. After tonight he shall go to bed at six sharp. We'll spend our evenings home. I'll get a nice story and read out loud."

"Oh, say, won't that be dandy? And Tom, there's our letters home. I don't know what Ma must think of me."

"Let's stay home right now. I think a night home would have the 'Moose' outfit skinned a mile."

He held up an evening bow critically. "I guess folks would think it odd if we stayed away tonight. But from now on—"

Mrs. Gadabout buttoned herself with alacrity into her one-piece dress, and hustled little Tommy, aged five, into his party suit.

"Say, Mummy, are we going to the Moose?" the child asked eagerly.

"Yes, but tomorrow night you've got to go to bye-byes good and early. Won't that be nice?"

"No," replied Tommy clearly. "Me going to picture-show tomorrow today. M'ph'm! And I'll buy ice cream with my dime. Three cones for Mummy and Daddy an' me. And Daddy will buy me three all for mine."

"Some kid, believe me," laughed the proud father as he piloted the small sled over the narrow wooden sidewalk.

"You bet," agreed the small voice of Tommy, pounding happily at the snow with his gaiter-muffled heels.

"I'd hate to leave him in alone nights, like some women," said Mrs. Gadabout.

"Now, Tommy, mind you behave, and if you spill anything on your suit, I shall whip you."

Tommy chuckled. The familiar threat had never yet culminated in action. Besides, he never spilt things. He went out to grown-up parties three or four nights most weeks, and people were always giving him nice things to eat. They said he was "real cute," and could handle the cakes like a little gentleman. Tommy liked cake, and petting, and being laughed at for saying quaint things, and riding home in a motor at midnight.

He was rather a pretty little fair-

haired boy, with pale pink cheeks and big dark eyes. In his dainty suit and wide lace collar, they said he looked like a little prince.

Tommy of course, didn't know what he was missing. He had never played with other children, and was rather afraid of them. He knew nothing of the joys of catching gophers in a blue dungaree suit that just wouldn't tear, or riding in an 'artillery wagon' or hitching his sled to the tail of a rig, and so using up the good day until tired out with happiness, he crept gladly into his warm bed at sundown.

Tommy never got bread and milk for supper. It is quite likely that he would have turned up his nose at it. I tremble to state what his diet did consist of, but it was 'something' he ate at this particular 'Moose' party that sent poor Tom off for the doctor at three the next morning.

"I told you so," Mrs. Gadabout said, when the danger was past, and the invalid sleeping nicely. "I told you he ought to go to bed early, and you insisted on taking him. From now on, I shall give up everything and stay home with my baby."

That night, after a lively scene, Tommy went to bed at six, and his mother sat up in the room with him until he had cried himself to sleep.

Mr. Gadabout went to an Overseas meeting.

Bedtime on the following night was still more riotous, and as Mr. Gadabout had elected to do the office-books at home, sleep was finally induced by the application of a pliant Romeo. It was Tommy's first concrete example of the long-promised whipping. The threat took on a new form.

"You're five years old now. And if you don't go to sleep at once, I shall whip you."

He had evolved a queer little classification of age out of his puzzled little brain.

"Yesterday tomorrow, I was just little bit five, and I went to picture-shows: now I'm awfully five, why I go to bed an' Mummy whips me."

It was rather a hard lesson for a little fellow who had not been disciplined. He had never even slept alone before, and sometimes he would wake screaming, even though he could hear Daddy and Mummy talking together downstairs.

But he learned his lesson. He learned that he must lie as still as a mouse after he was put to bed, or Daddy would be there with the big checked Romeo which he was beginning to associate with bedtime.

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The Maid o' the Moor: Scotch Song

Andante.

The young Laird of Lach-lan went woo-ing one day A las-sie whose eyes had be-witched his poor heart, But
lad of her-troth went a-way to the wars, For dough-ty Prince Char-lie his clay-more was drawn, But

slow-ly and sad-ly he went his way hame, For oh, the brave las-sie had bid him de-part! "I
brave-ly he died in the heat of the fray, And to his last rest by his com-rades was borne. When

care not for rich-es, I care not for ye! My luv-e to an-oth-er young lad-die is giv'n! And though he is poor," said the
two years was end-ed The Laird came a-gain, And of-fered his hand and his ti-tle once more. But true to the dead, with a

rall. REFRAIN.

Maid o' the Moor, "His luv-e is a bless-ing that's sent me from Heav'n!" "Luv-e thrives not on rich-es, it can-na be bought, Yet it
shake of the head, Thus spake to the Laird, then, the Maid o' the Moor:

rall.

bring-eth a for-tune to him who is poor. My heart shall be giv-en for luv-e, luv-e, a-lone, Naught else can e'er win ye the

1st verse

Maid o' the Moor!"

2d verse

2. The else can e'er win ye the Maid o' the Moor!"

"I hate to whip him," Tom said, "but it's for his good. He's better already for getting his proper sleep."

One evening, as he lay awake, he heard the front door softly close.

He listened. There was a dreadful silence in the house. He could hear the clock ticking. They had both gone out. He was all alone. It was too much. He lifted up his voice in a roar.

He was terrified. He was not really naughty.

When Mummy, who had not really gone out, but was sewing in the parlor, came in briskly with the Romeo, he felt as if he loved her dreadfully, even though she whipped him twice as hard as Daddy did.

It was a comfort to feel that however awful the silence, however alone he felt, there was always Mummy somewhere around, and the Romeo if he cried. He left off crying. The Romeo hurt, and besides Mummy began to give him something sweet and nice at bedtime. She said it would make him a good boy. It did make him sleep soundly, and he didn't know what to call the dull feeling it gave him the next day. So of course Mummy never knew about that. Tommy was coming on. He was getting a strong, plump boy.

"You're real sensible, Mrs. Gadabout, to make that boy go to sleep," said the neighbors.

But habit is not so easily broken off. "We must get back early," said Mrs. Gadabout, uneasily, as she and Tom tiptoed carefully out of the basement door to go to a whist drive.

"I don't feel a bit happy, leaving him alone in the house."

"Pooh! You know he daren't get out of bed. And he never wakes up till morning. The neighbors would hear if there was anything wrong. And nothing can possibly happen. You know that."

"I didn't like the way the furnace back-fired today," said Mrs. Gadabout, vaguely, and the joke lasted Tom all the way.

Tommy lay asleep in the bedroom. There was a glimmer of light from the electric burner. The room was nice and warm, for the furnace was on, although outside it was thirty below.

He slept heavily with a flushed face and one hot hand thrown out over the coverlet.

In the windows of the adjacent house the lights went out. They had all gone to the play.

On the other side were three vacant lots. The next house again was shut up for the winter. The house was on the last length of sidewalk, on the outskirts of the town.

Tommy lay asleep, quite alone for the distance of a city block.

He didn't know what made him wake up. He sneezed and rubbed his nose on the sheet, because he was too sleepy to feel for his hanky under the pillow. His throat was choky and his eyes smarted.

He called 'Mummy!' once, and then remembered the Romeo, and hoped she hadn't heard. Perhaps it would be nicer under the clothes. He dived into the warm bed. The nasty, smoky taste was not so strong there. Soon Mummy would come. She was not far off. She was doing something on the stairs. He could hear her.

Something that made a loud crackling noise. What could Mummy be doing? He wanted dreadfully to go and see, but he lay still. Discipline, once acquired, is very strong.

It was funny how hard it was to breathe. He had never noticed before how it hurt.

Perhaps Mummy was pulling up the oilcloth, or swatting flies, or—No, it sounded more like lighting fires, or—

He lay huddled under the clothes, trying not to call out. The Romeo was not as bad as this.

Mummy was coming now—coming in at the door,—crackling, crackling. She was on the landing by the bathroom door.

Why didn't she come in?

She was crackling right at the door now.

Tommy poked up his head. It was awful hot. He peered through the smoke that filled the room. His eyes smarted. Was that Mummy?

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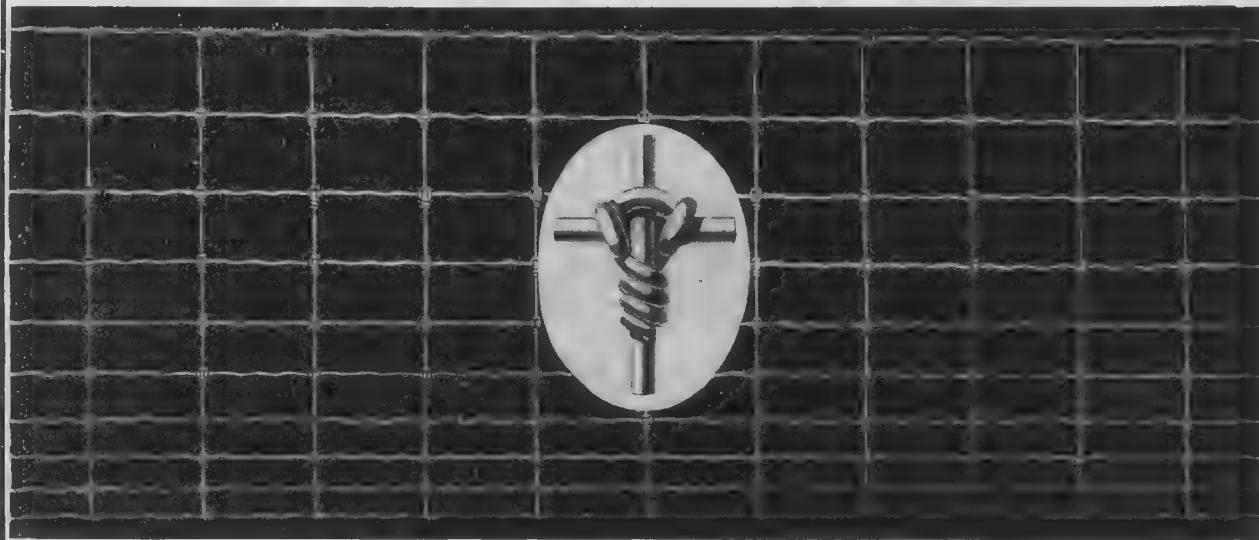
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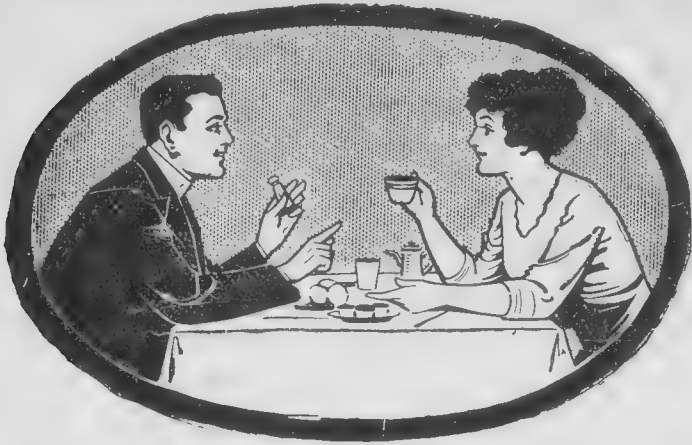


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No! It was a long, cruel flame licking through a crack in the door.

"Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!" he wailed.

And the flame came in further.

Mrs. Gadabout was absent-minded and played badly, and her partner was cross. Tom was cross too, when from a table across the room, he saw his wife throw down her cards.

"I'm going home," she said.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed her hostess. "Are you sick?"

"No. But I'm going home, I feel I have to. Don't mind me."

Through the frosty night she hurried home. She did not know what impelled her, but a foolish rhyme out of her childhood's memory was running insanely through her mind.

"Ladybird, Ladybird, fly away home, Your house is on fire, your children are gone."

Tommy sat up in bed, and the flame came in further.

"Mummy!" he wailed, and the door fell in with a crash.

It was Mummy. He knew she was there all the time.

Her face was blackened, and her pretty party-dress all black and torn, and she had forgotten the Romeo.

She was crying—crying, as she rolled him up in the blanket—sobbing, as she carried him down the stairs, "My little baby. My poor little baby."

She had forgotten that he was 'awfully five.'

The stairs were dreadfully hot, but Mummy held him tight in the blanket, and he was not frightened.

And there was no Romeo any more.

Tommy thought it was because it got burned up with Daddy's top-coat and Mummy's suit, and the bed and the other things in the room.

But Mrs. Gadabout had learned her lesson by heart this time, which is the only way a lesson does any good at all.

Perils of The Plains in Pioneer Days

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By M. H. Williams

YOU are sure you don't mind, Alie? and you can manage the horses? besides taking care of the Kid?" questioned a stalwart young rancher, lifting a small boy of four into a high wagon and placing him besides his mother.

"Sure," answered his wife, tucking the rug firmly around the child, and re-arranging the parcels. The little village in sunny Southern Alberta,—nestling among the foot-hills,—in the days of cow-boys and cattle ranching,—boasted of but one hotel. By its open door, the team stood, impatient to start on their homeward journey, nineteen miles across the rolling prairie. A group of men watched their departure from the lobby, while others admired the horses that were the pride of the rancher and his wife.

"I hate to let you go back alone, wife, that's a fact, but I don't see as I can refuse to help 'round up' these beggarly horse thieves, them having got the widow Cane's mare in the bunch, and only one M. P. on the beat. Be sure and call at Hog-back ranch, Sally and the boys will 'help you out.' A number from R. X. ranch are to meet there to-night, tell them to take the east trail tomorrow at 6 A.M. We go by the west, another has headed for the pass, they cannot break the circle, we have them in a net." While speaking, he spread a water-proof covering over the wagon, to protect the contents from the hot rays of the sun, which beat down from a cloudless sky.

"Don't you worry, Jack, we'll be all right, we'll be home before dark, the milking will be done in a jiff, with the help of the boys. Manage the team? well! I rather guess. You come back with a whole skin, and don't let them thieves run off with the widow Cane's mare."

A final look at the harness, an encouraging word to the horses, a shout of "Good Bye" from Jacky, and, "Safe Journey" from the men, a last wave of the hands, and they were off; following the hard and well-defined trail, that wound among the foot-hills, and over the prairie for many miles. Their pace was slow, the team having come over the route early that morning with a heavy load. Moreover, the afternoon was hot, and mosquitoes troublesome. Mrs. Rogers was driving them from town for the first time, a good horse-woman, knowing the temper of every animal on the ranch; she had no fear of the task before her. A visit to the far away town was not of frequent occurrence, and they had fully appreciated the outing.

Quickly the time passed, the boy prattling of the wonders he had seen in the stores; several miles sped by unnoticed. A blue haze hung over the mountains, veiling them from sight, the top-most peaks alone being visible. Innumerable flowers of many and gorgeous hues carpeted the sloping hills and prairie flats, while the air was redolent

with the perfume of roses. No fields of golden grain dotted the landscape, no smoke curled upward, there were neither homesteads nor shacks, just hundreds of acres of unbroken prairie, intersected by coulees. Thousands of cattle roamed at large, feeding where vast herds of buffalo had once grazed, using their trails, rubbing against huge boulders that the "Monarchs of the plains" had made black and shining with their shaggy coats, and drinking at the sloughs which had mirrored their ungainly forms.

"Phew, it's hot," exclaimed the driver, relaxing the lines, having crossed a turbulent stream with a stony bottom. "Mammy! see!" Jacky said, pointing in the distance ahead, "Cattle playing tag." They had passed none of the range cattle that usually wandered in herds. Now the prairie was black with a thousand or more, moving to and fro, circling around each other, while loud bellows came floating over the plains.

"Something has disturbed them,—a coyote, probably," his mother answered, intently watching. They witnessed a strange sight. Round and round the cattle went, the circle growing larger and more compact, gradually lengthening and curving towards the centre, forming a semi-circle. With a noise as of distant thunder, the whole herd rushed in their direction.

"A stampede, as I live," cried Mrs. Rogers, grasping her whip. "Get a move on, Dick. On you go, Jess. See if we can't head them off." They were safe in the wagon, she knew, but it was a serious undertaking to drive through the ranks of stampeding cattle. On the team trotted at a good pace, onward jolted the wagon, and forward raced the herd, keeping its compact formation. Fortunately the travellers were about the centre and every moment nearing the rear. The race was exciting, faster the driver urged on the horses, Jacky in the bottom of the wagon, shouting with delight and hanging on, to keep his balance. Nearer and nearer galloped the cattle; the foremost of the rear point getting perilously close, when,—quick as a flash,—the line straightened, then again curved; the leaders had changed their course and were heading for the mountains. Onward they rushed—only a few stragglers reaching the vicinity of the wagon, and they did not stop to contest the 'right of way.' In an incredibly short space of time they had disappeared; the air vibrating with the sound of their mighty on-rush and the trampled grass bearing evidence of their passage. The danger past, Mrs. Rogers permitted the team to rest, while her quick eyes reached the prairie, and scanned the horizon to discover the cause of the stampede. Seeing nothing amiss, she sniffed the air, muttering, "No fire, no Indians. Is there a storm approaching? looks very hazy and is sure sultry, we had better be 'making tracks,' a good twelve miles ahead of us yet."

The horses scarcely needed guiding over the now even trail, the creak of the wagon, and humming of insects, being the only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this great lone land. Jacky fell asleep, and his mother indulged in dreams; peopling the vast wilderness with settlers, and seeing a railway, where now ran the ancient buffalo trail. She suddenly awakened from her reverie to the knowledge of a change in the atmosphere. The sun, rapidly nearing the west, was hidden behind a dense bank of clouds that had arisen, mountain-ward. The mass was fast spreading over the blue, driven by a wind that only reached the earth in fitful gusts. "It is a storm, sure enough," murmured the woman, "coming sooner than I expected. The cattle knew if I didn't, they are likely sheltered in a coulee; nature warns the beasts in some mysterious way." Nothing daunted, she quietly and speedily made preparation, knowing how quickly a storm will gather, spread and

break in the vicinity of the mountains, and, being aware that the neighborhood was reputed to be a danger-spot in an electric storm; minerals underlying the surface. With astonishing rapidity, the dark canopy covered the heavens, the outer edges torn to a fringe, under which lay a rim of blue. Westward, over the mountains, inky blackness prevailed from which flashes of lightning played, heralding the artillery of the sky. The contending forces of nature gave the air the blast from a furnace, alternating with the chilling breath of some icy region.

The team sedately followed the trail—they had been in many a storm—the woman carefully driving, and the child slept on. A mere dot in the universe about to measure their strength and power of endurance, with that of the mighty elements; alone and unprotected, the nearest ranch eight miles distant, but pioneers are brave, self-reliant, and resourceful; the women none less, than the men. Allie Rogers was

no exception, a fisherman's daughter from the rugged coast of Nova Scotia. She early learned to calmly meet the vicissitudes of life, and battle with the storms of nature. The blue rim disappeared from the horizon; the advance guard passed; there was stillness above and below, not a breath stirred the flowers: the insects had ceased their song. Darker and lower sank the clouds, all nature waited,—one minute, two, five—then,—with a moan which ended in a shriek the hurricane swept the plain, bringing in its train the 'armies of the clouds.' Flash followed flash, each brighter and more dazzling than the last, and thunder peeled in a ceaseless roar. So blinding were the flashes, they seemed to envelop the travellers. Jacky awoke affrighted, and clung, trembling, to his mother, while the horses, plunging at every blast of thunder, needed skilful driving.

"Sit down! Jacky, the lightning is but nature's fireworks. Go on! Dick. That's right, Jess. Pull ahead. Don't

be scared. We'll be out of it soon." With words of cheer, this brave little woman drove on. Frightened? Yes, she had never faced a storm such as this. How the flashes blind, the crashes deafen. Will it last long? It seems hours already, although but minutes. No shelter of any kind near, there was nowhere to go,—but just,—on. A few seconds without the dazzling light, is the worst over?" No! the armies above are rallying for the climax. From the lowering mass a streak of blue-white flame shot down, rending the clouds in sunder, shaking the earth with the cracking peel which immediately followed. With it, mingled a scream of agony from a stricken animal, and,—unheard,—the cry of a woman, and the wail of a child; while the flood gates were opened and a drenching rain descended. "Merciful Heaven! what has happened?" shrieked Mrs. Rogers, clasping her boy as she felt the wagon tip, and saw one of the horses stagger and fall, breaking the tongue; the other,

YOU needn't be ruined even if your crop is!

How thoroughly the average hailstorm does its work is well illustrated by the following letter, taken from one of the leading Western farm journals of March, 1913:

Aylesbury, Sask., Jan. 28th, 1913.

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plunged and reared in terror. For a moment she was panic stricken, when,—quick as the lightning flash, she recalled the voice of her father, as he guided his boat through the angry waters, "The Pilot is at the helm, fear not! my child." It was enough; her voice rang out, firm and clear.

"Mind, where you're going, Jess, Steady! girl, stand still!" The wagon,—tilting to an angle,—the prairie at this spot rising above the trail,—was at last stationary, and Jess, quivering with fear, came to a standstill. Cautiously, they climbed out, Jacky, first; the rain beating down in torrents, but the fury of the storm was spent. Thunder still rumbled, and the wind moaned. With difficulty Jess, was unhampered, and tied to the wagon, while Jacky and his mother sought shelter underneath. Before the rain had entirely ceased, they were on her back, with only a blanket for a saddle, wending their solitary way, weary and forlorn, across the desolate prairie; leaving the wagon, with their valuable horse, dead beside it. The 'honor of the plains,' forbids pillaging, their possessions could be left for weeks and not be molested. The storm-clouds were quickly passing, the blue again visible; the rays of the setting sun gilded the peaks of the Rockies, which pierced the remnants of mist, covering their rugged sides, and a glorious rainbow spanned the Heavens. Slowly they trekked over the plain, Jacky clutching the horse, shouting with glee,—a child and a horse, early make acquaintance in the far West—his mother pondering over their recent danger, and bending her energies to reach home, before the long twilight gave place to night. Their adventures were not yet over, however; Jacky's quick eyes discerned a moving object—a mere speck on the crest of a hill in the distance. "What can it be? it is coming this way, surely not the cattle returning? No! there is but one,—a horse, saddled,—without a rider, racing as if pursued." Jess is slightly turned, they ride to meet the runaway. Nearer and closer they approach. Surely she has seen the beast before: that white forefoot; the arched neck. "It is! No! it surely cannot be; yes! it must be." Over the wild, rang a glad cry. "Lorna! Lorna!"

The animal stopped, renewed its gallop, swerved, as the call was repeated, joined by Jacky's shrill treble. Tossing her head, hesitating, she came slowly forward, permitting herself to be caught, and allowing caresses, freely bestowed. "Our own Lorna, you eluded the rascals, and was flying to your old home, just when we need you. What will Jack say? but we must hustle, they will doubtless try to recapture you." On the back of the swifter animal, they made better progress; Jess, no longer burdened, kept pace, but a few miles lay ahead of them, when glancing back, Allie discovered they were being followed. "Ah, I thought so," she said, urging the horses to a faster gait. The race became exciting, on they flew, narrowly escaping many a badger-hole, which would have been fatal. Their fatigue forgotten, their clothing long since dry; only fragmentary clouds bespeaking the sky's unrest, and below, the carpet of flowers, that had not been in the track of the storm. Beyond the everlasting hills, the sun had dropped to rest.

Allie, at some hazard, glanced back—just one pursuer, whether white man or Indian she knows not, nor does she distinguish the words he is shouting, but she sees his waving arm, and understands his gestures. "Halt!" not she. Stop! relinquish Lorna? No! Never. Onward they rush in the gathering gloom, crossing by-trails, through purling streams, over the grassy flats, up grades, and around bends, Lorna needing no urging or guiding, so well does she know the route, and always behind, though gaining, came the relentless pursuer, whose shouts but increased the speed of the horses. Mile after mile was passed. Another steep grade to descend, from its crest. Hog back Ranch is visible, nestling in the coulee, a quarter of a mile from their own. They lose time in descending, the mare carefully choosing her path. The man behind shouts wildly. He is close in the rear, surely he will lose in coming down the unfamiliar grade. No,

he is following their trail. Excited, she gave a loud "Halloo," hoping to attract attention of those at the ranch. If they would only come to her rescue. They are on the Hog-back homestead, yonder is the fenced-in portion, and there is the gate through which they must pass—one—peculiar to the West. With a bound they are beside it. Hastily dismounting, Mrs. Rogers pulled the pin, letting the wire fall to the ground. The clatter of horses' hoofs rattle over the stones they have just passed, and e'er she could remount, a man's voice rings clear and loud, "Allie! Allie Rogers! for Heaven's sake, stop!" With her foot in the stirrup, she hesitated, bewildered. Had she heard aright? who called her? Around the bend came horse and rider, another minute they had caught up; the pursued and pursuer confronted each other, and Allie Rogers stood face to face with—her husband. "Daddy! Daddy!" shouted Jacky, scrambling off the horse by way of the fence; but his mother leaned weakly against Lorna, utterly unable to speak, while the rancher wiped his heated brow and gasped, "Lord! What a rider you are Allie,

there isn't another woman in the settlement your equal. I'm dashed if I ain't proud of you." At the recollection he burst into a peal of laughter. Greatly irritated, his wife exclaimed wrathfully: "Perhaps you will explain why you have been chasing us all over the prairie for the last two hours? Where did you come from? and how did you get possession of Lorna?"

"Chasing you! why, you wouldn't stop! Whenever I shouted to attract your attention—hoping you would recognize me—you got on more speed. Lorna went as though the devil was after her, do our best, we couldn't 'catch up.' Forgive me for laughing, it was certainly a funny chase—'John Gilpins,' isn't it in it, but," more soberly, "I can very well guess what you have been 'up against' this afternoon. The why and wherefore of my being here, is very simple. We rounded up part of the horse thieving gang very quickly—they had divided,—we met those with the horses not far from town, captured both them and their booty, without a shot being fired. I was sent with new directions to the R. X. Cowboys, who are to meet here tonight. The Widow Cane is will-

ing to sell the mare. I was always sorry we parted with Lorna, and determined to re-purchase her. I was riding her and leading the sorrel, when we were overtaken by the worst storm of my experience. Anxious concerning you and Jacky, I cut across to No. 4 police shack, thinking you might have made for it, though it is some distance from the trail. While investigating within, Lorna bolted, making tracks for her old home. I quickly followed, my anxiety greatly increasing on reaching the abandoned wagon, with poor Dick on the trail beside it. I hurried on, having no difficulty in following your lead. When I first spied the horses ahead, I concluded an Indian had captured the mare, and rode quietly, till the distance between us lessened, and I distinguished you and Jacky. I frantically shouted, thinking you would recognize my voice, but—well you know the result. Lorna is a game little beast, worthy of her new mistress. "Yes," as he lifted his wife on her back, placed Jacky on his own horse, and smiled into her wandering eyes, "She is yours, won by your pluck during the storm, and the successful race from—the horsethief."



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The Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

I AM glad to be able to report that the Women's Section of the Brandon Fair was a great success, and in this I am sure I will have the endorsement of every woman who was present. The Fair management had done the best they could

Women at the in the matter of Brandon Show quarters, but the attendance was so very

much in excess of anything which they had anticipated that it was impossible to use the smaller and quieter room, and considerable discomfort was experienced by both the speakers and the audience, especially on Wednesday afternoon, when the crowd in the packed auditorium was the largest of the week. The Women's Section opened on Tuesday afternoon. President J. D. McGregor made a point of being present, and gave the women a very hearty welcome and spoke briefly along the lines of what might be done to lessen the cost of living by an intelligent study of the best methods of cooking the cheaper pieces of meat.

Mrs. Nellie L. McClung was the first speaker in the course, and delighted her audience, as she always does. Her subject was "What's the matter with the farm," and provoked a very animated discussion at the close. The next day Miss Kenneth Haig spoke on the legal status of women, a subject which I found afterwards had proved both informative and instructive to many of the women present, and one on which they were keenly anxious to be informed. On the same day Miss Frances Beynon spoke on building and decorating the home. The following day Mrs. A. V. Thomas (Lillian Laurie) spoke on the old new woman, and the last address of the course was by Mrs. E. W. Hamilton who spoke on Friday afternoon on the "Sisterhood of Women." Personally I was much interested in the effect of this address. Mrs. Hamilton has made it her business for years to look after girls coming to the city who are strangers. She has had a Young Women's Club in connection with one of the churches, and has spent days of time in securing work for girls who are strangers and do not know how to secure it for themselves. In the course of her work she has seen a great deal of the dangers of city life for the inexperienced girls from the country, and she seized this opportunity of speaking to the women and telling them what their daughters might have to encounter in coming to the city. This address made a great impression on a number of the women present.

The cooking demonstrations which followed the addresses each day were very good and very practical. Miss Maud Davis, who was in charge, is the superintendent of Home Economics in the Brandon Public Schools. It is the first time that she had demonstrated before the women gathered at a winter fair, but she threw herself into it with the greatest zeal, and she

The Cooking Department Nairn, did yeoman service. Nothing could exceed

the patience of Miss Davis in answering questions; this was especially noticeable in the afternoon, when a side of beef was brought in and cut up under her instructions. The retail price of each piece was marked on it, and then she gave a simple and easily remembered account of how each piece should be cooked. The demonstrations were supposed to close at 5 o'clock, but on this afternoon, up to six o'clock, the women were still asking questions, and Miss Davis was still patiently demonstrating the methods of cutting and cooking beef. All of the recipes that were used during the four days were printed in a neat little booklet. Some of these booklets were left, and as long as they last I am sure that W. I. Smale, the Manager of the winter fair, will be pleased to send them to anyone who applies for them. Manager Smale takes a very deep interest in the Women's Section of this fair. He has done everything in his power to make the

building specially comfortable for women, and is already planning great things for next year. As it will not be possible for everyone to get a copy of these recipes, I intend to publish a couple each month, until I have covered the list, taking the ones for the cooking of meats first.

To Boil Corned Beef

Wipe the meat and tie securely in shape, is this has not been already done at the market. Put in kettle, cover with cold water and bring slowly to boiling point. Boil five minutes, then cook at a lower temperature until tender. Cook slightly in water in which it was cooked, remove to a dish, cover and place on cover a weight, that meat may be well pressed.

A boiled dinner consists of warm impressed corn beef served with cabbage, turnips, carrots and potatoes.

Rump Roast with Catsup

Sprinkle a four-pound rump roast with one teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful pepper and two tablespoonfuls flour, put into a cooker, an earthen one if possible, pour one cupful catsup over it, cover and bake three hours in a moderate oven. When well browned on one side, turn and brown the other.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and cordiality of the Brandon women. They turned out in good numbers themselves, and not the

The Brandon least advantage of the Women

Women's Section of the big fair was the spirit of sociability and comradery which was developed between the women of the town and of the country. Brandon women are notable cooks and housewives, and because they are good cooks and housewives they appreciate all the more an opportunity for learning new methods of doing things, and there is no doubt that Manager Smale will receive very cordial help from them in the arrangement of next year's programme.

During the month I had an opportunity of listening to an address by Mr. Bruce of New Zealand, a journalist of wide experience. In the course of this address he spoke of

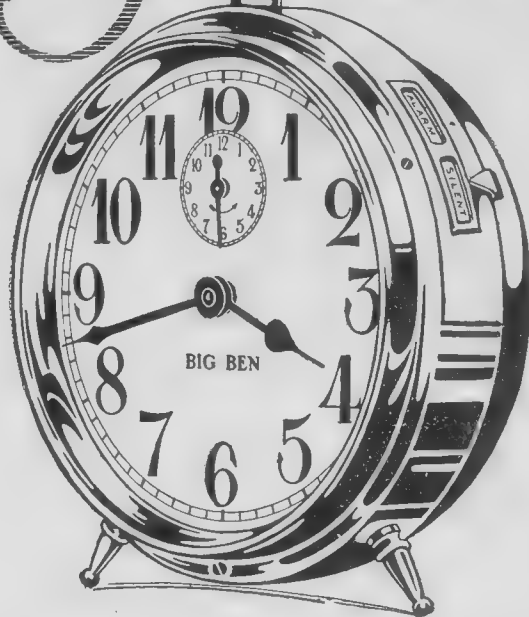
Suffrage in the effect of the session of the vote by the women of New Zealand

Zealand for the past twenty years. He pointed out that they had made a very radical change in conditions. Their interest in politics lay not so much along financial lines as the lines which touched the home, and the first legislation which they had been instrumental in passing had borne on the question of infant mortality, and under their supervision and direction conditions had improved, until the death rate had been reduced from something like 175 per thousand to less than 25 per thousand.

He said that men had for years struggled half-heartedly with the question of the social evil, but that women had practically eliminated it in the course of one year by asking for a bill whereby every person without visible means of livelihood was required to give an account of themselves, and to either accept respectable and regular work or leave the country. He said that at the present time, under a few years of this rule, New Zealand had become a clean country, and that so far as it was humanely possible for a country to eliminate the social evil, it had been eliminated there. It was his opinion that if a poll of men voters was taken in New Zealand today on the question of the repeal of the right of the women to vote, that not one thousand men could be found who would ask to have the women deprived of their franchise.

This gentleman has been making a long stay in England, and is both horrified and disgusted at the action of Englishmen with regard to the suffrage for women. He stated emphatically that not only was the British press refusing to handle the matter in a clear and unbiased manner, but that they had suppressed and refused to publish

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The Men Who Make Big Ben

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Only the finest materials are used in his making—he is strong, massive and punctual. His face is frank, open, easy to read. His keys big, handy, easy to wind. He rings steadily for five minutes or intermittently for ten. He calls you every day at any time you say. If you have him oiled every other year, there is nothing how long he will last.

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hundreds of letters which had been sent from New Zealand and Australia protesting against the treatment which women were receiving in their effort to obtain the franchise. He expressed the opinion that in assuming the attitude which they had done, the press of England had missed the greatest opportunity which had been afforded newspapers in 50 years.

That interest as to the question of the extension of the franchise to women is increasing in the West is very evident from the constant demand which the Political Equality League of Winnipeg is receiving for speakers to go to the country. They have been quite unable to meet the demand for speakers for meetings of Grain Growers' Associations, Home Economics Clubs and in some cases meetings under the auspices of the Churches.

Interest in The West

Since last I wrote for this page Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, after several years of intense suffering, has passed away, and one of the most picturesque figures of the 19th and the early years of the 20th century, has passed from our mortal sight. Very

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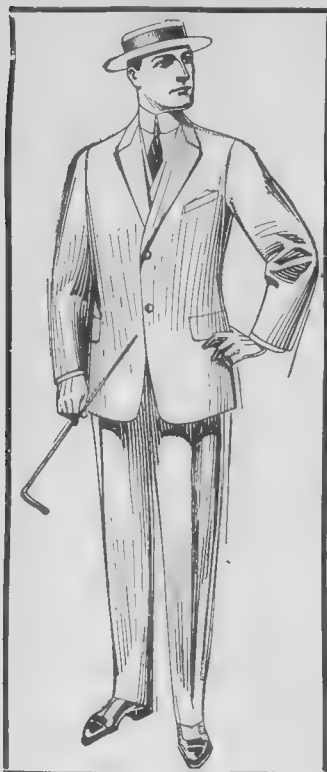
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many of my readers, I am sure, have heard Pauline Johnson recite her own poems and sketches, and very many are familiar with her writing. She has preserved to Canadian history and literature very many of the legends of her own people, as she loved to call the Indians, for she was of Mohawk descent on one side of her house. It seems one of the mysteries of life that she, who was so strong and vigorous that she seemed the very personification of life, should have been called upon to pass out through such a terrible gate of suffering. The picture in my mind of her will always be the one when I saw her last, in Mohawk costume, and her full liquid voice reciting one of the most beautiful of her own poems, "The Lost Lagoon." I think that every Western child should be taught some, at least, of Pauline Johnson's poems; They are perhaps not of the first order of poetry, but nearly all of them possess a beauty of rhythm, and her Nature Poems particularly convey the added charm of truthful description.

Thomas Atkins

By Lt.-Colonel Newnham-Davis

The great Duke of Wellington stood on the path which runs round the ramparts of Walmer Castle and looked out to sea. The day was one of splendid sunshine—it was at the commencement of the July of 1843—and the old soldier, at home by the seaside, had put on clothes, nankeen and duck, suitable to the day. He stood, one foot on the carriage of one of the little carronades, leaning lightly on a Malacca cane, and his eyes, looking over the sea, seemed to gaze beyond the horizon.

Near him, and a little behind him, stood at attention a young staff officer of the Adjutant-General's Department, in undress uniform. He had brought some papers down for the signature of the Commander-in-Chief—for Hill was dead, and the Duke had been reappointed for life to the command—and before carrying the documents back to London he had asked a question, on a small matter of detail, which the War Office thought should, as a compliment, be referred to the commander of the forces. A name typical of the British private soldier was required to use on the model sheet of the soldiers' accounts to show where the men should sign. It seemed a ridiculously unimportant matter to the young staff officer, and he was surprised when, instead of answering off-hand, the Duke had thrust his cane into the path of broken shells, and had then looked steadily out to sea.

The great Duke stood without a movement, and the young officer waited. Before those eyes, which looked over the rim of the world, was unrolling a vast panorama of all the gallant deeds he had seen done in war. He was searching in a memory stored with recollections for the man who should best typify the dogged gallantry of Britain's private soldiers. Before him, as in a picture, passed that desperate fight to hold Hougoumont, and then his mind travelled back to the olive groves and the vineyards of Spain; to the snow-topped Pyrenees, and the purple ridges and the black cork woods of Portugal. He felt again that gripping of the heart-strings he had endured as the thin stream of red coats crawled up the rocky cliffs into the Seminary at Oporto; he saw the dancing line of British bayonets sparkle as they came to the charge at Busaco! he looked again in imagination on the dreadful breach held by the dead at Badajos; but no one name came more clearly to his mind than another. Travelling ever backwards memory carried him to a blazing sun and scorched plains—to the savage storm of Assaye, and to the fierce fight in the darkness before Seringapatam; but still the name he searched for did not come. Now he was in the Low Countries on his first campaign, fighting his first action. He saw again the clear rain-washed blue of that September sky, the line of windmills on the horizon, the pink and blue and yellow houses by the canal blinking in the morning sun, the distant spires of Bois le Duc. His regiment, the 33rd, a corps of veterans, stood in reserve. He knew that his

officers were waiting to see how the boy colonel would handle his regiment under fire. His first experience was to be a trying one. The French were in superior force, and in the cloud of smoke before him he could see that the first line of the British were being pressed back. Firing still, turning at any point of vantage, the red coats were yet giving way; the French light troops flung at them to complete the disaster were almost in the British ranks, and on the left a squadron of French cavalry cantered, waiting an opportunity to charge. Then young Wellesley put the discipline of his regiment to one of the severest tests known in warfare. At the word of command every company swung back into column—leaving thus wide lanes through which the hard-pressed troops in the firing line could retire. Grimed with powder, cursing in anger, the men dashed through, and like closing gates the companies of the gallant old 33rd swung back again. The French were so close on them that some of the men were bayoneted before the word to fire was given. Thrice the Brown Besses spoke—volleys as steady as though the regiment was firing on inspection parade—and then the word to advance was given, and with bayonets fixed the 33rd moved forward to take up the ground from which the other regiment had been forced to retire. The three volleys had done their work, the ranks of the French had crumbled away before them, and the cavalry had drawn off like a trail of mist. The day was won.

Wellesley rode back to where on the ground, on the first line his regiment had held, were little groups about men who had fallen. The men of the land were already busy with their stretchers. He rode to where the right of his line had been. There on the ground lay the pride of the rank and file, the right-hand man of the Grenadier company, Thomas Atkins. Six foot there he stood in his stockinged feet; twenty years had he served His Majesty the King; he could neither read nor write; he was the best man at arms in the regiment, and one of the stoutest hearts in the world. One of the bandmen who stood by him had bound up his head where a sabre had slashed him, he had a bayonet wound in the breast, and a bullet through the lungs. He had prayed the bearers not to move him, but to let him die in peace where he had fallen. Wellesley looked down on him, and the man saw the sorrow in the young commander's face. "It's all right sir," he said, in gasps. "It's all in the day's work." And then the blood gushed out of his mouth.

The Great Duke turned to the young staff officer. "Thomas Atkins," he said, shortly. The officer saluted and withdrew. As the sound of his footsteps on the path died away the Duke turned once more to the sea.

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Pretty Frocks For Young Girls.

The Easter season brings a great many demands for pretty frocks, and these are charming, each in a different way.

Accordion plaiting is always lovely, for the younger contingent especially, and it is to be one of the smartest of all things throughout the spring and summer. It suits all the fashionable, thin, soft materials. This blouse is made with a fitted lining that holds the plaits in place. The sleeves are sewed to the armholes, and the waist can be finished with a round neck and elbow sleeves, with a yoke making it high at the neck and with long sleeves, as occasion demands. The skirt is straight. It can be accordion plaited, or it can be laid in narrow, flat plaits by hand.

For the 16 years size, the waist will require 3 yards of material 27, 2½ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards of plaited lace and 2 yards of rosebud banding; the skirt will require 5½ yards 27, 4¾ yards 36 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt before plaiting is 3½ yards.

The May Manton patterns of the waist 7730 and of the skirt 7687 are both cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years.

The second costume shows the trimming of frills that is one of the prettiest and most fashionable seen. These frills can be made of a plaited material or of lace. In this case, the dress is made

of crepe de chine and the frills are of chiffon, but the fichu or surplice portions have straight outer edges and they can be made of lace flouncing, which makes its own finish to be very charming. If a day time dress is wanted, the chemisette can be made with high neck and the sleeves can be extended to the elbows. If the tunis effect is not liked, the upper trimming can be omitted and, if a still simpler effect is wanted, the skirt can be left quite plain. It is cut in two pieces. Beneath the fichu there is a plain blouse with set-in sleeves.

For the 16 year size, the dress will require 3¼ yards of material 27, 3 yards 36 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard any width for the bretelles, 1½ yards 44 for the frill ¼ yard 18 for the center front.

The May Manton pattern of the dress 7737 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years.

The little frock shown on the third figure is somewhat simpler in effect but very charming. In this case, it is made of messaline, with a lace bertha, and that material is always charming, but there are hosts of pretty ones that girls will wear this spring. Crepe de chine is a great favorite, the new voiles and marisettes are exquisite, and there are cotton crepes that are lovely enough for any occasion. The skirt is made in just two pieces, and the edges are overlapped at the left of the front and

the left of the back, and there is a little drapery on one side. The rounded edges of the skirt give a little piquant touch, but straight ones can be substituted if better liked. The blouse is made in one piece with the sleeves and the bertha is arranged over it.

For the medium size the dress will require 5 yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of lace 6½ inches wide, and 1½ yards of banding for the sleeves.

The May Manton pattern of the dress 7721 is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

A Fashionable Afternoon Gown.

Pretty and attractive afternoon gowns and costumes are so constantly needed that new ones always appeal with especial force. Here is a gown that is made with the fashionable long sleeves and with an exceedingly graceful skirt that gives a panel effect, while the blouse also includes the vestee and big revers that are essentially new features. In the illustration, moire velours is combined with satin and with a lace chemisette, and in materials as well as in style and cut, the gown is an exceptionally smart one. We are approaching another season, however, and lighter materials will be in demand. The model is just as good for the thinner and lighter silks of the spring, and for all the pretty materials that are to be worn during the milder weather as it is for the moire velours. Some of the new cotton crepes show tiny flowers as an all-over design, and one of these would be lovely made over a plain



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7670 Fancy Blouse with Vest,
34 to 42 bust.

7352 Three-Piece Skirt,
22 to 30 waist.

messaline. Plain colored crepe de chine would make up attractively over satin of a contrasting color, and there are indeed almost numberless fabrics that can be utilized. Everything with a crepey finish is to be smart, and crepe and plain materials always combine handsomely. If the long sleeves are not liked, the cuffs can be made narrow, which change will make them

Music Lessons Free IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player. Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or Cello will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

Established 1898—have thousands of pupils from seven years of age to seventy.

Don't say you cannot learn music but send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City. Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or credit.



7730—Accordion plaited waist for misses and small women.

7687—Straight skirt for misses and small women.

7737—Semi-princesse dress for misses and small women.

7721—Semi-princesse dresses for misses and small women.



REGD.

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The Heels, Soles and Toes are Strongly Reinforced to Stand Vigorous Wear.

Multiplex hosiery is made of the best yarns—yarns selected because of their splendid wearing qualities. The workmanship is the best that skilled labor can produce and the machinery used has all the latest improvements for producing a superior grade of hosiery. Extra threads are knitted into the heel, sole and toe to provide the maximum of strength where the wear is hardest.

Appearance, comfort and strength is all that you ask for in hosiery. Multiplex has all these and costs no more than ordinary hosiery.

Multiplex is dyed with pure vegetable dye. The colors are absolutely fast—no staining of the feet—no irritation caused by the dye entering into the pores of the skin. Multiplex is positively one of the most hygienic brands of hosiery made.

One trial will convince our mail order customers that this is the best hosiery for wear.

For full particulars and prices see pages 101 to 108 of our new Spring and Summer Catalogue.

4 thread toe

4 thread heel

3 thread sole

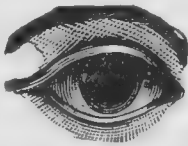
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Mr. David Suttle, 1002 W. 51st Street, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I sent for your 'Actina,' and when it came I told my wife I would throw my glasses away and give the 'Actina' a fair show. I did so following directions, and soon felt my eyes were getting in normal condition again and now I can say my eyesight is as good as ever, and my headaches practically vanished."

Mr. Emory E. Detrick, 7124 Idlewild Street, E. E., Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "My eyes were very weak, and my vision was so bad that I could recognize people only at short distances. Since using 'Actina' I have discarded my glasses, my headaches are gone, and my vision, I believe, is as good as ever it was."

Mr. J. H. Frankensfield, 522 E. 20th Street, Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "I am not wearing my glasses at all. As for my catarrh, it is almost gone and I have been troubled with it for more than sixteen years."

"A great number of my railroad friends are buying 'Actina' as you know by the orders you have received."

Actina can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affection of the eye, ear, throat or head. A Free trial of the 'Actina' is given in every case.

Send for our FREE TRIAL offer and valuable FREE BOOK Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

three-quarter length. Again, the chemisette can be omitted if the open neck is liked.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 21 for the collar, cuffs and vestee, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27 for the revers; for the skirt will be required $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36, or 4 yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 21 inches wide for the panel.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7670 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7352 from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents, for each.

A Charming Gown of Charmeuse.

The costume illustrated is one of the most attractive that has been produced this season. The waist and skirt were especially designed for each other, but either can be combined with another model. Both waist and skirt are draped by means of upward-turning plaits at the center front. The waist is made over a fitted lining and is very simple. There are front and back portions, and the sleeves are of the "set-in" sort, and can be finished in either full or elbow length. The neck is finished with a fancy collar and revers. In this case, there is a shirred chemisette with a round neck, but if preferred a plain chemisette with high collar can be used. The skirt is in two pieces only, and the back forms a panel which is lapped over the draped edges of the

front. The skirt can be finished in walking length or with a train. The material here is charmeuse with trimming of black velvet, all-over lace and ermine, and the effect is very charming. Crepe de chine, crepe metecore and all similar materials are lovely for these designs, and the trimming can be varied to suit the material and the season.

For the medium size, the waist will require $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of material 27, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44 with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7709 Fancy Waist, 34 to 40 bust.

7702 Draped Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

27 for the shirred chemisette, $\frac{5}{8}$ yards 21 for the collar and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18 for the revers and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of fur banding, to trim as illustrated; $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide for the plain chemisette and stock collar; the skirt will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with the train, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 in walking length, with $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of fur banding. The width at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The May Manton pattern of the waist 7709 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7702 from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Fashionable Gown of Silk

Draped skirts make an important feature of the latest models. This one is unusually graceful. The gown also shows the combination of striped with plain silk that is a feature. It is trimmed with fur banding at the neck edge of the blouse and at the lower edge of the skirt and fur will be quite correct for a good many weeks to come, but marabout could be substituted if a lighter effect is wanted; or, if gowns for spring are being considered, any preferred banding can be used or one of the little plaited ruffings that give a dainty and fluffly effect. The skirt consists of a circular front and a separate train or panel, where the drapery is arranged over the front and side portions, disappearing beneath the panel at the back. The bodice is a most attractive one for combinations of mate-

rials. The foundation is plain, with the kimono sleeves that retain all their favor and smartness, but the trimming portions are novel. There is a guimpe lining that includes the under sleeves. The plain and the striped silk illustrated make an excellent effect, but we are approaching a change of seasons and the new cotton fabrics are marvellously beautiful, and there are various plain and fancy ones that can be utilized in just this way. All sorts of flowered and Pompadour effects are fashionable. Plain with flowered crepe would make a charming gown, while among silks are to be found Pompadour effects as well as striped and a variety of fancy designs that can be combined with plain. Cotton voiles are exquisite, and an embroidered voile with a plain one would make a beautiful gown of an exceedingly useful, practical sort. The skirt can



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7357 Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

7498 Draped Panier Skirt, 22, 24 and 26 waist.

be made either with a slight train or in walking length.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 2 yards 27 $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36 or $\frac{7}{8}$ yard, 44 for the trimming portions, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 18 for the chemisette and under sleeves and 1 yard of fur banding; the skirt $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 27 or 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards for the foundation skirt, 4 yards 27 or 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 for the drapery and train, with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of fur banding. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse 7357 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7498 in sizes for 22, 24 and 26 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

As a vermicide there is no preparation that equals Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

Dr. Andrew Macphail: Love of country is growing in Canada. May it continue to grow. We have all the blessings of nature. It is for Canadians to do the rest.

Rev. Dr. Rose: To go with the tide of another's thinking is easy. To stand outwardly but, more important yet, inwardly by the higher Christian ideal may cost you something, but it pays.

Dr. MacLean: A love for good books is a splendid safeguard, and the book stores are filled with excellent books that may be had for very little money. And father can start a library

for his child for very little more than it would cost to "set 'em up" a few times for the other "boys." A portion of the price of a gown would fill several book shelves with choice books.

Scroggie's Personal Mail Service



A lady from Victoria, B. C., writes:

"I received my waists and skirts, and to say that I am well pleased with them doesn't half express it. I cannot say too much in their praise."

This is but one sample of the manner in which we please customers, and with our new service we can please you as never before.

NOTE

Sizes in all these waists are 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44

Z34-717—Scroggie's Famous Mercerized Vesting Waist for Women, \$1.00. A most serviceable shirt waist of fancy figured vesting in a pretty pattern; made strictly tailored with double stitched seams, box pleat closing front with pearl buttons; soft turn down collars and turn back cuffs of self.

Our Special Price \$1.00

Z34-716—Misses' or Women's Outing Waist, made of good quality print, white ground with black hairline stripe; black collar and cuffs; box pleat closes front with pearl buttons, large collar and cuffs; set in sleeves are piped with black, it will give lasting wear and wash beautifully; good for outdoor or indoor wear.

Our Special Price 75c

For 29 years Montreal's Busiest Store

Z34-715—Women's White Lawn Waist. Stylish waist made of good quality sheer white lawn, made in a charming style; V-yoke finely pin tucked; edged with embroidery and tucking; tucked back, long sleeve; collar and cuffs of lace and embroidery.

Our Special Price 75c

Z34-713—White Lawn Waist. Women's Waist of fine quality sheer white lawn; dainty style with wide panel, prettily embroidered across front; outlined with Cluny insertion which also forms cuff and square Dutch neck. Front and buttoned back finished with tucking.

Our Special Low Price 75c

Z34-714—Women's Fine Lawn Waist. A white waist of crisp lawn, equal in style to a more expensive muslin waist; made in the popular one-sided effect, with wide prettily embroidered flouncing, three rows of wide lace insertion and fine tucking; tucked buttoned back, tucked collar and cuffs edged with lace.

Our Special Price 75c

Z34-712—Stylish Print Waist; good quality and workmanship made of good quality print. Tailored style, double stitched seams. Turn down collar and turned cuffs of self; closes in front with box pleat and pearl buttons; colors: white with black or navy stripe. Sizes: 32 to 44.

Our Low Price 85c

Z34-711—Women's Print Waist; smart tailored style; made of good quality print; open front fastens with pearl buttons, turned collar of self, plain back; colors: with black or sky stripe. Sizes 32 to 44.

Our Wonderful Low Price 65c

Z34-710—Women's Print Waist. Stylish waist of good quality print. Bordered pattern on collar, cuffs and down front. Many with white spot, also black with white spot. Sizes: 32 to 44.

Our Low Price 50c

**Shop at Scroggie's
The House of Economy
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SCROGGIE'S Personal Mail Service is a new service—it has just been inaugurated—it is not Mail Order—it has no relation to Mail Order the way it is at present conducted elsewhere. Your letter for merchandise is not dropped into a bag or pigeon-hole, taken out in routine order, filled without regard to your evident taste; jammed into a box and rushed back the easiest way possible.

The Scroggie Personal Mail Service is altogether different. It places at your disposal a personal representative—a trained and experienced shopper—one with an intimate and varied knowledge of this large store's stocks. When your letter reaches us it goes straight to the desk of the Correspondent who will act as your personal agent, serve you and continue to serve you as long as you desire. It will be to his or her interest to serve you well, for their success will depend on their record of Satisfied Customers.

This new service will eliminate delays, prevent errors and stand as an Insurance against the disappointments of the present old style mail order system. **TRY IT!**

We prepay transportation charges on all orders amounting to \$5.00 and over in Quebec, Maritime Provinces and Ontario, except west and north of Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie.

To customers living in the West we will allow a discount of 5% to help pay your transportation charges. This 5% will be refunded when the goods are shipped.

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**Send for a Copy of our New Spring Catalog.
It's the Greatest Style Book published.**

When ordering mention the name of this paper and be assured of prompt service.

Original Plans

Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

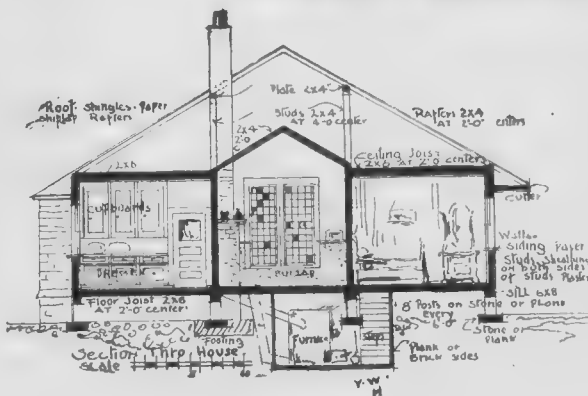
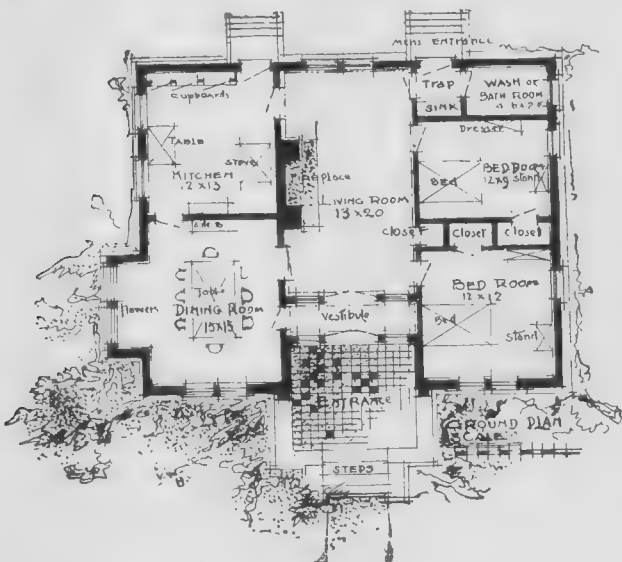
The civilization of a country may be seen in its homes rather than its temples. The sublimity of the temple is that of the high hills, but the home is the perfection of the lowlands. Home loving and home creating people are whose heart the word "home" is the rulers of the world. The man in shined is the best citizen and the happiest. To-day we have to a degree lost some of our ideas, and are neglecting the home life and its priceless associations. Amongst the savage tribes, the home was a wigwam, a place to eat and sleep in, and unfortunately many people now use the home merely for this primary purpose.

The planning of the house should be so that the work can be carried out with the least labor. Most of the conveniences of the house-keeper are modern, and it is only in the last generation that the demands for helps by the house-wife have been considered. On the farm these conveniences cannot always be obtained. In this small house it has been the aim to plan it so that it can be built of the nearest material. It would look equally well in logs as in stone or clapboards. The plan is well balanced, the rooms being conveniently placed for their relation to each other. An inviting entrance leads into a vestibule, from which doors go into both living and dining rooms, so that if wished visitors need not disturb the family. The dining room is of good dimensions—fifteen feet by twelve feet, with the flower bay three feet wider. This flower bay should make a very interesting and attractive window with blossoming flowers. The kitchen is directly connected to it, and the cupboards and dresser take the place of the small

stuffy pantry. I have kept the windows about three feet above the floor, so that furniture can go under them. There are no plumbing fixtures shown, as unless a water and sewer system is installed this would be rather expensive on the farm at first. The bedrooms each have a clothes closet. On the rear are entrances from the kitchen, and for the men, with a wash-stand in the men's entrance. A small room is provided where a portable bath may be kept, and in the day this might be used for a laundry. The home may be heated either by stoves or from a small basement, access to which is gained by a trap at the men's entrance. The living room is large, 13ft. 6in. x 20ft. 0in., and should be made the most attractive room in the house, with its large brick or stone fire-place. The walls could be panelled with burlap, or the entire room could be sheathed with ship-lap or tongue and grooved material, and stained some quiet color. The ceiling could be carried up to the roof if wished, as there is no upstairs. The entire finish of doors and trim should be as simple as possible, and be of whatever lumber is most convenient.

It is generally thought that because an architect draws a plan, the building increases in cost, but it must be remembered that in a well conceived plan everything that is necessary is conceived, and the first cost is the whole cost; not like the man who desired a large house for a certain sum of money and drew his own plans, and when the house was built and he had exhausted all his available revenue found that there were no stairs in it.

This plan could be carried out by any mechanically inclined farmer, as with



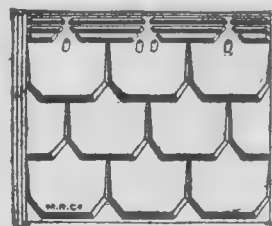
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The Metallic Roofing Co., of Toronto and Winnipeg, are the originators of the steel shingle business in Canada, and were manufacturing years before any other manufacturers commenced making them.

We did not start manufacturing until we had spent thousands of dollars in experimenting, and produced what we thought to be, and has proved to be, a perfect shingle.

This shingle was named 'EASTLAKE,' and was put on the market over a quarter of a century ago.



"EASTLAKE" Metallic Shingles were laid on roofs over a quarter of a century ago, and are on those same roofs to-day as good as new, with practically no cost for repairs.

The "EASTLAKE" SHINGLE of then, is the "EASTLAKE" SHINGLE of to-day, and will serve you as well as it has served these customers for over twenty-five years.

We can honestly claim by actual proof and test of service that no other shingles have been introduced that will equal "EASTLAKE."

Let us know your roofing problem and we will help you find a solution. It will cost you nothing and it will be a pleasure to us.

Investigation is worth while. It pays to know.

Write for our free booklet to-day.

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THE METALLIC ROOFING CO. LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS TORONTO & WINNIPEG

Western Canada Factory, 797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

the exception of the frames for doors and windows, the construction is of the simplest character. Built of rough stained lumber outside, lapping the joints, the roof shingled, a simple gutter constructed, with no elaborate detail, the whole should make a very attractive home, leaving a few of the native poplar or oaks to give it a setting.

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If you would have a house free from drafts—whose walls will turn aside the bitterest gale and keep out the keenest frost—a house which is easy to heat and comfortable to live in—use

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to interline the walls, floors and ceiling.

SOVEREIGN Sheathing Felt is really light-weight RU-BER-OLD Roofing—a thick, waterproof, windproof, insulating blanket which keeps a house warm in winter and cool in summer. It will endure and protect as long as the building stands.

Get a sample from the nearest RU-BER-OLD dealer, or write for sample and booklet to

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The Best trees, shrubs, flowering plants and seeds in Western America are grown at Cluny, Alberta—just 64 miles East of Calgary. We say THE BEST—we mean it—they are the best for this climate—the very hardiest that can be grown.

Plant something this year—plant to make your home more valuable—plant to make a more attractive place to live in—plant for profit, for in addition to the added value there is a real increase in the production of your farm if you have trees to form a shelter from the scorching winds.

But you must plant the Best and by every test of hardiness, vigor and adaptability the product of this Nursery stands first.

Here are a few special dollar saving and dollar making bargains worthy of your special attention. Remember this, "Order early" is no idle phrase. You can be sure of getting what you want in this way. The cost will be no more and it may save disappointment.

Order by Number.

HEDGES

A hedge marks the beginning of a real home. These hedges grow and grow rapidly. Let us give you further information.

HEDGING.—Hardy ornamental hedging, western grown, stock at the following rates.

Siberian Honeysuckle.....	at 50c to \$1.00 per ft.
Siberian Dogwood.....	20c to 35c per ft.
Russian Olive.....	75c per ft.
Caragana.....	8c to 20c per ft.
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WIND BREAKS

No land owner, either of farming land or suburban property can afford to be without a wind break. The cost is only a trifle. A break or hedge is preferable in any case to a fence of tight boards. It is more attractive in appearance. It is more durable. It adds to the value of the home.

Note the prices quoted. You cannot afford to delay.

Three row break of Caragana, Willow any variety; Poplar or Cotton Wood. \$1.79 per rod and up according to size of stock used.

Three row break of Caragana, Spruce or Pine, Poplar, Cotton Wood or Maple \$2.07 per rod and up according to size of stock used.

LET US TELL YOU WHAT A FEW DOLLARS WILL DO

FOR \$12 ONLY

Selection No. 1	50 Currant Bushes (bearing)
	50 Raspberries (hardy western variety)
	12 large Rhubarb Roots (can be pulled this year)
	12 Gooseberry (bearing)

FOR \$12

Selection No. 2	100 Manitoba Maple, 3-4 ft.
	100 Laurel Willows, 3-4 ft.

FOR \$18

Selection No. 3	1000 Manitoba Maple Seedlings
	50 Currant Bushes (bearing)
	50 Raspberry (hardy)
	12 Gooseberry (bearing)

FOR \$25

Selection No. 4	50 Currant Bushes (bearing)
	50 Raspberries (2 year old leaves)
	12 Large Rhubarb Roots (ready to pull this year)
	300 Laurel Willows

FOR \$25

Selection No. 5	6 Lilac 2-3 ft., 6 Tartarian Honeysuckle,
	10 Virginia Creepers (large roots) 4 Cornus (dogwood), 8 Peonies (2 yr.), 30 Caragana,
	3 Golden Elder, 6 Laurel Willows 4-5 ft.,
	6 Manitoba Maples 3-4 ft.

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CLUNY NURSERIES, Limited

CLUNY, ALBERTA

"Birthplace of the Little Trees That Grow"

A Special Offer for \$50

Here we speak to the man who wants something substantial—to the man who has decided to change the aspect of a prairie home and make bright the entire surroundings of his abode.

4 doz. Pansies. 2 doz. Sweet William. 1 doz. Tiger Lily 1 doz. Peony Clumps (assorted). 2 doz. Iceland Poppy. 2 doz. Gladiolus. 2 doz. Columbine. 48 ft. border Gypsophila or Achillea. 1 doz. Rose Bushes (Harrison Yellow). 1 doz. Artemesia. ½ doz. Virginia Creeper. 4 Tartarian Maple. 6 Cornus Siberica. 1 doz. Golden Elder. 4 Lilac Bushes. 3 Spirea. 2 Silver Poplar, Maple or Green Ash.

American Banner Oats

The variety that gives the best results; government germination test showed 99 per cent. germination; grown on breaking; greatest care has been taken in the selection of this seed. Per bushel, 34 lbs., \$1.00 (bags included). 10 bushels \$9.00.

Potatoes (Alberta's Own)

New variety specially selected. Very productive and even croper, shallow eyes. \$1.00 per bushel (sack included).

Our Catalogue contains a large variety, all absolutely hardy in the Canadian West. Visitors always welcome at the nursery.

CUT THIS COUPON HERE.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$.....

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Catalogue.....

Name.....

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ORDER TODAY

for which please send

Also forward your

In Lighter Vein

Both Turned.

Mrs. Wayupp—"Then you think they are really made for each other?"

Mrs. Blase—"Yes; he turneded himself into an Episcopalian to catch her, and she turned herself into a blonde to catch him."—Town Topics.

Being Polite.

Many times had little Hal's mother urged upon him the necessity of being polite toward everyone. And she had particularly impressed upon him the fact that one of the very nicest ways of being polite is to offer others a share in anything you happen to be enjoying. For instance, if he were eating candy, he should promptly extend the bag to others present and ask them to have a piece.

Now, one day two ladies came to call and little Hal went in to talk with them until Mamma, who was in the midst of baking a nice, rich cake in the kitchen, could tidy up a bit. Hal was quite eager to show the visitors that his Mamma had taught him how to be polite and courteous.

He bowed gravely to them, waited until they had seated themselves before he climbed up on a chair, and said, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," instead of just "Yes," and "No."

Finally, as the crowning stroke of his demonstration, he reached under the chair where, several days before, he had deposited a big wad of chewing gum to be used in just such an emergency as this, and asked with the most inviting of smiles:

"Won't you ladies please have some of my chewing gum?"

Modern Roads

They were spinning along the broad highway, which was lumpy; but by and by they came to a section that was well oiled, the joy of all autoists.

"Well," remarked the sensitive person in the rear seat, "they may say what they please about the perfection of the ancient Roman roads, but I am here to testify that they are not in it with the roads of modern grease."

Moon Madness.

Professor Wiser—"What effect does the moon have upon the tired?"

Sweet co-ed—"None! It affects only the untied."

Feels the Same.

Madge—"Do you really like motoring as well as sleigh riding?"

Marjorie—"I don't see much difference since Charlie has learned to run the car with one hand."

The Main Requirement.

Crawford—"How did you come to let him into your Bohemian club? He isn't an artist."

Penfield—"No. But look at the way he eats spaghetti!—Puck.

Curio J.

"I shall probably go through life with one ambition ungratified."

"And that is?"

"To know what the Chinaman really writes on my laundry ticket."—Kansas City Journal.

A Liberal Provision.

Gibson—"I haven't heard of c I Scadds giving any house and lot to his daughter who just married young Speeder."

Brumley—"He did better than that by the happy pair. He agreed to keep their machine in tires and gasoline the first year."

That Changed His Color

Tommy—"This paper says if you smoke cigarettes it changes your complexion."

Willie: "Yes, that's right. I am all ways tanned when I get caught smoking."

The Whole Truth

Pat had just come out of prison after doing six months, and had met a friend of his named Mike.

"Hallo!" said Mike. "Where have you been all this toime?"

"Shure," said Pat, "I've been doing six months in jail."

"What for?" asked Mike.

"For stealin' a piece of rope," said Pat.

"Stealin' a piece of rope?" said Mike in astonishment.

"But, begorra, said Pat, "there was a cow at the end of it."

A Trap that Trapped

Some time ago a wealthy tradesman happened to look through his shop window, when he observed an elderly gentleman, whom he recognized as an Excise officer, attentively scanning the outside of his premises. Presently the latter entered the shop, notebook and

pencil in hand, and opened a conversation with the proprietor.

"Mr. Jones? I believe."

"Yes, I am Mr. Jones."

"You keep a trap, I understand?"

"Yes."

"Have you a licence for that trap?"

"No." (Down goes an entry in the notebook).

"Did you have a licence last year?"

"No." (Another entry in the book.)

"Why did you not take out a licence?"

"I did not think it was necessary."

"How many does your trap hold?"

"Five." (Another memo.)

"How many wheels has it?"

"None."

"None! Why what sort of a trap is it?"

"A mouse-trap!"

The officer's face expressed consternation and disgust. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but indignation choked his utterance, and he disappeared.

Mistaken Identity.

The A English class of a Louisville school, says a writer in the Courier-Journal, formed a basket ball team. It

was wholly composed of girls, and practice work began with vigor. "It was the intention of the team after it became proficient to challenge the players of several other classes. No member of the A English class was over twelve years old, and Marion who was being tried out for a position on the team was only ten. She was quick and athletic, but all the hard knock in the practice work seemed to come her way.

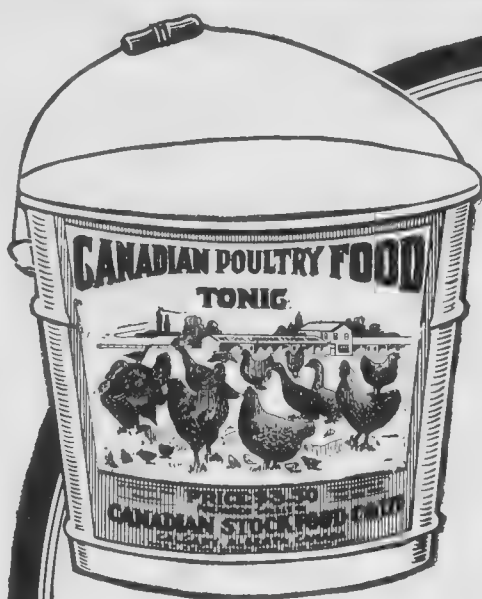
On one afternoon one of her teachers found her in a hallway off the gymnasium crying bitterly.

"What is it, Marion?" she asked. "Don't you like the practice work? What is your position on the team, dear?"

"I — don't — don't — know, ma'am," blubbered Marion, "but the way they — they, a storm of sobs, "treat me I think I'm the basket."

Postponed.

A naval officer received a goose from a friend, and, as he had another officer coming to dinner, ordered the goose to be cooked for the occasion. On the morning of the intended visit he received a letter from the officer postpon-



Ask your Merchant for Canadian Stock Food

LINE OF FOODS AND TONICS

It will pay. In this advertisement is illustrated the standard form of pail used for CANADIAN FOOD TONIC—the best and most meritorious tonic offered for poultry.

Now is the time to feed CANADIAN POULTRY FOOD TONIC to your poultry. After the severe winter your fowl require a food that will tone them and encourage activity.

We claim for CANADIAN STOCK FOOD POULTRY TONIC that it will save from 20

to 25 per cent of your feed for fattening fowl.

We also have proof from hundreds of unsolicited testimonials from Western poultry raisers who use CANADIAN POULTRY FOOD TONIC that it has increased, and even doubled, the production of eggs.

The use of this Tonic will put your poultry in the best possible shape for spring profit.

All domestic animals require to be in the pink of condition for work and profit. CANADIAN STOCK FOOD TONIC will put your animals in condition and will keep them there. Its use saves you money in the feed bin.

CANADIAN STOCK FOOD TONIC is especially adapted for food rations to meet the conditions of the Western Farmer. It has been thoroughly tested and proven the best tonic of its kind ever tried for animals.

Ask your merchant for Canadian Stock Food Tonic or Canadian Poultry Food Tonic. Allow no substitute. If your nearest dealer cannot supply you write direct to us.

Canadian Stock Food line of tonics and remedies includes Stock Food Tonic, Poultry Food Tonic, Cough Powder, Worm Powder, Diuretic Powder, Colic Cure, Pine Healing Oil, Embrocation Lotion, Cough and Fever Remedy, Hoof Oil and Bonicure.

Canadian Stock Food Co., Ltd.
Manufacturers
CALGARY, Alta.



ing the visit, and ordered the goose to be postponed.

At the dinner-table a hash of goose was served up. He sent for the negro cook and said:

"Did you receive my orders to postpone the goose?"

"Yes, sar," replied the negro. "Then why do you serve up this hash of goose?"

"Dat am postponed goo e, sar."

Hopeless.

Inspector: "Of what two gases is water composed?"

Tommy: "Of oxgen and cambridgen."

Inspector: "What is lava?"

Tommy: "It's what the barber puts on your face."

"Inspector: 'What's a blizzard?' Tommy: 'It's the inside of a fowl.' (grizzard)."

Question for Question.

The notice in the cigar shop read as follows:

"We give £5 for 1897 Jubilee pennies."

One passer-by read the wording, and then fumbled quickly in his pocket. Drawing out a handful of coppers he searched eagerly through them.

Ah! there was one bearing that date 1897! Now for the £5.

He walked into the shop and handed the penny to the assis ant, who examined it casually.

"That's all right, isn't it?" asked the owner.

"Myes!" muttered the assistant.

"Well, then, where is my fiver?" asked the customer gleefully.

But the assistant looked more bored than ever.

"Where are the other 1896 Jubilee pennies?" he retorted.

Not Usually.

My small brother was polishing his boots the other day, when father came along and noticed that the polish was being put on over a thick layer of mud.

"Son, polish those boots properly. That is not the right way. You must re-

move the mud first. Whatever would anyone think of you if they saw you polishing your boots in that slipshod manner?"

To which tirade our young hopeful retorted:

"There isn't usually much of a crowd around to see me polish my shoes."

Dust Causes Asthma.—Even a little speck too small to see will lead to agonies which no words can describe. The walls of the breathing tubes contract and it seems as if the very life must pass. From this condition Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy brings the user to perfect rest and health. It relieves the passages and normal breathing firmly established again. Hundreds of testimonials received annually prove its effectiveness.



Williams' Shaving Powder

Saving Time in Shaving Time

For the man who is a little hurried, here is the way to shave faster and just as well.

One hand snaps open the hinged cover, sprinkles a little Williams' Shaving Powder on the wet brush, snaps the box shut and—in another minute you have worked up on your face the smooth, creamy, abundant lather that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soap for nearly seventy-five years.

Just as rich and refreshing is the lather from the famous Williams' Shaving Stick in its nickeled box with the hinged cover; from the Holder Top Stick, which gives a firm grip for the fingers down to the last fraction of soap; from the delightful Shaving Cream that comes in tubes—the final word in shaving luxury.

Special Offer

Men's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps. A single sample of either of the above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A., Glastonbury, Conn.



What the World is Saying

Our Many Law-Makers

Canada has too many legislators, and they cost the country altogether too much.—Guelph Herald.

A Pair of Them

As for the patriotic citizen who is to lead a onekey 4,500 miles across the continent in payment an election bet—well, two's company.—Chicago Star.

The New Spring Hats

So far as we can discover, the new spring hats resemble a mushroom with crimped edges, and anything from a sprig of bunch grass to a feather duster sticking up at one side or the back.—Greenwood Ledger.

John D's Advice

John D. Rockefeller's advice never to lend money has reminded all the paragraphers of that \$1,000 which he borrowed in his youth to give himself a start.—Albany Journal.

Ideal Wives and Husbands

A woman authority on the question says there cannot be an ideal husband without an ideal wife. This dictum will probably go far toward settling the vexed question, as it makes the argument too personal to be pleasant.—Toronto Star.

A Blue Nose Protest

It is about time our public men of the day ceased everlastingly boasting about the West and devoted a little of their time simply telling the plain facts about our own province—our Nova Scotia.—Kentville, N.S. Chronicle.

Farming—in His Imagination

A magazine writer who has gone "back to the farm" tells about sixteen hours "nothing but play." We'll leave it to any three farmers, picked from any community, to determine just what kind of a liar that writer is.—Denver Republican.

Napoleon's Grandson Stacking Lumber

A California historical society has discovered a grandson of Napoleon working in a Los Angeles lumber yard. His work is piling lumber, which is less spectacular but more useful than that of his illustrious grandfather.—Vancouver Province.

One Evidence

One evidence of the greatness of the Bible is that it is one of the few literatures in which the shepherd, the peasant, and the mechanic are considered good enough to be heroes.—Brantford Expositor.

The Seriousness of Measles

Many people look on measles as a disease that everyone gets and no one dies of. The Toronto Medical Health Department says that it kills more people than smallpox. It is particularly dangerous in the convalescent stages. Pneumonia is one of its most common complications.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Rise of a Barkeeper

The scholarship given by the Princeton alumni association of Chicago is held by John Larson a freshman, who was formerly a barkeeper. No doubt he was on the better side of the bar as far as opportunities for improvement in scholarship are concerned.—Duluth Herald.

Should Unite

As private citizens the city dwellers and the farmers have the same foes to fight in very many instances, and it would be well for them to make common cause against those larger interests and influences in the industrial sphere which threatens the prosperity of all.—Ottawa Journal.

Critical Abdul

Abdul Hamid, ex-Sultan of Turkey, in his diary, asks why it is that the people of the West criticise the women of the East, and then he proceeds to criticise the women of the West. Which shows that in a way an Oriental is much like an Occidental.—Edmonton Capital.

Express Package by Parcel Post

A good many modern Diogenes have gone out with their lanterns in search of the "meanest man." Just now one's attention is called to the meanest express company. It is the company in Milwaukee which collected 40 cents to carry a package and then sent it by parcel post for 23.—Minneapolis Journal.

Sadly Ill-used Young Lady!

Here is a girl of fifteen years in New York, who, through the court, is seeking to force her guardian to allow her more money. She cannot live on \$12,000 a year. Time she was disciplined out of her extravagant ideas.—Halifax Herald.

Frog-Eating Illegal in Wisconsin

The small boys of Wisconsin will be cut off in the near future from throwing the big hook with a piece of red flannel attached that has delighted so many lads. The Legislature of that state—the home of progressive legislation—has passed a bill for bidding the use of frogs for food.—London Advertiser.

Hardly Complimentary to Lady E.

"Married to the elder daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, Lord Elphinstone is a great traveler, is never so happy as when on some shooting or exploring expedition." What one likes about the Sassiety papers is not so much the niceness of their news as their nice way of putting it.—London Clarion.

One Indignant Editor

That Coburg Colonel who says that the way to get the press to support universal militarism is to walk into a newspaper office and put down fifty dollars, is liable to get himself and his soldierly dignity kicked downstairs some of these days—that is, if his enthusiasm and his jackassity ever carry him far enough to part with fifty.—Brockville Recorder.

A Youthful Millionaire's Oats

Vincent Astor, son of the late John Jacob Astor, who was lost with the Titanic, is distributing the seed of a new variety of oats among the farmers in the neighborhood of his magnificent estate on the Hudson, at a dollar a bushel. It is to be hoped that they will not be contaminated with the wild oats that flourish so prolifically on the rich soil of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and elsewhere in New York city.—Peterboro Examiner.

John Bull and Uncle Sam

It may be necessary for the cartoonists to revise their representations of John Bull and Uncle Sam. The traditional John Bull is stout. The traditional Uncle Sam is lean. This is hardly in accord with experience. One meets more stout, round-faced Americans than lean Yankees such as are shown in the pictures; and the average Englishman is not noticeably stout.—Lethbridge Herald.

"Avoid Going to Law"

Judge Snider of Hamilton made a departure that should be followed when he advised two litigants to submit to an architect a case involving architectural matters. The constructive statesman who follows up this idea may rid our legal and judicial machinery of the reproach unconsciously expressed in the familiar advice: "Avoid going to law."—Toronto Globe.

Farmers for General Advancement

Most thoughtful farmers understand the principle of the division of labor and the interdependence of the various forms of industry, and would be willing to co-operate with all who are performing useful services to the community, for the purpose of securing a more equitable distribution of the products of labor and for the general advancement of justice and humanity.—Nanton News.

Saskatoon's Proud Boast

Now what d'ye think of that? Eight real, live lords owning property in Saskatoon. It's no use looking on the voters' list for them, because you see, under the British constitution a genuine, simon pure lord hasn't got a vote. It might soil his hands. But it's nice to think that Saskatoon has been patronized by lord and dukes and earls. It gives the classy touch to the wonder city. We all love a lord.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Tragedy of the Mexican Situation

The most lamentable thing about all this turmoil and murder in Mexico is that there isn't an ounce of principle involved in the whole ugly business. It is just the old Latin-American game of selfish struggling for place. The "generals" get much gold lace and a certain comic opera sort of splendor when they win; if they lose—a dagger thrust or a place in front of a stone wall, with a file of soldiers executing a hastily ordered death sentence, is apt to be their portion. As for the mass of the people, they lose, no matter which side wins!—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Looks Like Real Temperance

The two houses of the Parliament of Sweden have agreed to forbid the sale of intoxicating beverages in the members' restaurant. That looks like evidence of real sentiment in favor of temperance. Sometimes when legislators make restrictive enactments in such connection they intend them for others.—Montreal Herald.

Ex-Empress Inccg. in Paris

Ex-Empress Eugenie is reported to have slipped over from England to Paris the other day and from behind a curtain of a hotel window to have witnessed the triumphal parade following the inauguration of President Poincare. Thoughts must have crowded thoughts in the old Empress's brain when her memory brought back scenes of an earlier time. It is not Imperialists that are cheering today in France. In that republic their case is even more hopeless than when Eugenie left.—Montreal Gazette.

Get the Gun-Trotters

A Maryland man mistook his brother for a chicken thief, and shot him. This is as bad as mistaking a relative for a burglar and putting a bullet in him, a rather common proceeding in those sniping times of peace when the hunter jots at everything that moves, from a quivering leaf to a cow. If the gun-blind people keep at their dangerous work much longer the harmless unharmed will be provoked into placing them behind prison bars every time they see crooked and pot at some harmless bird.—Montreal Star.

The Two Ravagers of Humanity

A Bavarian newspaper estimates after a careful review of the wars of the past fifty years, that over two million men have been killed in battle. In Canada each year 40,000 persons die of preventable diseases, or at the rate of four millions in fifty year. Apparently, therefore, a nation of seven million people can in any given time kill twice as many persons by preventable disease as the whole world kills in war. This does not prevent a lot of people bleating about stopping war who do not trouble to give help to stop preventable disease.—Calgary Herald.

The Fight of Minister and Admiral

The Minister of Marine of Italy and a retired admiral have been settling their difficulties on the street in true civilian fashion by pummeling each other with their fists. The encounter may not have been so spectacular as a duel with swords or pistols but it probably satisfied the contestants as much. The original weapon is the least objectionable of many employed by man to give vent to his anger. It is preferable even to the boot.—Ottawa Free Press.

Fashion Note

Fourteen cities from Pittsburg to San Francisco, from Louisville to St. Paul, are included in the Millinery trust which was formed by one hundred men (no women) wholesalers were in session in Chicago recently. The new merger is said to be capitalized at \$25,000,000, and a New York financial house is back of it. Will that be a trust to kill competition and fix prices? 'Sh! More and more women are buying the stuff any old place and making their own hats. It's dead easy just now, for the worse they look the better.—San Francisco Star.

A Bad Habit

So widely has the habit of profanity grown among some people that apparently they cannot express their feelings as faithfully as they wish without swearing. Nor can other blasphemers understand their language without the emphasis of oaths and curses. Yet such expressions and words are needless additions to the vocabulary of any man, and their use is simply a vile growth carelessly permitted to attach itself to casual conversation. To eradicate this growth before it has become too large should be the aim of every self-respecting man who realizes the influence of his example upon the young.—Ottawa Citizen.

Good Roads as Monuments

The custom of erecting monuments to departed public men is a time-honored one. But monuments are erected to defy the onslaught of the elements, and sometimes people of imaginative mind look forward to the time when public parks and parade grounds will be overcrowded with stately figures raising their arms to the heavens or holding up copies of famous speeches. Instances are on record where people have established a permanent highway as a tribute to the memory of some noted citizen. The class of men to whom monuments are raised would undoubtedly be in favor of such a practical form of appreciation, and a good road is just as fine a monument as could be desired.—Hamilton Herald.

Wonderful Values in Ladies' Stylish Dresses for Spring and Summer Wear



R1-389—This Dress is suitable for a large woman, as it is strictly tailor-made throughout, being trimmed on waist, skirt and deep cuffs with silk braid trimming. It is a fine quality mannish serge, and has no pleats or tucks; made with an over-lace yoke. Colors: navy, brown and black. Sizes: 34 to 44. Price..... **5.25**

R1-385—This is a Stylish Dress, made of fine quality French serge, and is made of absolutely all wool and is one of the newest New York styles. It is trimmed in front with folds of fine quality messaline silk and silk buttons to match. Made with all-over lace yoke, trimmed with piping silk to match dress. In colors of navy and golden brown. Sizes: 14 to 20, equal to 32 to 38. Price..... **8.25**

R1-388—A Very Neat Good Quality Dress made of an all-wool serge. It is made on the sailor type, and the lines are exceptionally good set-in sleeves, with set-in front and back; the front opening is fastened by loops going over the buttons. The dress comes in colors of navy, light brown, Copenhagen and light grey. Sizes: 14 to 20. Price..... **4.50**

R1-387—One of our Newest and Up-to-Date Dresses. The skirt is strictly tailored, made with pleated fan effect on side. Sizes: 34 to 42. Colors: Copenhagen and tan. Price..... **6.95**

R1-386—A Very Stylish Dress, made of fine quality French serge, very new in every feature. It is trimmed on front and turn back cuffs with two-tone silk braid to match cloth, also small gilt buttons. This dress is made with the set-in sleeve, and has the slashed effect in front of skirt. The skirt is strictly tailor-made, with two deep pleats in back. The waist and front are trimmed with velvet piping to match the cloth. The material is guaranteed to be of fine quality, workmanship perfect and the fit correct. Colors: tan, navy and Copenhagen. Sizes: 14 to 20. Price.... **6.50**

R1-384—A Real Stylish Dress of more to the quiet order, suitable for large or elderly persons. It is a dress that will not add size to the figure. A strictly tailored-made skirt, with slashed panel effect in front. Colors: navy, black and the rich shade of brown. Sizes: 34 to 42. Price... **5.75**

The Hudson's Bay Co.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT
WINNIPEG

THE PHILOSOPHER

SPRING COMES WHISLING

Poets have much to say about the sweet, mellow sounds of Spring, but poets are idle dreamers, who give us imaginings instead of realities. The true sounds of spring are brisk and sharp, expressive of activity and the sudden release of long-pent energies. The dreaming poets rhapsodize about the sweet bird songs of spring, but the first songs of spring are not notably sweet in sound—they are whistles, shrill pipings, sweet only in their message. They are not musical. They are pleasing because they are part of the great annual renewal. They are like the first scrapings of the strings in the tuning up of an orchestra, harsh and discordant, yet welcome because they come after silence and are full of promise. And human life, like bird life, finds its first expression of spring joy in sharp sounds. The shrill whistle of the boy is inseparable from spring. A man may know that he is ceasing to have much of the spirit of the boy left in him when the coming of spring does not set him a-whistling. As buds and boys wake up to new life at the dawning of the season, so does industry. Carried in the liquid air across the fields we hear the "whoa" and "get-up" that are as characteristic of springtime as the business-like chirp of the robin. And in the city the wheels and cogs of mighty commerce strike up a new creaking.

IN REGARD TO RESISTANCE

A recent controversy in Toronto furnishes an instructive instance of how controversialists on both sides of a question may use the same word in different meanings. Nothing is commoner in argumentative discussions than this differing application of words and phrases. "Define your terms," said Dr Johnson, "and there would be an end to most controversies." At a meeting of the association composed of the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists in Toronto recently, one of the speakers objected to any British mark of honor to the memory of George Washington, in connection with the celebration of the hundred years of peace between the British Empire and the United States. One of the features of the celebration is to be the purchase of the home of Washington's ancestors in England, and its maintenance as a shrine for American visitors. Another is to be the placing of a bust of Washington in Westminster Abbey. The objection made by the gentleman in Toronto, is that "Washington was a rebel who resisted his king, and is therefore, not to be regarded with respect and admiration by British subjects." Several newspapers in the East have administered rebukes to the Toronto gentleman who objects to the formal honoring of Washington under the British flag. One Toronto paper points out that "the greatness of the British Empire today is largely due to the spirit of resistance," and proceeds to say that "in the days of Elizabeth Englishmen resolved they would not be ruled by Spain, and the love of freedom and the principle of resistance were the forces that nerved their arms and strengthened their hearts." Continuing, the Toronto paper points to the revolution that cost Charles I his head, and the later revolution that placed William III on the throne. But, without entering into any discussion of the two revolutions in England in the seventeenth century and the revolution on this continent in the eighteenth, and viewing the Toronto controversy with that detached view which is supposed to be supremely philosophical, might not the Toronto paper in question be asked if the United Empire Loyalists, too, did not, in their own way, demonstrate the principle of resistance? They resisted the dominant spirit in the American colonies that declared themselves independent in 1776. It is evident that in the interests of clearness in that Toronto controversy, the meaning of the words "resist" and "resistance" should be plainly defined. As the matter stands, the controversy recalls the good old story of the Irishman, just landed in a new country, who was asked to which political party he belonged, and at once made answer, "I'm agin' the government."

MAN CANNOT CREATE

A couple of weeks ago a cable dispatch in the newspapers contained the startling statement that Sir William Ramsay, the distinguished scientist, had in a series of experiments succeeded in "creating matter out of nothing." The statement was, of course, inaccurate. London papers to hand give prominence to Sir William Ramsay's interesting discovery. It is interesting and important enough; but Sir William would be the last man to claim that he had "created" matter. What he did was to discover that by passing cathode rays through X-ray glass bulbs containing hydrogen, traces of two rare gases, helium and neon, are produced. Sir William himself accounts for the phenomenon as simply being one of the conversion of a portion of the hydrogen, or of some of the material in the glass, into neon and helium. He points out that there was plenty of raw material for the "creation" of the traces of

those rare gases. A brilliant, though flippant, populariser of science used to say that "nothing, as a raw material, is not a success." Certainly it has never been successfully utilized by any human being in the production of anything. Man cannot create matter. The most he can do is to change it from one form to another, or, rather, apply and direct the natural forces which can change it; and he can also transfer it from one place to another. And as man cannot create matter, neither can he be a creator in the realm of mind. He cannot think or imagine anything that does not spring from some knowledge which he has already acquired, or is not an image suggested by something which he has seen or heard. The most he can do is to combine the materials which he finds at his disposal in this wonderful and mysterious world.

IMPROPER LANGUAGE

It might be unfair to say that profanity is on the increase, but at any rate it is fair to say that it is far more common than it ought to be. There are times when the use of strong language is almost inevitable, but there is no excuse for profanity, and certainly none at any time for filthy lewdness. It is quite true that men hurrying about their business and going into the ordinary ways and by-ways of life can hardly be expected to be puritanically precise in their speech, but why they should have to rake the gutters of speech for words in which to express themselves is incomprehensible. There is nothing that shows that a man is ill-bred more than the use of filthy language; there is nothing which proves a man more of a cad than failure to control his tongue. The worst of it is that most of the bad language one hears is not merely the product of a few uncontrolled moments of anger or other excitement, but is habitual. It is not a practice that can properly be described as a civilized habit.

CANADIANS IN THE STATES

That there are—or, rather, were in 1910, when the census was taken—no fewer than 1,204,637 people of Canadian birth in the United States, is shown by a recent bulletin issued by the Census Bureau at Washington. The total of the foreign-born population in the United States was 13,515,886 in 1910, in comparison with 10,341,276 in 1900, when the United States census previous to the last was taken. As a contributor to the foreign-born element in the neighboring republic, Germany heads the list, with 2,501,333, next in order coming Austria-Hungary, with 1,670,582, Russia, with 1,602,782, Ireland, with 1,352,241, Great Britain, 1,221,283, and Canada, with the figure noted above. The totals of Canadian-born residents in the United States in the last six census years in that country, are as follows:

1860	249,970
1870	493,464
1880	717,157
1890	980,938
1900	1,179,922
1910	1,204,637

In explanation of these figures, it is to be said that in the sixties of the last century the war of secession in the United States created a demand for men, and raised wages to a level higher than prevailed in the Canada of that pre-confederation time. The armies of the North drew young men from Canada, and many went to fill places in industrial life. Then Michigan, which had a large area of unoccupied land, began to attract young men from Ontario farms, and, later, many went to Kansas. Minnesota and the Dakotas also drew many young men from Ontario. Then, too, there was the great industrial expansion in New England and New York, and the immense development of the commerce of Chicago. The demand thus created for workers took many from the farms, towns and cities of Eastern Canada. The movement thus begun has varied in volume from time to time, but apparently it has never ceased, though it is to be regarded as probable that Canada is now receiving from the United States more people than the United States is receiving from Canada. In 1910, according to the census figures, there were living in the New England States, 526,239 people born in Canada, in New York, 123,551, in Michigan, 172,863, in Illinois, 45,751, in Minnesota, 41,121, and in Washington, the Pacific Coast State, 39,482, a total showing of more than one-seventh of the population of Canada. It is to be noted that the increase in the decade 1900-1910 was decidedly smaller than in any previous decade. In that decade began the movement northward across the international line caused by the spread of knowledge under the stars and stripes in regard to the value and attractiveness of the fertile prairies of this Western half of the Dominion.

MODEL HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Dr. Adeline Soule has been lecturing in some of the cities of the Western States on "The Model Husband," surely a captivating subject. The fair lecturer, according to the newspaper reports of her lecture which have come to the Philosopher, declares that her qualification to talk on that subject is the fact that she has one, adding with charming frankness that her husband is a model of what a husband should be, mainly because she made him so herself, and clinching the matter by saying that there cannot be a model husband without a model wife. And a very notable thought this is. One of its beauties is that it is reversible. There cannot be a model wife unless there is a model husband. It is a thought worth pondering over by all husbands and wives, and all prospective husbands and wives. It is unfair to expect your partner to be a model unless you do your part and try your best to be a model, too. Without this mutual assistance there is scant hope for a model married life.

DRAUGHT DELUSIONS

In this era of free ventilation and life in the open, the old theories in regard to draughts being dangerous are declared fallacious. An eminent medical authority announces that a cold is never caught from a draught of fresh cold air, and that fresh air in motion is more healthful than stagnant air. It is the germs in a draught, and not the draught, that cause the trouble. He writes further that there are many old fashioned misunderstandings about chills, and that the leading one is that a chill following contact with a draught has necessarily been produced directly by the draught. A chill is an indication that injurious germs have effected an entrance into the system, due to the fact that our resisting power has in some way become lowered. A city man who, in the course of his ordinary city life, should happen to get his clothes wet and should keep them on, would in all probability have an illness; but if the same man is out in the wilds on a canoeing expedition, he can get thoroughly soaked without its doing him any harm, because the healthy life in the open has keyed up his powers of resistance.

THE TRUE VIEW OF CULTURE

The person whose culture is of the sort that makes him, or her, consider himself, or herself, superior to other people is not really cultured at all. Culture is a word which is used by many to define standards of excellence in people. But many of those who thus use the word, and many of those to whom they attribute culture, do not know the real meaning of the word and do not know what real culture is. They regard culture as something which means an individual superiority, this idea being founded on a false estimate of mental cultivation which has stored the mind with knowledge—not always wisdom—and of associations and conduct which produce a certain refinement of manner. Real culture does not mean merely a veneer of refined manners, or the possession of an education which may be used to advance oneself in the world. It does not mean learning that is only of use to oneself. True culture is that knowledge and wisdom and kindness which make for true manhood and womanhood and are used to make the world better and brighter for others.

BOOKS TO AVOID

While it is not given to mortal man to make the final separation of his fellows into sheep and goats, it is possible, and necessary, that every reader of books should learn to divide the good from the bad. In most countries progress is being made in the enactment and enforcement of pure food laws. But the enactment and enforcing of a pure book law, dealing with the food of the mind, would be a vastly more difficult proposition. The greatest danger in our time, however, is not from coarse and unclean books, but from depressing, devitalizing books. A book that weakens the soul weakens the mind and body also, so close is the unity of the trinity that is in every one of us. The book that diminishes courage, takes away hope and puts the emphasis on the evil in the world, practically injects a noxious virus into the blood and so helps the works of the germs of disease, those active partners of the grave-worms. It is a cardinal principle of religion and of all sound philosophy that, while there is evil in the world, tremendous and perplexing evil, it is essentially a good world, not a hopeless world. Upon this rock the optimist founds his faith. The forces of good in the world are gaining continually on the forces of evil. Otherwise the world would be like a ship in which the leaks were gaining on the pumps. Some excellent critics assert that dismal books are necessary to purge our minds of false sentiment and bring us face to face with facts as they are. But the test of every book should be whether it is gloomy and depressing. On every such book the just verdict is that the good it may do is greatly outweighed by the harm it is certain to do.

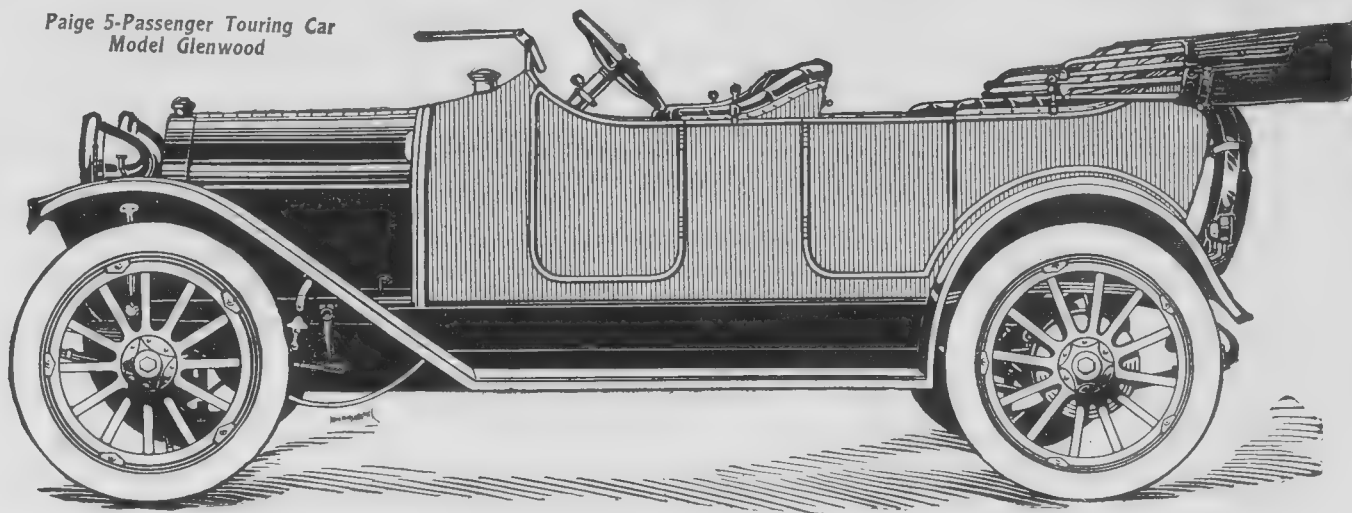
The construction of
this remarkable car
is as extraordinary
as its equipment

PAIGE 36

\$1750

Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System—116 inch Wheel Base—Silent Chain Driven Motor Gears—Left Side Drive—Center Contral—Cork Insert Clutch

Paige 5-Passenger Touring Car
Model Glenwood



YOU KNOW a good deal about the *unusual* equipment of the Paige "36." You know it has the famous Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System. That point of itself is enough to mark the Paige as a *distinctive value* in its price field. You know it has the Bosch Magneto, for ignition. No better to be had. Then think of all the rest of the equipment—ventilating windshield (built into the the body), silk mohair top (tan lined), top boot and curtains, Stewart revolving dial speedometer, 12-inch electric headlights, electric side and tail lamps, five demountable rims, robe and foot rails, extra tire irons, license bracket and all the incidental equipment such as horn, pump, jack; tools, etc. The trimmings throughout are of heavy nickel.

But now we want to emphasize this one fact—that this EXTRAORDINARY equipment is not one whit more extraordinary than the CONSTRUCTION of the car.

IT IS generally conceded that we have accomplished a great work in being able to produce and sell the Paige "36," with such splendid equipment, for \$1750.

It is a great work because, leaving aside any consideration of the equipment, the car itself is an extraordinary car.

The quality of the car, from any viewpoint, measures right up to the quality of the equipment. If anything, above it.

This statement is easily provable.

We want your primary consideration on the CAR, not the equipment.

The Paige motor has made the Paige reputation. For the Paige motor is right. We build our own motors in our own modern plant, and we could not build them more carefully or test them more accurately if we were building them for a \$2500 car.

The Paige "36" motor is a powerful, quiet, economical 4-cylinder engine. It has a 5-inch stroke, with 4-inch bore. The cylinders, of gray iron, are cast en bloc, giving the utmost rigidity and perfect alignment, with the highest degree of simplicity.

We do not simply bore or ream our cylinders. We bore and ream them and then we season them for weeks. And after they are seasoned we grind them to a hair-line precision. It's a high-price practice but it contributes to Paige motor efficiency.

Paige water jackets are large and Paige owners never have trouble with an overheated motor.

The intake manifold is of aluminum and very short—made possible by location of gasoline tank in the dash. This eliminates condensation of gas vapor in the manifold and gives most effective carburation.

The connecting rods are drop-forged from high-carbon steel and very long—10½ inches. These long connecting rods, together with the fact that the cylinders are off-set in the direction of rotation, reduce side-thrust to a minimum and eliminate unequal wear in the cylinder walls.

The heavy crankshaft is made of very strong, drop-forged and heat-treated steel and runs in three extra long bearings—front bearing 3 inches, center bearing 2½ inches, rear bearing 4 inches.

The Paige "36" Motor is as quiet as the watch in your pocket. We believe it is as quiet as any motor ever built. Our chain drive for camshaft and pump shaft help make it quiet.

The aluminum crankcase is light and strong, as a crankcase should be.

Paige "36" lubrication is a feature of this unusual car. In no other detail of Paige "36" design do we feel greater pride. It is perfect and constant lubrication for every working part.

If there is any more efficient clutch than the multiple disc cork insert clutch we don't know it. That's why we use this clutch which is found elsewhere only on higher priced cars.

There is strength all through the Paige "36." Strength in the 4-inch deep pressed steel frame. Strength in the drop-forged front axle and the floating type rear axle—axles that are strong enough for a car of twice the weight. Strength in the drop-forged steel knuckles. Strength in the big 34-inch wheels. Strength in the brake control.

There's strength and safety in every part and every detail of the Paige. And there is sturdiness, too, in the sheet steel body and the heavy, firm fenders.

We have given you here just a few hints of the

nicety of Paige construction. We can't tell you all about it in space like this. We want you to see the car itself, to take it all apart, figuratively speaking, and see for yourself that it is just as good as its equipment, or better.

There are five body types of the Paige "36," each a distinctively stylish, serviceable car—touring car, roadster, raceabout, coupe and sedan.

Price of Paige 36 Touring Car, Winnipeg—

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

A WORKING THEOLOGY

A man does not need a great system of theology in order to get along. A few fundamental principles will guide in most of the affairs of life. A young man can build up quite a stalwart character on the truth wrapped up in such words as God, Right, Wrong and Love. Horace Bushnell used to say that he had hanging up in his mental closet on pegs innumerable questions that were beyond him. From year to year he came back to take a look at them—and each year found that here and there there was one that had rifts in it, which he had not seen before, which let him into its secret.

HARSH CRITICISM

Be charitable. Remember that all temperaments are not the same, nor are all the circumstances which surround people the same in every case. Make allowance for temper, training, nationality, education, (or the lack of it) and circumstances. Under the right influences we have seen weak people become strong, sour people become sweet, and ill-tempered people become sane and reasonable. Remember, too, that many men are better than they appear. (Richard Baxter, after the closest contact with the severest Puritans of the Commonwealth, and the most licentious cavaliers of the Restoration, writes in his old age, "I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, and find that few men are as bad as their enemies imagine.")

BOOKS

We belong to a novel-ridden age. There are so many books of fiction that it is difficult for a reader of solid books to find history, biography, and essay on the side shelves of the average book store. Novels, novels, novels. Some of them good, and some not so good—and some good for nothing. Why not use discrimination in the literature which you read? A volume by Emerson or Carlyle will put iron in your blood. Remember the words of Lord Bacon: "Some books are to be read, some to be tasted, some to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." "Books," says Thomas Hood, "probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of their parental pilotage. My books kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon."

"NOTHING GOES"

There are off days. Days when the universe seems to be off the hinge. The dog is cross, the maid is irritable, the postman is sulky, the grocery clerk is snappy, the visitor is unusually blunt, the stove smokes, the roof leaks, the shutters rattles, aye, everything seems to have gone wrong. Wagner in his "Simple Life" speaks of such a day: "We all know the days when according to the popular expression, nothing goes. Everybody gets up the wrong way. The weather plays its part; it is lowering, depressing; and as though by some fatality, these are the very days troublesome people choose to pay us visits, to talk on irritating subjects or send us disagreeable letters. Thanks to this combination of elements, the home atmosphere becomes charged and threatening: there is storm in the air, and mutterings do not fail to make themselves heard." Master that day and you will succeed.

MACAULAY

Whatever you do well abides. A piece of work done thoroughly has gone into the fibre of your character. You may not have received for it all that it was worth, but you have added something to the sum total of your character. Like compound interest it will come back to you increased in weight, size and heft. Genius is but quality at its highest point. Dr. John Lord says concerning the historian Macaulay:—"He ransacked the archives of most of the governments of Europe, and all the libraries to which he could gain access, public and private. He worked twelve hours a day, and yet produced on an average only two printed pages daily—so careful was he in verifying his facts and in arranging his materials, writing and rewriting until no further improvement could be made."

TO THE POINT

Voltaire's motto for literary work was expressed in three words:—"To the point." In fact, nothing is of value to your literary equipment which you cannot reduce to practical use. Of what use is a library of 3,000 volumes to the man who has not time to index it, and who does not know under stress and pressure where to go for certain items of in-

formation. I have, myself, cut up hundreds of single books, worth fifty cents, or three times that amount, and cutting out what I wanted put the result in my card catalogue for future reference. Every man must have his own method. One writer remarks:—"Darwin's library was a curiosity, as he considered books simply as a part of his working material, and had not the reverence for them that we find in the bibliophile. They were marked with memoranda, and divided if too large. He often laughed with Sir Charles Lyell over the fact that he had made him bring out an edition of his book in two volumes by informing him that he was obliged to cut the book in halves for use. Pamphlets he cut up, often throwing away all the leaves which did not relate to his work. When books were filled with notes he frequently added an index at the end with the number of the pages marked, and thus had a list of the subjects in which he was interested, so at short notice he could command all the material bearing on a certain point in his possession."

YOUR FAVORITE WRITER

Every man has his own taste in the matter of intellectual food. When you find good writer who suits you, cling to him. Buy everything which he has written, and read until you have grasped his main ideas and absorbed his favorite phrases. He then becomes a part of your mental capital and intellectual reserve. T. De Witt Talmage says:—"It was a turning point with me when in a book store in Syracuse, one day, I picked up a book called 'The Beauties of Ruskin.' It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works. At that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and with what delight I went through reading his 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' and his 'Stones of Venice.'"

PRESENT PROBLEMS

The present problem always seem to be the most difficult. As we look back a year, two years, or a decade, past problems appear to have righted themselves. We smile, as we think of the worry, anxiety, and concern which they brought to us; but smile as we may our present problem still looms up large threatening and overwhelming. Foster in his splendid book of illustrations says:—"A person having behaved very rudely to Mr. Boswell, he went to Dr. Johnson, and talked of it as a serious distress. Dr. Johnson laughed, and said 'Consider, sir, how insignificant this will appear twelve months hence.'—'Were this consideration (says Mr. Boswell) applied to most of the little vexations of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently, and with good effect.'"

GREAT PEOPLE

We are all anxious to meet the "great." A word of recognition from such is pleasing to us all. We are glad to mention the fact when a distant relative has been honored by the people, when a near of kin has achieved political notoriety or literary fame. But who can tell who will be great? You are talking to great people every day, but they are too near to you that you should be able to discern their greatness; and the lightning has not fallen upon them as yet in a blaze of golden glory. It is said of that German schoolmaster, John Trebonius, the instructor of Martin Luther, that he always appeared before his boys with uncovered head. "Who can tell," said he, "what may yet rise up amid these youths? There may be among them those who shall be learned doctors, sage legislators, nay, princes of the empire." Even then there was among them that "solitary monk that shook the world."

YOUR PART

Wherever they put you—do your part well. Don't ask to be chosen as president, or elected as chairman, or selected as treasurer, or appointed as trustee—just accept the position assigned to you, and—do your best. Take any position offered, and if you have the "stuff" in you, you will bring honor and respect to yourself. By and by you will get a reputation for doing "everything well," and then in some great emergency in the community you will be lifted to the highest position in the gift of the people. But without any hope of such a day—do your part well.

Standing in front of the noble cathedral of Cologne, a lady overheard some one behind her say, "Didn't we do a fine piece of work here?"

Turning quickly, she saw that the speaker was a man in the plainest of working clothes, and on a

sudden impulse she said to him, "Pray, what did you do about it?"

"O, I mixed the mortar for two years across the street," was his reply.

A GOOD RECORD

Nothing will give you so much satisfaction at sixty years of age as a clean record. To be able to look backward without fear. To know that you have played the game "fair." To be conscious that in all your transactions you have been just, honorable and upright. This was a great source of joy to Sir Walter Scott in the closing year of his life. The biographers of Sir Walter says:—"Scott returned to Abbotsford to die 'I have seen much,' he said on his return, 'but nothing like my own house—give me one turn more. One of the last things he uttered, in one of his lucid intervals, was worthy of him. 'I have been,' he said, 'perhaps the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out.' His last injunction to his son-in-law was 'Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any more comfort when you come to lie here.'"

UP TO YOUR LIMIT

Never ask God to do anything for you which you can do for yourself. Never imagine that by prayer or petition you can compensate or atone for carelessness, indifference or neglect. God helps the man who helps himself. Look your door before you think of prayer. Bolt the window before you prepare to kneel. Look well to the electrical alarm before you ask God to keep the burglars out. God likes the folks who make it easy for him to answer their prayers:—There is a legend of the Arabs in which a man puts his head out of his tent and says, "I will loose my camel and commit him to God," and a neighbor who hears him says, in his turn, "I will tie my camel and commit him to God."

GOVERNOR JOHNSON

A man is known by the way in which he treats his mother. If a man is not kind to the one who gave him birth it is a question whether his love or regard is of such a sort that anybody could safely lean upon it. But the man who is true to his mother will in all probability be a kind husband and a good citizen. Here is a good story about the late Governor Johnson, of Minnesota:—"In his boyhood the boy Johnson used to carry home these laundry bundles to his mother's patrons, doing the work cheerily and bravely. At thirteen he left school and became a clerk in a drug store, and was soon able to help in the home. When he was asked once whether the proudest day of his life was that in which for the third time he had been elected as governor by a great majority in a state politically opposed to him, he replied, 'No, my proudest day was not that of my election for the third time, but rather the day when as a boy I had my wages raised and took them home and put them in my mother's lap, and told her she need not take in washing any longer for the support of the family.'"

FAITH AS A FACTOR

Whatever value faith may have in matters of religion, it is certainly one of the main factors in every splendid achievement. What courage it must take to write a book without knowing whether anybody will think it worth while to read that which has been written. The truth is that faith enters into every noble achievement. We must always believe in the possibility of a thing before we attempt to bring it to pass. As a certain writer has well said:—"Fulton believed that a steamship could go up the Hudson to Albany. The belief came first, the sailing of the boat came second. Morse believed that he could send dots and dashes through a wire. The belief was first, the telegraphic message second. Bell believed that he could send voice vibrations through a wire. The belief was first, the telephonic message second. Marconi believed that he could speak across the Atlantic without an intervening wire. He did it. The belief was first, and the message was second. You never can get a great good before a belief, but always after it. Belief is the condition of great and noble deeds."

HUMAN PRAISE

Human praise is sweet, but be careful you do not pay too high a price for it. Pay not for it in the coin of conscience. Pay not for it in the currency of

character. Pay not for it in the merchandise of corrupt morals. Pay not for it in the bonds of broken principles. Be indifferent to all praise which involves the loss of personal honor. Dr. A. T. Pierson says concerning Bismarck:—In the conduct of public affairs he often seemed strangely indifferent to personal honors. An English lady chanced to be at his house, when, after the final victory of the Franco-Prussian war, the people thronged the street to do him honor, and were loudly calling for a speech. After many calls he rose from his chair in the most indifferent manner, and saying: "If the battle had turned the other way, they would have been here to mob me—such is fame," he walked to the balcony and merely bowed his acknowledgments, with a few words of praise to the soldiers who had won Sedan.

Yes such is fame. "The king is dead—long live the king." A bronze statue of Sir Robert Peel was lately melted down and recast into a statue of Lord Palmerston.

* * * *

A DOUBLE LIFE

There is a very true sense in which every man is leading a double life. We are leading a life which is both physical and spiritual, temporal and eternal, ever fleeting but at the same time everlasting. There is no time limit to any thought, word or deed. Whatever we do, we do for two worlds. Whatever, is, is

double in an eternal way. We are, each one of us, weaving a garment which must wear for ever. "Great Thoughts" furnishes this illustration:—In Dickens' Christmas Carol, Ebenezer Scrooge was visited on Christmas Eve by the ghost of his former partner, and counterpart in character, Jacob Marley. He had a long, heavy chain wound around him, made of "cash boxes, keys, padlocks, leaguers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel." "I wear the chain I forged in life," said he. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it." It is not too strong a figure to use to illustrate the tyranny of habit. "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny."

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Leaders in the March of Progress!

The New Introductions of note appearing in the West of recent years number ten. They are as follows: **Northwestern Dent Corn, Premost Flax, White Victory Oat, Montana Alfalfa, Siberian Millet, Malakoff Corn, Registered Seed Grain, Glory of Enkhuizen Cabbage, Marquis Wheat, Abundance Oats.** STEELE, BRIGGS were the first Seed House in the West to offer the first eight of these introductions. This is the work of **Seed Experts**, which means more than **Seed Dealer**. These **Advanced Methods** and **Applied Knowledge** permeate through all our seeds.

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Siberian Oats **FROM REGISTERED SEED**—Another record yielder and disease resistant. 10 bushels for **\$10.00**.

Premost Flax The new pedigree variety—introduced to the West by Steele, Briggs. Earlier, better yielder and more winter-resistant than the common variety. You will get the genuine from the House that introduced it. 10 bushels for **\$22.50**.

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Northwestern Dent Corn True stock as introduced by Steele, Briggs, **\$2.50** per bushel.

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is held by the introducer at such a high price that it cannot be sold in Canada for less than **\$1.15** per lb. postpaid or 10 lbs. at **\$1.10** per lb. by express at customer's expense. Growers wanting please write us.

Turkestan Alfalfa Specially selected—the true stock—imported by ourselves. **\$24.00** per 100 lbs.; 20 lbs. **\$5.00**.

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" 10—The Growing of Citron, Squash, Pumpkin and Musk Melon
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Classified Column

For the benefit of our subscribers and readers who wish to sell, buy, or exchange, we publish this column and hope it will prove of service. The rates are 3c per word per insertion, cash to accompany all orders. Minimum charge 50c.

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Poultry Column

By H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek

"Biddy" wishes to inform those persons interested in the poultry problem of to-day, amongst the many thousand subscribers to the Western Home Monthly that she will have a chat on hens, turkeys, ducks etc. in each issue of the journal for a time.

"Biddy" has had an intimate acquaintance with the poultry family for over a dozen years.

Taking up the hobby at first for health's sake, and keeping on with it, because she grew to love her feathered friends too much to ever give them over, finding profit as well as pleasure in raising chickens and other feathered things. Therefore she invites anyone having queries to ask to send them along to "Biddy," care of Western Home Monthly, and she will answer them to the best of her knowledge.

It is interesting to learn that the Dominion government, which has just appointed an expert to look into poultry conditions throughout Canada, is desirous of obtaining the names of all those in Western Canada who have endeavored to build up a profitable flock of hens of any breed. The Dominion Live Stock Commissioner wishes to get data also regarding the yearly egg yield of said paying flocks, whether trap nests are used or not, care and rations, and general information as asked for by the department address, "Dominion Live Stock Commissioner, Ottawa."

Doubtless the appointment of J. H. Hare, B.S.A., will do much to foster the poultry industry of Canada. Surely the time will come when we can raise enough hens to lay eggs to feed the Canadian nation instead of spending thousands and thousands of dollars for American eggs. The great bulk of so-called "new laid eggs" used in Winnipeg this past winter were shipped in from the States, and laid down here at a wonderfully low price. Manitoba new laid eggs were not to be had, so the large

stores proclaimed when asked for the genuine article. Now our Western country is a splendid one for raising poultry, and hens will give plenty of eggs in winter if they are properly housed and fed of utility breed, and "bred to lay."

Now that April is with us there should be "something doing" with a vengeance in the poultry yard, if early winter layers are to be produced, though in the writer's opinion May is also a splendid hatching month, and unless the farm yard has good facilities for the rearing and shelter of April-hatched chicks I would suggest that a goodly number of motherly chickens be trained on nest eggs in readiness for my hatcheries. Of course, the handy incubator can be set any time, but it is much easier to raise broods of chicks when they can get a taste of green grass for themselves and frolic in the warm sunshine. This month I shall take up natural

Spring is Coming

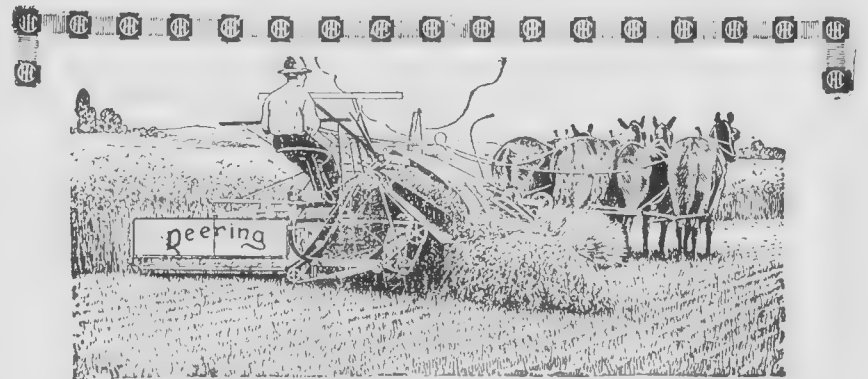
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incubation, leaving the running of an incubator for the May issue.

Hatching by the good old-fashioned way always appeals to me, though I have been very successful in artificial incubation.

Now the first thing to be considered is a large percentage of fertile eggs to set in early spring. A best hen or machine in the world cannot score up chicks from infertile eggs. This I find is one of the big leakages in poultry profits. Until farmers, aye, and poultry fanciers too, learn to winter their flocks in a rational manner, i.e., feeding a balanced ration of mixed sound grain (to be scratched for in clean litter). Brave oyster shell, charcoal, gravel, vegetable matter in hoppers, providing warm fresh water, heaps of fresh air wherever possible, no artificial heat at all they cannot look for very fertile eggs in April. Comfortable housing is required, draughts and dampness avoided in hencoops, cotton in a couple of the windows and hay in the ceiling is a safeguard against dampness. Hens can stand plenty of cold, but no dampness with the cold. Vermin must not be allowed to flourish in the flock, as the egg yield will suffer as well as the poor victims. Lice kill's off little chicks faster than anything else.

It is encouraging to be able to state from experience however that our Western climate is fine for the rearing of the young chicks. Vermin is easily got rid



White Yokohama

of here, only cleanliness is required and plenty of good white wash to exterminate all varmints, red mites or lice. In warmer climates vermin is a most serious matter to fight against. Pens of the best breeding hens should be mated up ten days or two weeks before eggs are required for setting. One male to ten or twelve hens, or if two males are

used on alternative days fifteen or twenty hens may be in the pen, especially if they can be given a run out of doors. The male bird off duty should be very well fed in a coop by himself.

When a hen wants to sit I like to make her comfy in a roomy box, where I intend her to hatch before she gets "too sot" in her ways, as it were. Because it is awfully hard to make a hen change her mind (she has one, you know), so I take her from the laying pen at dusk, putting her in the her new quarters in a nice clean nest of hay, or earth rounded out, on a couple of nest eggs, cover her with another box, and leave her a day or so. Nine hens out of ten will take to the new nest and sit like rocks, and the tenth won't, that's all!

I prefer to set four to six hens at one time. They are easy to look after, and an even lot of chicks do well, growing like weeds. Then when the eggs are tested in a week's time, and infertile ones discarded, frequently a couple of hens can be given a fresh batch of eggs, if well fed a hen is not injured by sitting an extra week.

Select only medium-sized smooth hard shelled eggs, giving 11 eggs to a hen in cool weather. Later on 13 to 15 can be incubated by a large boned rock hen.

Give the biddies their eggs at night, and leave them for 36 hours. Then at a regular time each morn' uncover them. Let them feed for a few minutes,

watch them for a couple of days to see they return to the right nests.

I may say here unless a person is very fond of running after sitting hens, always make a rule to have them in a coop by themselves. They can't fly outside and leave their eggs to get chilled.

About the 15th day hens will sometimes become restless, and need some looking after. If I notice this fit coming on I cover them up as at first, and when about to hatch I always like to slip on the cover, and when I hear the "cheep, cheep" of the young chicks I carefully examine the nest, and release the mother, take her aside, and give her a good feed of wheat, a drink, then leave her proud and content for another 24 hours to cuddle her chicks. When the happy family can be transferred to a clean little coop ready for their first feed when 48 hours old.

Next month I shall take up chick feeding and artificial incubation.

The Suffragettes.

We wadna grudge ye a' ye ask,

We've still a warm side for the weemen;

Ye've set yersels a waesome task,

Wi' muckle din, and noise, and screamin'.

Gude faith! ye are a motley crew

Wi' hammers, bricks and spangled banners,

Yer blooming cheeks a' wat wi' dew,

Yer willing sides a' gaun like fan-ners.

The matron and the comely maid

A' rush to join the angry masses—

The table has its unwashed lade,

The flure's amaisht ower-gane wi' as'es.

You tell us how to guide affairs,

And talk o' constitutional matters,

While a' yer bairns, the roguish dears,

Are mebbe barefit and in tatters.

Gae hame! for that's a wider realm

Than e'er you'll find about Westminster.

Ye ha'e yer hand upon the helm;

Tak' my advice, guide wife and spinster.

Tak' my advice, ye winsome dames;

Leave slavish factions and opinions;

Ye've work enough within yer hames—

The best and grandest o' dominions.

In love and hameland ye have power,

Throughout the coming generation;

Yer teaching will bring richest dower

To our revered, beloved nation.

And may ye'r sons in future years

Proclaim this toast above all others,

"Twill gi' their eyes with freshening tears—

"Our hameety, tender, British mother!"

Blue Bell.

W. J. Bryan: It is never to be forgotten that the beginning of virtue is in the body of citizenship, and not in any method, however good it looks on paper.

Supper was in progress, and the father was telling about a row which took place in front of his store that morning: "The first thing I saw was one man deal the other a sounding blow, and then a crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran and grabbed a large shovel he had been using on the street, and rushed back, his eyes blazing fiercely. I thought he'd surely knock the other man's brains out, and I stepped right in between them."

The young son of the family had become so hugely interested in the narrative as it proceeded that he had stopped eating his pudding. So proud was he of his father's valor, his eyes fairly shone, and he cried:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, Father?"

Father looked at him long and earnestly, but the lad's countenance was frank and open.

Father gasped slightly, and resumed his supper.

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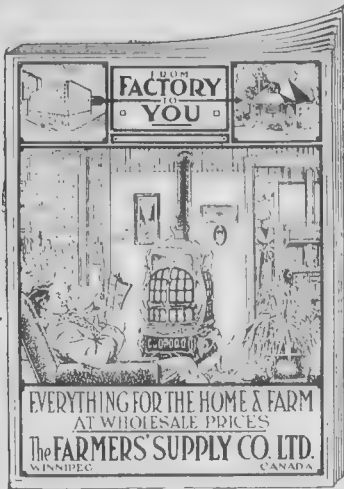
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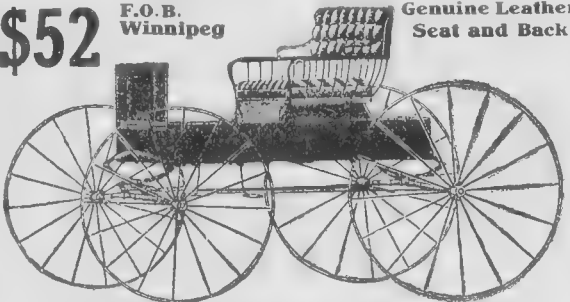
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Home Economics

Every month I meet country girls who come into the city for work, and I am sorry for them, for they have so many better opportunities in the country. There are more applicants than positions just now for girls who are inexperienced. Girls want to do what they have been taught to do. At a test in a country in one of the states 163 girls out of 174 wanted to leave the farm. After agriculture and home economics were taught them 161 girls out of 178 wanted to stay on the farm. If girls are made interested in home economics and agriculture this education will create in them a desire to stay in the country. One likes to do what one can do well. If one has to do work she does not like it as drudgery. Most girls will manage a home. If they enter offices when young they begin their home life as a rule with a knowledge of home-making. I think the enforcement of a minimum wage would force many girls to remain at home, and it would be a good thing, for we want more girls who know how to do home-work.

Impressions of the Brandon Fair

One of the most enjoyable experiences I have had since I have been in Western Canada was my visit at the Brandon Fair. It was an experience of inspiration. Who could see those magnificent horses without feeling that in the presence of such beauty, strength and perfection of animal life the atmosphere was really sacred? The magnificent exhibition of animals so filled me with admiration that I felt in a mood of praise and goodwill while in Brandon.

One time, as I stood in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York looking at "The Horse Fair," painted by Rosa Bonheur, I watched with abated breath lest the horses would prance out upon me, so perfect did they seem. Splendid animals they were, full of restless energy, mad to break loose. At that time I wondered how it was possible for a woman to produce such a marvellous work of art. But the artist had burning within her the soul of love for animals. Indoor life was prison to her. She became ambitious to paint animals. When she was seventeen she would take long walks into the country to study the animals on the farms. In the outskirts of Paris were great slaughter-pens. Though obliged to mingle with drovers and butchers there, she would sit down on a bundle of hay, with her colors about her, and paint from the living animals. The men would crowd around to look at her pictures, and they regarded her with honest pride, and treated her with great respect. The world soon learns whether a girl is in earnest about her work, and treats her accordingly. Rosa Bonheur improvised a garden on the roof of her house, and in this garden kept a sheep for a model. At nineteen she sent to the Fine Arts Exhibition two pictures, "Goats and Sheep" and "Two Rabbits." The next year "Animals in a Pasture," a "Cow lying in a Meadow," and a "Horse for sale." Later her picture "Cantal oxen" took the gold medal, and from this time on the money she made from her pictures released her family from poverty. This love for animals developed in Rosa Bonheur a gentle, tender and sympathetic disposition. A fondness for animals develops these qualities.

When Prussia conquered France, and swept through her town, orders were given that Rosa Bonheur's home and paintings be not disturbed. Even her servants were unmolested. The peasants idolized the great woman, and were eager to serve her because she was so kind to them. She said to a friend one time: "I have copied no master. I have studied Nature, and expressed to the best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which the animals have

inspired me. My soul finds in it the most complete satisfaction."

Girls in Western Canada are hungering for life in the city, when wonderful opportunities are going to waste about their own home. There may be a Rosa Bonheur in Western Canada. Let us hope there is, for some of Canada's splendid animals should be reproduced on canvas by one with the soul of an artist. At any rate it is inspiring for a girl to cultivate a love for animals, and the wonderful exhibition of animals at the Brandon Winter Fair convinces one that the girl of Western Canada has an opportunity in the study of animal life that cannot be equalled in any other country. The strength, beauty and perfection of these magnificent animals should be immortalised, and in doing this the artist would immortalise herself.

A marked feature of the Brandon Fair was the splendid hospitality the Brandon people extended to the stranger. The Brandon Winter Fair is a great success, because it is managed by wideawake, energetic men and women. They are men and women of ability, and a fine feeling of fellowship makes the stranger loth to leave the city of Brandon—he leaves with a determination to see Brandon again.

New Zealand Women

The writer of this department was very much interested in an address given recently by Mr. Bruce, of New Zealand. He stated that New Zealand women have always voted on the side of national righteousness. They have made laws that insist on everyone engaging in honest work, or leaving the country as an alternative. This has practically abolished the social evil. The feminine vote has been responsible for a splendid system of educating girls for the duties of motherhood. This training includes a course in nursing and caring for infants. The women have made marked reforms in all forms of intemperance.

Strangers are impressed by the excellent type of New Zealand womanhood.

A Butterfly Farmer

The fields and forests of Western Canada contain secrets and treasures for our girls to discover. One girl who lived in an isolated place made a study of trees and she now fills an important place in a leading university because she is an authority in the study of woods.

A young girl of eighteen, Xiniemi McGlashen, is working up a big business in raising and selling butterflies. She is netting an average of \$50 a week. This opens up another avenue for industrious girls. Miss McGlashen is a butterfly farmer on no small scale. She catches the moths and butterflies in the early evening while they are eating the sugared preparation from the trees.

In ten weeks' work she sold 10,400 flies, bringing an average of five cents each, and in a single night she has taken 600 moths. Next summer she plans to hold a vacation session to teach the science of butterfly raising. Orders have come not only for rare specimens for university collections and museums, but for big shipments of butterflies of rare and gorgeous wings to be turned loose at a garden fete that guests may be surprised. During the winter months she studies entomology.

When she "sugars" the trees she makes a syrup of brown sugar or molasses and puts it on trees, boards, logs, rocks, fences or barns. A naturalist who is interested in Canadian butterflies tells me that there are many rare specimens in Western Canada. His collection of Manitoba butterflies is full of wonderful surprises.

The Factory

Two deaconesses of my acquaintance are doing more to help our young women than most people realize. Miss

R. M. Dickinson is at the head of the Methodist Deaconess Home in Winnipeg, and she conducts classes for young girls that will have a far-reaching influence. She is untiring in her efforts to help girls, and many young girls in Winnipeg are indebted to Miss Dickinson for her sweet influence in showing them the way to true womanhood. Miss Bradley, another deaconess, has had wide experience among factory girls in Toronto. This year she has been working very hard with the girls in the Winnipeg factories. She has organized for these girls evening classes where they may learn without cost stenograph, dressmaking and domestic science. She is devoting the best years of her life to help our factory girls, and is doing much to brighten the lives of those hard-working girls, many of whom are very young, and many are alone in the city. It is a noble work. She is making a thorough study of factory life, and her experience has revealed startling conditions existing in certain Winnipeg factories. The sanitary conditions in some reveal an awful state of affairs. In Ontario there are seven factory inspectors, while in Manitoba we have only one!

In some factories the Canadian or girl of English birth has no chance, as the foreign forewoman favors the foreign girls in every way by giving them easier work and helping them more. Then in many places the environment is so coarse that the girls hear little that is helpful to their morals. In the matter of wages some factories keep a part of the money back every week to prevent the girls from leaving. In this way girls who leave have money due them, and thus the factory has considerable work done that costs them nothing. Then there are days when a girl goes to work in the morning, and is told there is no work for that day. Perhaps there are three such days in

a week. As she is paid by piece work she makes nothing during those three days, but her expenses go on. I watched one healthy country girl lose the roses in her cheeks, and become a physical wreck in one year's work in the factory. We are holding out inducements for more factories, therefore more attention should be given to the interests of the girls who work in factories. Miss Brookin, of the Y.W.C.A., is doing a splendid work this year among the factory girls. In the extension work she is reaching many girls in a helpful way.

Selfishitis

The other day a young woman came to me so despondent that nearly every sentence came between sobs. She had had no trouble, but constant morbid thinking about herself had brought her to the verge of nervous prostration. For some years she has not associated with people because she thought she was not interesting to them. She had weakened her body to such an extent that she cannot work. She simply cannot entertain any other than morbid thoughts. Now I am always advocating the happy optimistic spirit because I do not want our girl readers to develop this serious condition of "selfishitis," if I may be allowed to coin the word.

"When you pick up the daily paper do you read all the crimes and tragedies that you see under big headlines?" I asked my visitor. "Yes," she replied, "I always do." Now I stopped this long ago. I have no room in my mind for them when there is so much beautiful literature to read. My mind needs wholesome food, not the horrible tragedies performed by diseased minds. They make me have bad day dreams and night dreams. There is more good than bad in the world. If incidents that take place in the happy homes were published in one edition of a daily paper, it would be such a large edition that it would bankrupt the business of that particular firm. Then I wonder if people would buy it. So many are not happy unless they are miserable. So reporters go on hunting for domestic tragedies and crimes while they pass by hundreds of happy homes to find the exception.

In the days of our grandmothers, many of them lived in lonely places, but they were too strong-minded to dwell on the sordid side of life. Perhaps they did not read so many tales of murder and divorce affairs as women do now. One thing I do know, they read the cheerful, inspiring messages of the Bible, and develop strength of mind and body.

If a girl desires to be happy, popular and charming—and every girl does—she may so develop by careful choice of reading material and by directing her thoughts toward others. In serving others one serves self most. The greatest people are the people who are the greatest servants. One whose own self monopolises all of her thoughts becomes weak in mind and body, and often ends her life in an asylum for the insane.

The Mortgage on Her Soul

When a girl is out of a position, and is alone, it is very tempting to accept money and aid from men, but in doing this a girl is placing herself under dangerous obligations, for in a way she has mortgaged her soul. I know a girl who accepted money when she was in need, and then she tried in every possible way to get away from the young man, but he followed her and demanded the fulfilment of her promise. When I answered the phone after he had called her up, he shouted:—"She accepted money from me and she must pay for it." The girl, worried in her efforts to escape, felt that she was in the clutches of an awful dragon. It is not necessary for any girl to place herself under obligations in this way. Even if she does have to do work that may be more menial than she desires, it is far better than to sell her soul. "Exert thy will and use it for control; God gave thee jurisdiction of thy soul."

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of "Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator," because they know from experience how useful it is.

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We want to advertise and introduce our home study music lessons into all parts of America, and will give you absolutely free instruction if you will simply recommend the International Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

We successfully teach Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Brass Instruments, Cello and Sight Singing. You may not know one note from another; yet, by our wonderfully simple and thorough method, you can soon learn to play. If you are an advanced player you will receive special instruction.

Our lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything plain.

If you accept our free tuition offer you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and necessary sheet music. We have successfully taught others and we can successfully teach you.

Write today for our Free booklet, which explains everything. It will convince you and cost you nothing.

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98 Fifth Ave., Dept. 349 M, New York.

Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or Credit.

Guaranteed Results With The Standard The World's Greatest Separator

WE will guarantee that you can take a "STANDARD" Cream Separator and skim to the full amount of its capacity, even if the milk is not at its natural heat, and that the last pound will be skimmed equally as well as the first pound. After the skimming is done, open up the STANDARD bowl and you will find the inside edges of discs are not clogged with cream, nor the outside edges stuffed with foreign matter. That is because there is ample space between the discs and the bowl to provide room for more impurities than will accumulate in one hour's skimming.

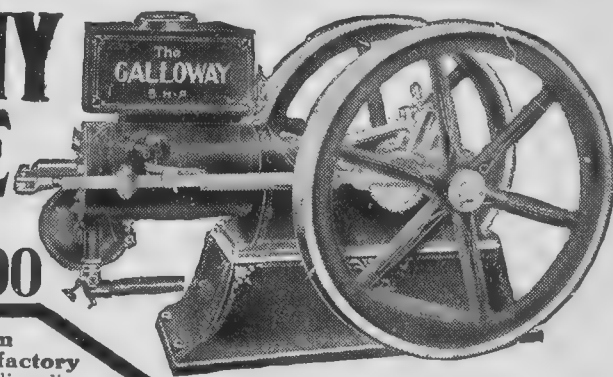
This is one of the greatest improvements in cream separators in recent years. It was suggested by Professor J. H. Grisdale, Director of Dominion Experimental Farms, Ottawa, and carried to completion by STANDARD experts. It means CLEAN CREAM, ALL THE CREAM, NO WASTE.

Our Booklet explains this feature and many other more fully. Drop a post card today for a copy.



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a lot of middlemen—jobbers—salesmen—agents—dealers. I charge you only for actual cost of material and labor that goes into my engines and just one very small profit added. This saves you from \$50 to \$300, according to size you buy

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are sold with our positive guarantee of absolute satisfaction or your money back after thirty days. They are made in many styles and prices, from 1 1/2 h.p. to 15 h.p., stationary, portable and complete sawing outfits.

They are powerful, simple, easy to operate and the most economical in fuel consumption of any engine on the market.

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MY NEW CANADIAN CATALOG is now ready and is the most complete book you have ever seen. It illustrates and describes every engine I build and quotes prices never before equalled for a strictly high-grade standard engine.

Our new Canada House at Winnipeg can fill your order in 24 hours

GALLOWAY

The William Galloway Co. of Canada, Ltd.
428 Henry Ave., Winnipeg, Can.

John Burroughs: To be wise, indeed, and happy and self-possessed we must often be alone

W. J. Locke: It is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied; better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied.

President Wilson: The friendship existing between the United States and Great Britain is a very happy and natural one. I hope nothing will happen during my administration to disturb the relations of the two countries.

Jane Addams: Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into a relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.



GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM FREE

I took my own medicine. It cured my rheumatism after I had suffered tortures for thirty-six years. I spent \$20,000 before I discovered the remedy that cured me, but I'll give you the benefit of my experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of my remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money. I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The X-ray picture shows how rheumatism twists and distorts the bones. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I've got the remedy that I believe will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me to-day. S. T. Dolano, 328-II Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York, and I'll send you a free package the very day I get your letter.



THE MURDERED KING OF GREECE AND HIS SISTER, THE DOWAGER QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

To The Editor of The Western Home Monthly.

The Navy Question

Sir.—There has been much noise at Ottawa. There has been little progress. Party politics should be kept distinctly apart from the vitally important question of the defence of a nation. Are there not sufficient enemies without with whom to reckon, that strife and discussion is fomented within?

The building of a navy is particularly an enterprise where results alone weigh in an eminent degree.

In these modern times it must be a navy composed of ships which are the very latest that science can build or money can buy. Anything less than this is public money wasted. Far better than build an incompetent navy that the money be given to the army.

The navy must be composed of ships such as the crews of which know that they have an even chance of victory, and are not going forth to a forlorn hope.

Canada needs an efficient navy. Everybody has a proposal. To every proposal there is an objection. Some maintain that there is an emergency. In most cases of emergency, the thing is to act with celerity. Why then the delay with months and years of barren discussion. During the idle discussion the enemy, finding us unprepared, could have us destroyed.

Others maintain that we cannot produce workmen efficient to take up the highly technical work involved in the construction of a battleship. How did the great Republic to the south of us solve this matter?

Others again maintain that we cannot man our own ships! It is hardly necessary to say that this is not very flattering, and is certainly preposterous. Any person who holds that idea must indeed have a very poor conception of Canadian manhood. History disproves this. How is the United States navy manned? The pay is sufficient, the service is made attractive enough to draw as good as the nation can afford.

Let Canada proceed to build her navy with all possible speed with regard to efficiency, and in the meantime assist the Mother Country in every way possible. Let Canada learn to defend herself as becoming to a young, proud and prosperous nation. Let her not occupy the position of a weakling who must needs be provided for for ever, and in her success, like a true daughter, let her not dishonor the mother who nourished her in her infancy.

E. BRUCE MALLETT.

Jamont, Alta.

Opening Notice

J. Bent, who has for some years past been associated with many prominent hair-dressing firms in the city, has opened parlors in the Carlton Building, Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Those of our readers interested in hair goods would do well to communicate with Mr. Bent.

Nerve.

"Why do you spend so much time on the crease of your pants, hey?"

"It is important, dad, not to wear baggy trousers."

"Important, is it? Why, you young cub, look here. Did you ever see a statue to a man who didn't wear baggy pants?"

Didn't Give Him Any.

One day at my boarding house I was unable to eat much dinner and the lady of the house remarked, "Why, Miss —, you have no appetite to-day." Her little son, aged four, began to cry. Upon being urged by his mother to tell what was the matter he said, "Well, you just did not give me any appetite."

The Beauty of a Clear Skin.—The condition of the liver regulates the condition of the blood. A disordered liver causes impurities in the blood and these show themselves in blemishes on the skin. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in acting upon the liver act upon the blood and a clear, healthy skin will follow intelligent use of this standard medicine. Ladies, who will fully appreciate this prime quality of these pills, can use them with the certainty that the effect will be most gratifying.

The Mill

The Farm Machinery Factory

Doctor's House

The Northern Electric and Manufacturing Company Limited

Gentlemen,
Please send me FREE, one copy of your 100-page bound and illustrated book, on 'How to Build Rural Telephone Lines.'

Name.....
Post Office.....
Province.....

The Telephone is Life To the Woman on the Farm.

It opens up a new world to her and banishes—forever—the loneliness and monotony of country life. No more driving over bad roads in bad weather when she wants to talk to her neighbors—or call the doctor—or make purchases in the nearest town. She simply telephones. The telephone is her protection when the men are away on the farm—it brings her company for the long winter evenings, it keeps her children—sons and daughters—at home, or enables her to talk with them at any time when they are away at school or college.

Wouldn't You Like To Have A Telephone?

Let us tell you how you can get one. Your husband and the neighbors can build, own and operate a Rural Telephone System—as perfect in every way as the city systems—at a very small cost to each—**ABOUT THE VALUE OF TWENTY BUSHELS OF WHEAT.**

We—the largest and oldest telephone manufacturers in Canada—will help your husband and the neighbors to get the system started and guide and advise them in every step of the construction work.

Here Is Your Opportunity!

Get the women of your district interested. Tell them how easy it is for them to have telephones—and how little it will cost their husbands. Your influence will help to get the movement started among the men.

Your Husband Should Be The First

to write for our Free Book, "How To Build Rural Telephone Lines." It tells everything. How to form a company—what is necessary and how to build the line and how to make the system pay for itself. It makes the work as easy as building a fence. When he has read our book he will want a telephone as badly as you do.

Get him to write to us now and enclose copy of this advertisement in his letter

The Northern Electric

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Manufacturer of Telephone and Fire Alarm Apparatus, and Distributor of Electrical Supplies for every possible need.

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"IDEAL HOME DECORATIONS"

Post free to any part of the World.
650 striking examples from the
Actual Makers, masterpieces of
machine production, 50 suggestions
showing attractive Windows.
IMPERIAL PATENT HEM CUR-
TAINS new straight edges. LACE
CURTAINS & NETS. Direct from
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designs. CASEMENT FABRICS,
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Half a century's reputation for Value

RECORD CURTAIN
PARCEL Duty and Post Paid **\$6.80**

Contains 6 pairs beautiful
CURTAINS, namely:—
4 pairs All same RICH OLD LACE
DESIGN, 3yds. long, 50ins. wide.
2 pairs GOOD QUALITY EX-
QUISITE EMPIRE DESIGN,
most successful style, 3yds.
long, 60ins. wide.
Delivered Free at above Price.
Greatest Bargain ever offered.
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are

Unsurpassed in Quality

Write today for our catalogue
containing full list of Switches,
Wigs, Toupees, Pompadours,
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are guaranteed and our business
methods are renowned through-
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study music lessons into all parts of America, and
will give you absolutely free instruction if you will
simply recommend the International Institute to
your friends after you learn to play.

We successfully teach Piano, Organ, Violin,
Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Brass Instruments, Cello
and Sight Singing. You may not know one note
from another; yet, by our wonderfully simple and
thorough method, you can soon learn to play. If
you are an advanced player you will receive special
instruction.

Our lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple
and easy that they are recommended to any person
or little child who can read English. Photographs
and drawings make everything plain.

If you accept our free tuition offer you will be
asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging
14 cents a week) to cover postage and necessary
sheet music. We have successfully taught others
and we can successfully teach you.

Write today for our Free booklet, which explains
everything. It will convince you and cost you
nothing.

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Mother's Page

Mother of Mine

By Lilian Leveridge

There shines no pearl in the deep, deep
sea,

Mother of mine,
So fair, so rare as your love to me,
Mother, mother of mine.

The stars may wane and the sun grow
pale,

Mother of mine,
I know that never your love shall fail,
Mother, mother of mine.

My wayward feet in the far-off days,
Mother of mine,

You led in ever the safest ways,
Mother, mother of mine.

The sweetest truths that a child may
know,

Mother of mine,
Your voice instilled in the long ago,
Mother, mother of mine.

You taught me praise and you taught
me prayer,

Mother of mine,
And simple faith in a Father's care,
Mother, mother of mine.

You bade me rise from the common
clod,

Mother of mine,
To purer heights on the hills of God,
Mother, mother of mine.

You taught me love for the finer things,
Mother of mine,

I drank of joy from the secret springs,
Mother, mother of mine.

I've wandered forth in the world afar,
Mother of mine,

Your truth was ever my polar star,
Mother, mother of mine.

God's loving-kindness each morning is
new,

Mother of mine,
I thank Him most that He gave me
you,
Mother, mother of mine.

Your children arise and call you blest,
Mother of mine,

Our sweetest treasure, the dearest, best,
Mother, mother of mine.

This wreath I weave for your crowning,
dear,

Mother of mine,
God bless you, keep you for many a
year,
Mother, mother of mine.

Mother Play

Froebel's motto was, "Come, let us
live for our children," and it should be
the guiding principle of every mother.
The word "for" might be altered with
advantage to "with," for it is only by
living "with" children that a mother
can learn the individuality of each, and
adapt her methods to its special needs.

Mother-love is undoubtedly a noble
thing, but it is sympathy that is the
key to the successful management of
children. A mother must never "put
away childish things." She must be one
with her children, and play with them,
not as a child plays with a toy, but as
children play with each other. In this
way she can direct their play so as to
ensure the perfect development of their
latent powers, and, as childhood is out-
grown, the bond of sympathy estab-
lished by play will become stronger and
more potent in its influence in the more
complicated issues of later life.

The Value of Play

Before school age arrives, play can be
so arranged as to be the most valuable
form of early education. Play is a nat-
ural childish instinct. A child thrown
on his own resources turns to some
form of play, and what was once
thought purposeless action or mischief
is now recognized as the process of ac-
quiring knowledge on which after-knowl-
edge may be built up. The time thus
lost in play is wisely lost. It differs

from the lost time of dull, listless chil-
dren whose minds and hands are vac-
ant and unoccupied. Adults with
larger experience on which to reflect
can profit by what Wordsworth de-
scribes as "a wise passiveness," but chil-
dren have no such stock of experience
on which to meditate, and with them
"a mind that's vacant is a mind dis-
tressed." Healthy children require oc-
cupation, and if it is not provided for
them, they will find it for themselves,
and that, too, in ways which do not
tend to law and order in the nursery.

Froebel's idea was that a child must
be educated so as to be in harmony
with Nature, his fellow-men, and with
God; and to attain the first he at-
tached great importance to gardens for
children. In the early kindergartens the
children's gardens were a special fea-
ture. Each child had his own small
plot, and took a share in the cultiva-
tion of a common garden in which were
grown plants for illustrating class-
room lessons. With work in the com-
mon garden the social instincts were
aroused and the value of co-operation
demonstrated; but with the tiny gar-
den plots the little ones had full scope
for the development of originality,
which is of vital importance in training
the young.

A Model Mother

The Empress of Russia, of whose life
no one would be inclined to be envious,
began that life under the fairest cir-
cumstances. She was the fourth daugh-
ter of the Grand Duke and Duchess of
Hesse, the latter better known to us
perhaps as Princess Alice, second daugh-
ter of Queen Victoria.

The most excellent qualities as a
mother of our own good Queen Victoria
descended to the Duchess. The little
Princess Alix was commonly known as
"Princess Sunshine" on account of her
brightness and charm. That so beauti-
ful and good a woman should now be
known as "the most pathetic figure in
Europe" is a sad commentary on the
conditions of life that have surrounded
her.

But the early years of her life were
surrounded by the love and care of one
of the world's sweetest mothers. The
Duchess had been her children's con-
stant companion. She had not only
acted as their guide, comforter, and
mentor, but often as their governess
and playfellow, for she was one of those
mothers who do not believe in leaving
children too much to the care of nurses
and governesses, and a letter which she
wrote to Queen Victoria strikingly il-
lustrates the wise and far-seeing man-
ner in which she brought up her chil-
dren.

"What you say about the education
of our girls," she said, "I entirely agree
with, and I strive to bring them up to-
tally free from pride of their position,
which is nothing, save what their per-
sonal worth can make it. I feel so en-
tirely as you do on the difference of
rank, and how all important it is for
princesses and princesses to know that
they are nothing better or above others,
save through their own merit; and that
they have only the double duty of liv-
ing for others and of being an example
—good and modest. This I hope my
children will grow up to."

What Happens to Babies in Syria

In America when a baby is to be chris-
tened, its parents often give a party
and friends of theirs bring presents
which the little boy, or girl, can use
when a few years older. But over in
Syria, where many customs are differ-
ent from the ones in this country, par-
ents wait to give a party until the
baby cuts its first tooth.

After the months of crying and fret-
fulness—every boy or girl who has a
baby at home knows what that means
—the little tooth suddenly appears
through the gums. Then the father and
mother are very happy and send out
invitations to all their friends.

In America such invitations would

A MESSAGE FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER

Mrs. E. J. Talbot Tells Them to Find
a Cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

She Had Rheumatism, Lumbago and
Neuralgia and Found the Remedy
She Was Looking for in Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills.

Hamilton, Ont., (Special.)—"I know
there are a lot of people who suffer and
do not know what will cure them.
Dodd's Kidney Pills will."

These are the words of Mrs. E. J.
Talbot who resides at 293 Wellington
street north this city. And Mrs. Talbot
speaks out of her own experience.

"Last July I was very sick," Mrs.
Talbot continues. "My heart bothered
me, my limbs were heavy, and I had
a dragging sensation across the loins.
Rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia
added to my sufferings, and the doctor
I called in did not help me much.

"I finally decided to try Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills. I have used seven boxes and
I am so much stronger and better that
I feel I must recommend them to oth-
ers."

Mrs. Talbot's complication of trou-
bles all came from sick kidneys. That's
why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them.
For Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-
all. They simply cure kidney disease
of any kind. They never fail to do that.

This Wife and Mother

Wishes to tell you FREE
How She Stopped
Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her
and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 439
Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard
drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one,



but 10 years ago his wife
in their own little home,
gave him a simple
remedy which much to
her delight stopped his
drinking entirely.

To make sure that
the remedy was respon-
sible for this happy
result she also tried it on
her brother and sev-
eral of her neighbors.

It was successful in
every case. None of them
has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunk-
enness in their homes to try this simple
remedy for she feels sure that it will do as
much for others as it has for her. It can be
given secretly if desired, and without cost
she will gladly and willingly tell you what it
is. All you have to do is write her a letter
asking her how she cured her husband of
drinking and she will reply by return mail in
a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell
do not send her money. Simply send a letter
with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Ander-
son at the address given above, taking care
to write your name and full address plainly.

(We earnestly advise every one of our readers
who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness
to write to this lady today. Her offer is a
sincere one.)

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's
bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain
a heavy physical burden? I know what
these mean to delicate women—I have
been discouraged, too; but I learned how to
cure myself. I want to relieve your bur-
dens. Why not end the pain and stop the
doctor's bill? I can do this for you and
will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free
box of the remedy which has been placed
in my hands to be given away. Perhaps
this one box will cure you—it has done so
for others. If so, I shall be happy and
you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a
postage stamp). Your letters held confi-
dentially. Write to-day for my free treat-
ment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.



Send \$3.50

Receive by return mail, postpaid, this
beautiful, wool serge dress shirt waist suit
in all sizes. Tailored waist with satin col-
lar and cuffs; the skirt is tailored in pleated
style as pictured. Comes in navy and
dark red. A genuine bargain. Add 35c
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The Greatest System of Dentistry
known to the world of science and
art today.

PAINLESS

No more dread of the dental chair.

PAINLESS!

I DO ALL THIS FOR YOU—
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Easy, sweet and harmless as the sleep of nature. Somnoform.
Anesthesia, quick and pleasant.

All operations American or Canadian graduates. No students. Lady
attendants.

Special attention to out-of-town patients. Have your impression
taken in the morning and go home with the teeth the same day.

All languages spoken. Free examination. All work guaranteed for
twenty years.

I make my work so satisfactory and prices so reasonable that in the
end you will be ve I will do just exactly what I advertise to do. I
want you to have confidence in my advertising. You need Dental work.
I can save you 50 per cent.

DR. ROBINSON

Over Birks Cor. Portage Ave. and Smith St., WINNIPEG, MAN.

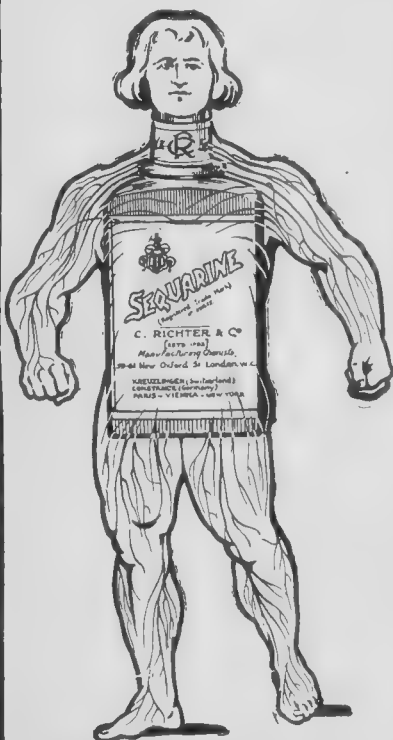
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"Sequarine" brings Vigor and Strength to Jaded Nerves

"Sequarine" is the organic fluid discovered by Prof. Brown-Sequard, F.R.S.,
F.R.C.P. (Lond.). It is the actual life-force of animals medically prepared for
transfusion into the nervous system.



TAKE A FEW DROPS DAILY

"Sequarine" is sold in two forms—in bottles for
swallowing, and in ampullae for injection. In either
form, it flows through the whole system, pouring
strength and vitality into the nerve-centres.
Medical observation has proved the great value
of "Sequarine" in cases of

Neurasthenia,
Nervous Disorders,
Indigestion,
Scrofula,
Sciatica,
Lung Inflammation,
Diabetes,
Anaemia,

Locomotor Ataxia,
Incipient Paralysis,
General Weakness,
Lost Vitality,
Wasting Diseases,
Pulmonary Troubles,
Functional Weakness,
& Tropical Diseases.

"Sequarine" is sold at all Chemists and Stores
at \$2.00 per box of 4 ampullae, or \$1.75 per bottle.
Six, twelve or more bottles may be had at a
reduction from—

**The Lyman Bros. &
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TWO BOOKS—One for Doctors
and one for the Public—FREE

Dr. Goizet, the Discoverer's Collaborator, and
Founder of the Sequardian Institute in Paris, has
written a 328 page book on "Sequarine" entitled,

"THE TRANSFUSION OF LIFE"

A copy will be sent gratis and postfree to any
qualified practitioner who sends his card. A
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free by anyone applying therefor to the publisher

C. RICHTER & CO. (Est. 1782), Mfg. Chemists,
55-61 New Oxford Street, London, England.

"Sequarine" pours a stream of vitality
into the nerve-centres.

just be written, or engraved, on cards
and the refreshments would be served
at home after the guests arrived. But
in Syria the candles and fruits and
cakes are sent along with the invita-
tions. The friends receive these at their
homes and enjoy them there.

Later on these friends come to the
home of the baby and dance it up and
down in the usual way, look at its fine
new tooth and tell the father and
mother they hope it will live to be a
hundred years old.

But the parents are not any poorer
after having sent such quantities of
sweetmeats to their acquaintances, be-
cause each person who receives such a
dish of confections is expected to send
it back as full of goodies as when it
came.

Such a dish is called "a sananich"
and is not returned at once. Indeed,
lazy neighbors who don't feel like mak-
ing up a lot of candy and cake imme-
diately, often keep theirs several weeks
before bringing them back. And, un-
less the parents are well off and have
a great many dishes, this must often
make their table look very bare for
awhile.

When a very special friend is to be
honored with the present one of the
parents carries it instead of sending it
by a servant. It is handed in at the
door with a nice little speech to which
the friend answers something like this:

"Oh, my neighbor and my friend, may
your child live long and bring joy to
your heart. I cannot tell you how hap-
py I am that your child has cut a
tooth. And I am going to make an
offering to the church for your child
that it may grow up to be good." When the baby grows older he, or she,
is told all about this and is very proud
and, of course, feels that it would be
very wrong to disappoint all those
friends and neighbors by growing up to
be bad.

Be Patient With the Children

They have such tiny feet!
They have gone such a little way to
meet

The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
them go

More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!
Be kind,—things are so new, and life
but stands

A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found

Such tempting things to shine upon;
and so

The hands are tempted oft, you know,

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise

At every turn! They are so often held
To sun or showers,—showers soon dis-
pelled

By looking in our face.
Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts!
Uncertain as the rifts

Of light that lie along the sky,—
They may not be here by and by.

Give them not love, but more, above
And harder,—patience with the love.

—From a Mother's Scrapbook.

Stemming the Tide

"I am going to see that my daughter
does not go into business life or want
a career of any kind," said a business
man to me, the other day. "The more
I see of business life, the more unfit it
seems to me for women. No woman
ought to work in an office."

"I quite agree with you," I replied
amiably. "Most women employed in
business offices would rather be some-
where else. My own preference is for
a cottage in the British Isles—Isle of
Jersey for choice—with old-fashioned
furniture and a dear old piano—and a
garden with heaps of roses—and I
should like to learn to make lace."

"You would?" said the man in sur-
prise.

"Certainly. Do you suppose any wo-
man ever went into business life or en-
tered a newspaper office because she
liked it? She may prefer it to teaching
school, or taking in washing or marry-

ing a widower with a large family of
small children—but she doesn't like it.
An office is not woman's native heath
—yet, she simply makes the best of it.
But how are you going to keep Alice a
nice, old-fashioned girl?"

Alice, I may say, is the only daughter,
possesses two brothers, and has reached
the mature age of ten. So far, her
tastes are strictly domestic, being lim-
ited to a devotion to dolls and a de-
sire to manufacture jam tarts.

"I'm going to give her an allowance,
just as soon as she is able to under-
stand the use of money. She has ten
cents a week now, and manages to save
some of it. Then she is to take lessons
in dressmaking and Household Science.
I want her to be thoroughly womanly.
A good allowance would keep many a
girl from going into business life, and
would give her a pride in managing her
own income."

This all sounded very comfortable and
home-like, and I could only hope that
Alice would grow up with home-keeping
tendencies, and not form a mad desire
to go on the vaudeville stage.—Toronto
Saturday Night.

Managed Marriages

I have been recalling various cases of
parental management for and against
the marriages of children, which have
come under my notice. In every case
where the mother interfered, managed
and directed, the result has been unsat-
isfactory, either the man or girl has
subsided into a lay figure, or has risen
in revolt. In cases where the mother
has opposed the marriage of a son or
daughter, it has, if consummated in spite
of her, and not afterwards subjected to
her influence, turned out exceedingly
well, sometimes, even in spite of all her
subsequent efforts to spoil it, which,
alas, have quite often been successful.

When father has interfered, in the dis-
posal of a son or daughter's hand, the
results have in nine cases out of ten
justified him. Men have instinct in
such matters, women have emotions.
Instinct is a delicate and precious
knowledge which no one can impart. It
comes from one knows not where, and
warns, inspires, preserves the otherwise
defenceless soul. Instinctively, the
woman knows who are safe and unsafe,
among her men friends, with instinct
well at scent. She does not make mis-
takes in whom she trusts. But only
one woman in many has this gift, while
but one in many men is at times with-
out it. Then a woman doesn't always
heed her instincts, but a man listens to
the still small voice, and is wise. When
a son desires to marry, father instinc-
tively recognizes the situation, mother
girds on her armour of defence, puts on
her spectacles of criticism and generally
acts like a prickly pear. The more of
a mother she is, the more prickles she
puts out. Sometimes she develops a
great antagonism toward the girl who
attracts her boy. Life is strewn with
broken matches, the result of mother's
prickly pear tactics, and in the air is a
taint of bitterness beside which quinine
is ambrosial food. The clutch of the
mother on her man child is quite differ-
ent to her enfolding of her female off-
spring. Too much mother is the suffi-
cient accounting for half the old maids
in the country. Rather would I bear
the burden of responsibility for six un-
happy marriages than the odium of
having selfishly prevented one which
might have made life joyous for a dear
girl. The preventive mother often
errs through the affliction of swelled
head in regard to her daughter's value.
She believes and carefully instills her
belief into her victim that she has borne
an uniquely precious daughter, the
model of all virtues, particularly filial
devotion. The unsuspecting and flat-
tered girl accepts the situation and is
devoted, when she should be somewhat
occupied in others, men look at her
approvingly but without desire, clois-
tered as she is within selfish mother-
arms. Sometimes mother goes the long
journey, and daughter, alone and lone-
ly, rushes into astounding matrimony;
sometimes she collapses into the tame
cat species of spinster, all the buoyancy
and healthy life of her sucked out by
the long dominion of the mother. Ver-
ily, taking it by and all, there are cu-
rious influences about us!—"Lady Gay"
in Toronto Saturday Night.

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But he with a chuckle replied,
That 'maybe it couldn't,' but he would
be one

Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of
a grin

On his face. If he worried he hid
it;

He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done—and he did
it!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do
that—

At least no one ever has done it";

But he took off his coat and he took off
his hat.

And the first thing we knew, he'd be-
gun it.

With a lilt of his chin and a bit of a
grin,

Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done—and he did
it!

There are thousands to tell you it can-
not be done;

There are thousands to prophecy
failure;

There are thousands to point out to you
one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,

Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start into sing as you tackle the
thing

That "cannot be done"—and you'll do
it.

—Edgar A. Gust, in the Detroit Free
Press.

The Story of a Trillium

The friend from whom the story came
lives in the heart of the dusty city.
Therefore I was surprised to find on
her table one morning a solitary tril-
lium. Its delicate petals gleamed as
fresh and fair from the small water cup
that held its fragile stem, as if it had
not been borne many miles from its
quiet birthplace. On the table, besides
the little cup of water, lay the remains
of another trillium, crushed and withered.

"Where did you find the lovely stran-
ger?" I asked, touching a snowy petal
with my finger-tip. "It is a cry from
this dusty street to the nooks where
trilliums grow."

My friend motioned me to a seat. I
saw what I once heard called "a tell-
ing" in her face.

"I really believe," she said, "that God
sent that flower and its poor dead little
mate to be his messengers to me. A
really wonderful thing came to pass
through them."

"Tell me all about it," I urged. My
friend is one of those blessed persons
who go about with eyes and ears con-
tinually expectant. She really watches
for "signals from heaven," as she calls
them. It is not those who are for ever
intent on their own gettings and goings
who find "tongues in trees, books in the
running brooks, sermons in stones, and
good in everything."

"Well, here it is; I was fairly rush-
ing along Main Street yesterday. It
was bargain day, and I thought I had
to have a bargain. All the city seemed
to be of the same mood, for I could
scarcely make my way through the
crowd.

"I was thinking of things far from
fields and flowers, when a spot of light
at my feet caught my eyes and halted
me. There on the stone pavement lay
those two flowers as you see them now,
one unharmed, one crushed and spoiled.

"I used to live in the country, and
when spring came, we watched and
waited for the wild flowers. We knew
every nook where they grew. The tril-
lium was scarce, and happy was the
child who found the first blossom and
bore it home.

"At the risk of being pushed over
by the crowd, I picked up the flowers,
and walking slowly along was a child
again, my sunbonnet hanging down my
back, a little basket of moist mosses on
my arm, and the first trillium of the
spring-time reposing in state on the
green pillow.

"Then, by what flash of association
I know not, save to feel sure it was all
of God, I found myself thinking about
a girl, one of the clerks in Merton's de-
partment store.

"She is a girl I have several times
bought notions of, a thin, pale-faced
haggard creature. The last time I was
in the store, she awoke my sympathy
to such a degree that I almost forgot
what I wanted to buy. I ought to have
forgotten.

"But there I was, on the busiest cor-
ner of Main Street, holding a wild flower
in my hand and seeing this girl's face,
I stood still beside a shop window for a
moment to catch the drift of it all, if
there was any drift, and then a voice
spoke in my heart. It said: "She is my
flower, too, you know. You will take
my trillium home and give it a cup of
cold water. What about my other
flower?"

"I knew there was but one answer to
make.

"Straight to Merton's I went. She was
there. I bought some notions and made
excuse to speak with her. I was none
too soon. She would not have been
there the next day. She was ill in
body, anxious, unhappy, poor. She
was on the eve of doing some reckless
thing. Now she is—"

"Upstairs in your best chamber" I
ventured, "and you are ministering to
body and soul."

"How could you guess so well? We
shall send her to the country by and
by. No, it will not cost much—not
nearly so much as the silk waist I was
thinking about before I found the tril-
liums.

"Give the story a wider hearing. Tell
God's people to keep their eyes open
for his flowers, the precious souls that
are in danger of being trodden under
foot of sin and selfishness."

I looked long into the trillium's heart.
By the loving care of a passer-by, it
was living out the God-meant measure
of its sweet life in a cup of water.
No water could revive the crushed mate
beside the cup.

We stole upstairs and looked upon the
sleeping girl. It was her first safe,
sweet rest since she had left her coun-
try home. As I stood there, it seemed
a simple yet sublime thing to hold to
dying lips a cup of living water.—Ada
Melvinne Shaw, in Sunday School
Times.

The Baby for Me

My baby's the jolliest baby

That anyone ever did see;

There is nothing angelic about him,

But he's just the right baby for me;

His smile's not at all like a cherub's,

But rather a comical grin;

And his hair—well, it favors the sun-
beams

When sunbeams are wondrously thin.

His eyes, though there're blue, like the
heavens.

Are remarkably early with fun;
And his mouth's rather large for a rose-

Unless 'twere a half-opened one.

His hands don't resemble a fairy's

In the least. They're a strong little

pair,

As you think, I am sure, if he'd got

you

As oft he gets me—by the hair!

And he isn't a bit like a lily,

Or any sweet blossom that grows,

For no flower on earth, I am certain,

Has a dear little curving pug nose.

He's himself—full of mischief, the dar-
ling,

And naughty as naughty can be;

And I'm glad that he isn't angelic

For he's just the right baby for me.

—Christian Age.

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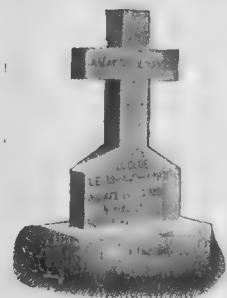
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Praying, Voting

They would not let her vote, and so she prayed.
And this the burden of the words she said:

"God save our Commonwealth, I pray.
And guide the men who vote to-day:
The power, Lord, belongs to thee,
Oh, let the right victorious be!"
Thus the woman prayed while the men voted on.

They would not let her vote, and so she talked.

Talked—as over the kitchen floor she walked—

To husband, father and sons inside:
"Perhaps your ballot may decide
Our country's fate for good or ill;
Therefore I say to you: Vote well."
So the woman talked while the men voted on.

They would not let her vote, and so she worked.

Nor ever from her household duties shirked:

She dusted the rooms and cleaned the house.

And kept the baby still as a mouse;

She washed the children's hands and face,

And made things pleasant about the place.

Yes, the woman worked while the men voted on.

They would not let her vote, and so she cheered.

The other side laughed in her face and jeered;

What cared she for the scoffing foe?

What cared she for the hisses low?

She cheered the men with loud applause.

Who polled their votes for righteous laws;

And the woman cheered while the men voted on.

She could not vote, and so she prayed again;

"Oh God, thou wilt not let me pray in vain!

We cannot to the wrong give in.

Our side, O God, our side must win—

Prayers are stronger than votes, I say,

Stronger than votes are any day.

So the woman prayed while the men voted on.

They would not let her vote: 'twas over now.

But with deep adoration she could bow.

And say, "Thank God, the day is past.

And we have conquered at the last."

But people never, perhaps, will know
The debt of gratitude they owe

To the woman who prayed while the men voted on.

Lillian A. Moulton.

Materlinck in a Bar

Had I not seen him there (says a correspondent in "The Bystander"), no one could have ever made me believe that Maurice Maeterlinck would ever be persuaded to enter a bar. Yet he visited one the other day—the Chatham Bar at Nice—and remained some little time. In future I shall never use the expression "a fish out of water." I shall substitute "Maeterlinck in a bar." An unhappier man I never set eyes upon than the author of "The Blue Bird" at the shrine of the insinuating cocktail. How he was inveigled thither remains a mystery, though the magnet was, apparently, Carpentier, the boxer, in whom Maeterlinck takes immense interest. Needless to say, the great poet-dramatist philosopher was far too nervous to order himself any refreshment. He merely stood there wiping his brow and gazing upon the assembled imbibers like a rabbit in a serpent's cage. At last summoning up courage, he beckoned Carpentier away, and drove off rapidly to lunch with the Champion of Europe. It was a dramatic visit, and I feel sure that neither Maeterlinck nor the clients of the Chatham Bar will forget it in a hurry. The only person who failed to be impressed was the owner of the bar, who, on being told the names of his august visitor, exclaimed: "He may be Maeterlinck or he may not—but he certainly didn't order a drink."

Some Common Phrases

Written for The Western Home Monthly by "Cousin Beth."

How many know or have any idea how our common phrases originate?

The phrase "He's a brick" originated from an Eastern ruler, who, while visiting a neighboring principality, asked his host to show him the fortifications. Waving his hand towards his troops, which were drawn up in soldiery array, the Prince said to his guest, "Here are my fortifications; every man is a brick."

Luck of "a windfall." The harsh forest laws of William the Conqueror are responsible for this phrase. It was a criminal offense to cut down timber in the forest; but as the peasants were allowed to gather whatever wood the wind had blown down they always hailed a storm as an omen of good luck.

The phrase "made as a hatter" really is a corruption of an ancient form "mad as an atter, or adder."

The expression "a feather in one's cap" originated in Hungary in 1599. It was an ancient custom among the Hungarians that no one was permitted to wear a feather in his hat unless he had killed a Turk. It was a law that for each slain Turk the slayer should be allowed one feather.

The word "scape goat" from an ancient Hebrew custom practised at Feast of the Passover. Placing a young goat upon the altar, the priests would pray over it, asking that all the sins of the people be visited upon the goat. After each member of the tribe had transferred his guilt to the victim by laying on his hands, the goat was turned loose in the forest to be devoured by wild beasts.

In "apple-pie order" dates back to Puritan times—to a certain Hepzibah Merton. Every Saturday she baked two or three dozen apple-pies to last through the coming week. These she placed carefully on her pantry shelves, labelled for each day of the week, so that Tuesday's pies might not be confused with Thursday's nor those intended for washing and sweeping days eaten when household labors were lighter. Aunt Hepzibah's "apple-pie order" was known through the entire settlement.

It was customary in France when a guest had overstayed his welcome, for the host to serve a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast. This was the origin of the phrase "to give the cold shoulder."

The far from elegant expression "to kick the bucket" is believed to have originated in the time of Queen Elizabeth when a shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by placing a bucket on a table in order to raise himself high enough to reach a rafter from which he hung, kicking away the bucket on which he stood.

"Dead head" as denoting one who has free entrance to places of amusement, comes from Pompeii, where the checks for free admission were small ivory death's heads.

"There is a good time coming" an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in Rob. Roy.

"Hell is paved with good intentions" (Johnson and Herber.)

"Millions for defence but not one cent for tribute" Charles C. Pinckney.

"Go snacks" Pope's Prologue to Satires.

"In the wrong box" Fox's Martyrs.

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs." (Goldsmith.)

"Not much the worse for wear" (Cowper.)

"The almighty dollar" Washington Irving.

"As good as a play" King Charles, when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's divorce bill.

"A little bird told me" from Ecc. 10.20.

"Spick and span" originally applied to cloth fresh from the "spicks or spikes and "spans" or stretchers of the loom.

"By hook or crook" the rights of tenants to gather from the lord's lands such dead wood as could be got by means of a bill hook or shepherd's crook.

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Sunday Reading

Easter Day: A Supposition Only

The Devil waked up
From his forty days rest
With a yawn and a stretch
Quite tired and depressed.

Said Satan: "By jinks,
This is Easter, and now
For another year's work,
And a hard one, I vow."

With a wink and a smile
The Devil arose,
And went up to church
In his very best clothes.

There, taking a seat
In a pew at the rear,
He calmly awaited
The worshippers here.

While the bell in the spire
With a clamorous peal,
Brought the rich and the poor
Crowding toe upon heel.

Then the rector loomed up
In his surplice and stole,
And the vast congregation
Bowed down as one soul.

Now the Devil peeped out,
Looking this way and that,
And saw not one woman
But had a new hat;

And the owners of which,
As the sermon progressed,
Kept their envious eyes
On their next neighbor pressed.

Said the Devil: "Ho! ho!
It's the same hoary tale,
And, really, the sermon's
Of little avail.

"To-morrow we start
In the old-fashioned way
The bills will pile in,
And the Devil's to pay."

What Do You Look Through

What was the matter? Looking out of the window, everything at our right seemed of a sickly hue. The sun was shining, for we could see the shadows it made, but the sunlight was scanty and the sky threatening. A stream before us was dark and chilly as if it were a mild little Acheron. Looking through the same window, less than six inches away from our first position, how different everything seemed. There was the sunshine a royal gold, and there, too under a bright, hopeful sky, was a sparkling stream. It was the same land, water and sky, each time, but we had been viewing them through differently colored panes of glass, one blue and the other yellow. It is for a similar reason that to two individuals the same subject will present itself so differently. They are viewing it through different media. One man sees through his prejudices, his infirmities, his poor pay, his dyspepsia. This consideration should lead us to make allowances and be charitable, remembering that behind some unfriendly words may be only a badly digested dinner. Another man looking at a subject sees it through his splendid physique, his sunny temperament, his nights of sound sleep. It is a blessing to have found a man so constituted. It is not, though, a matter that is physical simply, for faith in a Heavenly Father's wise, loving care, will color with the light of heaven the dreariest landscape.

"Simply To Thy Cross I Cling"

These precious words are inscribed upon the tombstone of one of God's dear children, which I often pass. I find them as a motto on the walls of many a dwelling that I enter; they constitute a line of one of our most precious hymns. And "I would transcribe and make them mine."

I would cling to the Cross I would

glory in that. I would trust for my acceptance with God in the crucified One. I would rely for my salvation on the obedience unto death of the Son of God. I would put my sin-polluted soul beneath the droppings of His blood, that cleanseth from all sin. I would now and for ever make it my song.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory."

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

And simply to the Cross would I cling. I would make that, and that alone, my refuge and my hope. With Paul would I say, "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Nothing else meets my wants, as a sinner, nothing else gives peace to my guilty conscience. Here, and here alone, I find reconciliation with God. Here, and here alone, I gain the sweet assurance that all my sins, many and aggravated as they have been, are pardoned, and, that my worthless name is recorded in some humble place beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

And simply to the Cross would I cling. I would hold on to it with a firm grasp, as the drowning man clings to the rope that is thrown to his rescue, or as Joah clung to the horns of the altar when his life was in peril. I would cling to it as a man, in imminent danger, clings to that which is his only hope. I feel that my everlasting all is in peril, and that the Cross alone can save me from endless ruin; and on no consideration would I loosen my grasp.

"Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,

Moveless and firm my heart shall lie,

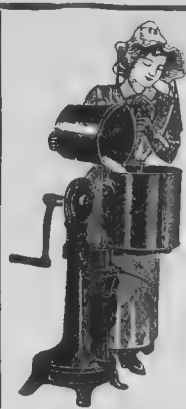
Resolved, for that's my last defence.
If I must perish, there to die."

Christ Stilling The Storm

It is Christ too who can soonest and surest appease the storm of passion in a human breast. In a furious naval engagement the ship commanded by Captain James Haldane was struck by a broadside that killed or wounded all her gunners. A relay of men was immediately piped to action, but for a moment the sight of their comrades mangled beside their guns made the brave fellows shrink. At this Captain Haldane burst into a fearful rage, imprecating the damnation of Almighty God upon every one of them. A veteran marine, shocked at his profanity, respectfully touched his cap, and said, "Captain, God hears prayer. If He had answered your prayer just now, where would be?" and then, with a bow, he went to his post of duty. After the battle Captain Haldane thought of the old sailor's words. They so affected him that he began to examine the claims of religion for himself. The conversion to God of James Haldane was an event whose results have long been a familiar story. It gave not only James Haldane himself, but Robert Haldane and Felix Neff, and Henry Pyt, and Merle d'Aubigne to the cause and kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

How She Found Rest

A lady was very anxious about her soul, and a minister asked her "Have you been in the habit of attending church?" "Yes, I have been to every church in the town; but the little comfort I get soon goes away again, and leaves me as bad as before." "Do you read the Bible at home?" "Sir, I am always reading the Bible; sometimes I get a little comfort, but it soon leaves me as wretched as ever." "Have you prayed for peace?" "O sir! I am praying all day long; sometimes I get a little peace after praying, but I soon lose it. I'm a miserable woman." "When you went to church, or prayed or read your Bible, did you rely on them to save you and give you comfort?" "I think I did." "Now read this verse. 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' Jesus said this. Have you gone to Jesus for rest?" The lady looked amazed, and tears welled up in her eyes.



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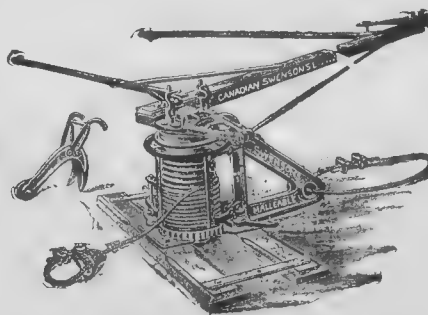
The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin, and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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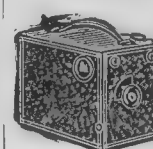
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Do It Now

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold of it once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they pick up the moments that the dawdlers lose. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the very first thing that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdotes of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word—now.

How Character Grows

Many people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

Your Bible

Don't be ashamed to let people see you reading your Bible. There are many boys who never look into their

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Light burst in upon her soul. She saw that only Jesus could save, and that He was willing to save everybody who came to Him with all the heart.

Children In Heaven

The late Dr. Pond, of Bangor, had several young children removed by death, and he left a tender and beautiful allusion to them in the following paragraph:—"I love to think of them as away from me at school—the best school in the universe, where they have the best teachers, and are learning the best things in the best possible manner. I expect ere long to go and see them—see what progress they have made, and to what heights of glory they are ultimately destined; for I think it is not unlikely that among the brightest spirits that surround the eternal throne may be found many at the last who have left this world in infancy."

Conveniently

A lady went into one of the large stores in Boston, where there are a number of young girls who act as saleswomen, and asked to look at a boy's hat. Not being quite sure what size she needed, she said, after looking at several, "I will look at one of six and five-eighths, if you can find one conveniently," thinking the girl might have to search through a large pile of them, and regretting the trouble it was causing.

The face of the young girl brightened as she said, with real gratitude, but with a pathetic tone, "No one ever says to us, 'If you can find one conveniently.'"

Alas! that we forget to be polite. We say he or she is hired to wait on customers, and we do not say "thank you," or act as though we appreciated anything done for us. That person makes many friends who goes through life with a smile and a kind word.



Automobile Meet at Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

Bible, except at family prayers, and not much then. A few odd minutes spent from time to time every day will give you a good store of Bible knowledge. Don't say the Bible is not interesting. Thousands of boys will pour for hours over silly tales which they think are worth spending their time on, and grudge five minutes a day spent in Bible reading. Don't neglect it, boys; it is the power of God unto salvation for you if you will take it into your heart.

His Business

A minister was travelling along a country road one day, winter, riding a rather long, lean horse, and he himself dressed in rather an old-looking cap and large camel cloak, when a gentleman came along, riding a fine horse, which was scared at the preacher and his horse. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, "ye wud scare the vera deel, sir." "That's my business, sir," said the preacher.

The First Fruits

A beautiful and significant instance of translating the Bible into present application and action, is seen in the case of a little girl, who had read the old Jewish law about giving first fruits to God. She had a strawberry bed in her garden, and when the first berries were ripe her sister said: "Oh, that's so nice! Now, you will have those sweet red berries to eat!"

But the other answered: "Oh, no! I don't eat the first fruits; I shall give them to God."

Her sister asked: "How can you give them to God?"

And she answered: "There is poor old Mrs. Gray, who is so sick and poor, and never has any thing nice: I shall carry them to her, for Jesus has said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.' That is the way I shall give the first fruits to God."

The Motherless

Sitting in a school-room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then turning away, she answered: "I do not want to hear another word. Willie has no mother." The boy's lips were silent; the rebuke came home to him, and stealing away he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "Willie," compared with his own happy lot. "He has no mother," so we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer no mother to listen to his sorrows? Speak gently to him, then.

Tea Drinking

By Wm. Gall—Winnipeg

Tea being the universal beverage drunk in nearly every home, it should be the aim in every household to procure good tea. There would thus be less attacks made against that article by the Medical Profession.

Fine teas are still grown. Why should the commissioner not have them?

The Test of Good Tea

Appearance:—The dry leaf should be even, well twisted, black or grey, with some tip and not stalky nor dusty.

Tip is the very young green leaf, not the flower.

The leaf must not be too large nor too small. The large leaf is bulkier and thus too large in the spoon, thus a smaller quantity by weight is used, and consequently thinner liquor is produced. Too small a leaf is of course exactly the reverse.

Touch:—The touch should be crisp, not soft.

Nose:—Smell the leaf. Has it fragrance or is it burnt? Is it tarry (caused by smoke in firing) or sourness (caused by over-fermentation)?

Infusion:—It is good if in the infu-

sion it is a bright copper color or "olive" approaching copper color.

The blacker the infused leaf the worse the liquor.

Liquor:—The liquor must be a fine clear brown. It must not be "muddy" nor too light.

Taste:—Is it "sour" "on sour" "over burnt" or "tar"? It should of course have none of these bad qualities.

Milk or cream:—Does it turn infusion "blae" which is bad or "ruddy" which is good.

How to Infuse Tea

Always use fresh water in the kettle and boil on a brisk fire. Be sure the water is actively boiling while being poured upon the tea. While it is being boiled, warm an earthenware tea-

pot of suitable size for the number of cups required and put in the correct quantity of dry tea—say a teaspoonful for each person and "one extra for the pot." When the water is thoroughly boiling, fill the teapot to the top, give the tea a gentle stir with a spoon, and set the teapot on the hob under a padded ea cosy and allow the tea to infuse for 10 to 15 minutes. The real quality and flavor of good tea can only be judged from an infusion of the time specified above. It is only cheap teas that become harsh and bitter after but two or three minutes infusion.

Russian Tea

Some people prefer tea made in the Russian fashion. The best results are obtained by using pure China tea for this beverage.

Infuse in the usual way for 10 to 15 minutes. Pour into a cup or glass and add a slice of lemon. Do not use milk or sugar.

This is a charming summer beverage.

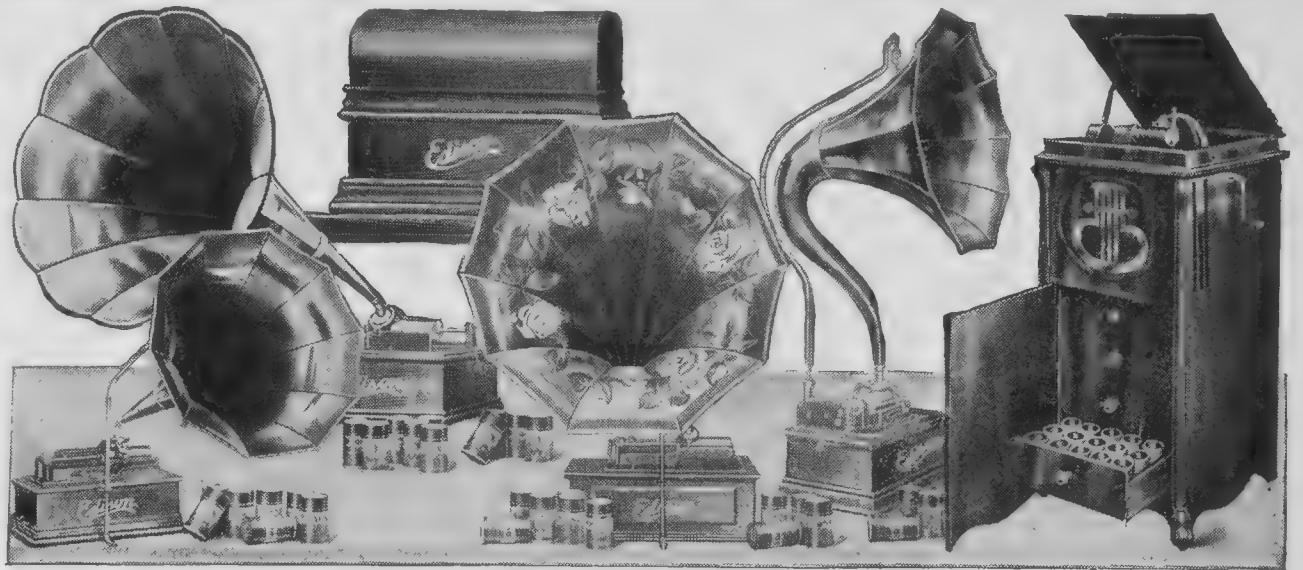
Tea as a Stimulant

Tea taken moderately prevents drowsiness, fatigue, and is a sovereign medicine against headache.

There is nothing yet discovered which is a substitute to the patient than "The Cup that Cheers," but not inebriates.

A Good Beginning, But—

Two students were on Carlton Hill, Edinburgh. One was inspired by the view, which extended to the opposite coast. He began a poem to celebrate the circumstance:



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HOW I KILLED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Even After Beauty Doctors, Electricity, Powders, Pastes and Liquid Depilatories Failed

(From a Correspondent)

"Killed" seems a strong word to use, but that is just what I wanted to do to the hair that disfigured my face and arms—I wanted to kill it, root and all, so that it will never live again. It spoiled my looks, made me seem old and masculine, and hence interfered with both social and business success.

I tried the ordinary dissolvants, and depilatories, but found them worthless—even dangerous. From a so-called specialist, I secured electrical treatment. It was painful and expensive, but I would have stood the suffering and cost had I not found that



the needle (electrolysis) often leaves scars that are even worse than the original hair. So I gave up hope, and in despair, I decided to try a method that I had read of in the "Ladies' Home Journal." It was the first of my life, until a traveling friend persuaded me to try a new and easy method learned from the Japanese. In it I found a way to actually kill the hair, and I permanently removed the superfluous growth, at the same time improving my complexion.

Having myself experienced so many previous disappointments, I have decided to forget my own sensitiveness, and for the benefit of my sex, I will gladly explain to others the method which cured me. It is nothing like the powder, paste and liquid preparations that simply burn off the exposed hair and ruin the skin. It is a discovery only recently introduced into this country and so simple that any woman can use it in the privacy of her own room, and in only a few minutes' time.

Many friends have said to me, "It seems too good to be true," but the test proved it true both for myself and others as well. If you will write me for full particulars, enclosing stamp for reply, which will be sent in plain, sealed envelope, you too may enjoy the same happy experience, for I will tell you fully and freely about this wonderful discovery so you can be just as successful as I was. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss, and address Mrs. Caroline Orsmond, Suite 994 B. R., 118 East 28th St., New York City, N. Y.

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The Home Doctor

Four Common Diseases

Measles

This apparently mild disease so often is regarded in the light of a joke that it does not receive proper attention. In many of the smaller towns, no quarantine is enforced and children are allowed to return to school before they have fairly recovered from the disease. As a result, the other children in the room are exposed to the contagion. This should not be allowed, for the after effects of measles frequently are very serious.

Measles is an extremely contagious disease. The contagion may be present in any of the secretions from the patient. It may be carried in the clothes of a third person. One attack usually protects from subsequent attacks, although recurrences have been known in the same person. However, the second attack usually is very mild.

The disease appears from seven to fourteen days after exposure. It is ushered in by a feverish cold; the eyes are watery, reddened and very sensitive to light. The nose "runs," there is loss of appetite and general feeling of chilliness and disinclination to exertion. The fever gradually rises to about one hundred and two degrees F., and may go one or two degrees higher while the eruption is appearing.

The eruption (breaking out) makes its appearance on the fourth day, usually occurring first on the forehead, then spreading to the remainder of the face and other parts of the body. At first this resembles small red papules or pimples. Later the face becomes blotchy-looking and swollen. The papules appear to be raised slightly. At times there are hemorrhages into the skin producing what is known as "black measles." Desquamation or peeling usually commences at the end of the first week. It appears fine and bran-like. About the time the eruption appears on the face small, bluish-white spots surrounded by a red area appear on the mucous membrane of the cheeks and lips. These are called "Koplik's sign," and are regarded as positive evidence of measles.

The complications of measles are more serious than the disease. Broncho pneumonia not unfrequently occurs. Otitis media or inflammation of the middle ear is not uncommon. Following measles tuberculosis may make its appearance.

The child with measles should be kept in bed for about a week and quarantined for four weeks. Milk, broth, gruel and eggs should be the chief articles of diet. The body should be rubbed with oil or fresh lard every day to allay the itching and also to prevent the scattering of the desquamated skin. While the eyes are sensitive to light the child should be kept in a darkened room, or should wear dark glasses. The eyes should be cleansed frequently with a solution of boric acid. If the rash is delayed, hot drinks and hot baths may be given. A dry cough may be relieved by keeping a steaming teakettle in the room.

Scarlet Fever

This is an acute contagious disease characterized by high fever, a scarlet rash sore throat, and a tendency to nephritis. The contagion usually is carried through clothes or in food, especially milk. The disease makes its appearance from a few hours to a week after exposure. It usually commences suddenly with vomiting or convulsions, sometimes with a chill. The throat is painful, and there is difficulty in swallowing. Examination shows the throat and entire posterior part of the mouth inflamed. The tongue at first is coated, then this disappears and the papilla become bright red and swollen giving the appearance known as "strawberry tongue."

The rash usually lasts from five to seven days, and is followed by a period of desquamation lasting from two to six weeks. The most dreaded complication is nephritis or inflammation of the kidneys. The urine should be examined daily, for even a mild attack of this disease may cause a serious kidney lesion. Plenty of water should be given to flush out the kidneys.

Among other complications are inflammation of the middle ear, which may produce deafness, and endocarditis, or inflammation of the lining of the heart. The patient should be kept in bed even though the attack be mild, as this prevents a strain on the heart. The bowels should be kept free and the body bathed every day to relieve the kidneys of some of their work. The throat should be sprayed or gargled every few hours with some mild antiseptic solution, as boric acid solution. The child should not be allowed to "blow" his nose hard, as this tends to force some of the secretions into the passages to the ears. In this disease, as well as in measles, oil rubs night and morning are very beneficial.

Diphtheria

This is an acute, contagious disease accompanied by moderate fever, great prostration and the formation of a false membrane upon certain parts, especially the throat and adjacent parts. The exciting cause is the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus, although the contraction of the disease is favored by damp houses and unhygienic surroundings.

Three-fourths of the cases occur in children before the tenth year. The disease commonly begins with fever, sore throat and a general tired feeling. The fever, as a rule, is not very high but the prostration is great. The child complains of difficulty in swallowing. Examination shows the presence of a false membrane, a grayish white coat which, when stripped off, leaves a raw, bleeding surface.

Absolute rest must be enforced during the course of this disease. It is better that the atmosphere be kept moist by generating steam in a kettle or by slaking quicklime in the room. The mortality from this disease has decreased wonderfully since the introduction of antitoxin. The best results are obtained when this is given in the early stages of the disease. Aside from this, stimulation may be necessary at times. One great danger is heart failure. This danger is not past when the child apparently is well. In many cases anaemia, or lack of good blood, follows this disease and must be treated by tonics, fresh air and nourishing food. Paralysis of some portion of the body sometimes follows, but this usually disappears within a few months.

Whooping Cough

Almost every spring an epidemic of whooping cough appears in towns, perhaps due to germs that have remained in the house all winter, but have just been aroused by the spring cleaning. Probably the first symptoms noticed by the mother are a slight hacking cough, which gradually is prolonged and increased in severity. It does not seem to respond to the ordinary remedies. The paroxysms seem to be worse at night when the child is lying down. The general health is not much impaired, although vomiting may follow a severe spell of coughing. Usually the typical whoop is not heard until about three weeks. The child may have from twelve to fifty severe paroxysms of coughing during the twenty-four hours. The stage of whooping lasts about three weeks, although the cough may remain for some time. The entire course of the disease varies from a few weeks to several months.

The chief dangers are the sequela or the results. Pneumonia or tuberculosis not uncommonly follow this disease. The latter, especially, makes its appearance so insidiously that its presence frequently is not suspected until irreparable ravages have been made. In the early stages of the disease, the severity may be lessened by spraying the mouth and throat several times a day with a mild antiseptic solution. Fresh air, sunlight and protection from inclement weather are necessary. A tight binder pinned around the abdomen will

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business and pleasure trip, stay at the best hotels and live like a Lord and clean up \$10.00 every day. Work at amusement places, crowded street corners, manufacturing institutions anywhere and everywhere, ten minutes' walk from home or on the other side of the globe. Just set the machine up any place you happen to select, and clean up \$10.00 above operating expenses each and every day.

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My proposition is the WONDERFUL NEW COMBINATION CAMERA, with which you can take and instantaneously develop eleven entirely different styles of pictures including buttons, four styles and sizes of Paper Post Cards and six styles of tintype pictures. Every plate is developed without the use of films or negatives, and is ready to deliver to your customer in less than a minute after making the exposure. This REMARKABLE INVENTION takes 100 pictures an hour. Everybody wants pictures, and every sale you make advertises your business and makes more sales for you.

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Simple instructions accompany each outfit and you can begin to make money in fifteen minutes after the camera reaches you. A trifling investment will get this WONDERFUL OUTFIT for you and put you in a position to make \$2,500 a year. If you want to be independent, and absolutely your own boss write me today and I will send you by return mail full free information regarding this WONDERFUL PROPOSITION, including letters offering positive proofs from every part of the world. Don't delay, answer this announcement to-day.

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HOW TO HAVE EYES THAT FASCINATE

Wonderful Free Secret Makes Eyes Strong and Healthy as well as Beautiful

Many with Weak Eyes can Throw Away their Glasses.

EYELASHES AND EYEBROWS Can also be Made Beautiful

Without beautiful eyes, no one is really beautiful while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please or appear forceful.

Without strong eyes no one can enjoy life to the utmost. Those whose eyes are weak and who have to wear glasses are greatly handicapped in life's race.



Through the wonderful discovery and free advice of a distinguished Professor of Chemistry at a leading English University, you may have eyes as radiant as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others—eyes that people call wonderful.

This scientific discovery enables many with weak eyes to throw their glasses away and make their vision stronger and more capable. Neither operation nor dangerous drugs are necessary.

His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well-arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond.

In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides cleaning the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellow sear. If you wish to make your eyes bright, healthy, and beautiful, write to-day, enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply, (please state whether Mr. Mrs. or Miss) and address your letter to "Sight-Saver" Smith 994 R. C. Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free.

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be found to lessen the severity of the coughing, and also tends to prevent vomiting. As vomiting is common, it is better to have the child eat a little every two hours than to eat three full meals. If the coughing period is prolonged, the lungs should be tested about every week so that tuberculosis may not become established without the knowledge of the parents.

Health Through Vibration

Vibration is the foundation of the universe. If this great force should be taken away from us, all matter, both animate and inanimate, would instantly be dissolved. Chaos would reign. The busy world, with all its attendant

but little about electricity it has been proven beyond doubt that even this subtle force is transmitted by vibration.

When one thinks of the important part that vibration plays in the Universe it is not to be wondered at that this great force has proven to be such a wonderful curative agent. As a relief for congestion of any sort, vibration is regarded by scientists to be the most logical and effective measure ever discovered.

Did you ever bump your funny bone? Of course you have. And the first thing you did was to grab for your elbow and rub it. It was a natural thing to do, and relief was almost instantly effected. Nature told you in her own way how to relieve the shocked nerves, and instantly you followed her instructions. When you rubbed

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

Mrs. H. S. Duncan

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 tablespoonful butter | 1 cupful grated cheese |
| 1 tablespoonful flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk |
| 3 eggs | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt |

Pinch Cayenne

Melt butter; when hot, add flour, stirring until smooth; then add gradually milk and seasoning, stirring constantly; cook 2 minutes and set away to cool; when cool add yolks of eggs and cheese, lastly folding in well-beaten whites of eggs. Bake 25 minutes in well-buttered dish.

LEMON CURD

Mrs. J. A. Henderson

- | | |
|----------|-----------------|
| 2 eggs | 2 ozs. butter |
| 3 lemons | 2 cupfuls sugar |

Put all ingredients in a jar and place in boiling water; boil $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

LEMON HONEY

Mrs. W. Frame

- 1 large cupful white sugar
Grated rind and juice of 1 large lemon, or 2 small lemons
Yolks of 3 eggs and white of 1 egg
1 tablespoonful butter

Melt the butter; add the sugar and rind and juice of lemon; when this boils, add the eggs, well-beaten; cook for a few minutes—till it becomes clear like honey.

This is delicious with toast, or makes nice sandwiches or filling for cake or tarts.

SNOW CAKE

Miss A. H. E. Pullar

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 lb. arrowroot | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. castor sugar | 6 eggs (whites) |

Flavoring, essence of almonds, vanilla or lemon to taste

Cream the butter, stir in sugar and arrowroot gradually, at same time beating the mixture; whip whites of eggs to stiff froth and add to other ingredients, beating all well for 20 minutes; add flavoring and bake in well-buttered pan in moderate oven from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

beauties, would instantly fly into countless millions of atoms, and all which was once the pride of Creation would be no more. This scarcely seems believable but scientists have spent years and years in the study of this wonderful force, and all are agreed that it is the greatest force in the world—actually the foundation of the universe, the force upon which all matter depends.

All matter is composed of a countless number of minute particles called ions. These ions are constantly vibrating, each or its respective are, and each doing its small part to keep the universe in tune. Light is one form of vibration. Here the vibrations are very rapid, and are detected by the delicate organism of the eye. Sound is another form of vibration, that is detected by the ear drums, and although we know

the shocked nerves the blood was sent rushing through the veins and arteries and the tension was relieved. Vibration acts in just the same way, but there are so many compressions and relaxations, every second, with an electric vibrator that the force is infinitely more effective.

Hand massage is being used a great deal, by physical culturists and osteopaths for the alleviation of pain and they are accomplishing some startling results. Vibration is the 20th Century massage. It is man's improvement on Nature's remedy, and is as superior to the old-fashioned hand massage as an incandescent lamp is to a candle.

The primary action of vibration is to stimulate the circulation. The alternating compression and relaxation in

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largest, lightest loaf

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countless numbers every second, sends the blood galloping through every vein, artery and capillary, washing all the poisons away and restoring the infected or congested parts to a normal condition. A perfect circulation is established. And a perfect circulation is the basis of perfect health. The blood is the purifier as well as the life giver, and when it flows perfectly to every part of the body it instills life and drives away any infection that may be present.

As a relief for rheumatism many eminent physicians claim that the electric vibration excels anything heretofore adopted by the profession. A perfect circulation is established in the infected part, and the coagulated poisons which caused those awful aches and pains are dispelled and it is not infrequent that the relief is permanent.

For facial massage every one knows that the vibrator stands without a peer. There is no need now of any one having pimples, blackheads, or a muddy complexion. The vibrator has been endorsed by beauty culturists the world over as the greatest aid to natural beauty ever discovered. And where will you find a woman who has not welcomed the coming of the vibrator with a feeling of joy. The day is fast coming when an electric vibrator will be as common in the boudoir as the powder puff or the nail file.

If your head aches after a hard day's work just apply the vibrator for a few minutes, and you will be surprised how quickly your headache will disappear. And for the women who are afflicted with those deadly racking, stinging headaches so common to their sex, the vibrator is a salvation. The cures are effected so quickly, so pleasantly and permanently that you will agree with thousands of other users of the vibrator that the first cure more than pays for the little instrument.

The vibrating chair is one of the most effective devices ever invented for dispelling for ever that "tired feeling" which is becoming so chronic to our race. Usually the treatment that physical culturists and physicians give with the vibrating chair are very expensive, but one manufacturer of electric vibrators has perfected an attachment which can be connected with an ordinary rocker in your own home. This enables you to have the vibrating chair with all its invigorating forces right in your own home, at a cost so low that we believe it will not be long before there will be a vibrating chair in every home.

One of the greatest uses to which the vibrator has been put, and the use for which men and women the world over are praising it, is its rare ability to make the weak strong.

Men who have not had the advantage of an athletic training, and in consequence are not blessed with a vigorous body, herald the vibrator as a salvation. By the continued use of the vibrator the muscles are exercised and enlarged. Strength and power are instilled into the body and robust health results. The rich red blood is sent galloping through the veins and arteries, and new life, new enthusiasm, new vigor marks every action. The quickness and buoyancy of youth is renewed, and life once more is made worth while.

There are a lot of people who have the idea that an electric vibrator is a very, very expensive luxury, but such is not the case. Firstly, the little instrument can accomplish so much that it is unjust to call it a luxury; and the day it fast coming when it will be regarded as a necessity in every home. And, secondly, the cost of a vibrator is small. There are numerous attachments which come with all good machines, which enable one to use it for a host of purposes. The whole family can

find a use for it every day. The manufacture has been systematized, and the cost of production reduced to such an extent now that there is no excuse for any one who feels the need of one of these wonderful little instruments for not having one in his home.

Laugh Lumps

Getting Out of Trouble

She—"Just look at the trouble money can get you into."

He—"Yes, but look at the trouble it can get you out of."—Boston Transcript.

One Way Out

Mother—"I really think you'd be happier if you married a man who had less money."

Daughter—"Don't worry; he will have less in a short time."

Not Like Her

"What dirty hands you have, Johnnie," said the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school like that?"

"I wouldn't say nothin'," replied Johnnie. "I'd be too polite."—Delineator.

Bound To Get It

Tommy, after going to bed, became thirsty, or thought he did. He called out.

"Ma, I want a drink."

The mother's voice answered back,

"Tommy, you go to sleep."

Tommy grunted, turned over and was silent for ten minutes. Then again,

"Ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, you go right to sleep," was the reply.

Intense silence again for ten minutes. Then,

"Say, ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, if you don't go right to sleep, I'll come and spank you."

More silence, this time for about two minutes. And then,

"Say, ma, when you come to spank me, won't you bring me a drink!"—Detroit News Tribune.

What Was The Good

It was the day before a patriotic celebration at a school, and the teacher had warned her class to be especially careful on the following day as the Mayor would be there. Evidently there was some misunderstanding, for one boy remarked later, "I don't see the good in putting a mare among us to kick us."

Too Bad

The father had gone away and left his only son in charge of the shop.

"Are you head of the firm?" asked the man with a sample case, who had just come in.

"No, sir," remarked the young man, with a smile. "I'm only the heir of the head."

Nicely Defined.

Teacher: "What is a hypocrite, Tommy?"

Tommy: "A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

Going to the Dogs

Teacher: "With whom did Achilles fight the battle of Troy?"

Pupil: "Phuto."

Teacher: "Wrong; try again."

Pupil: "Nero."

Teacher: "Nero? How did you—"

Pupil: "Theft it must have been Hector. I knew it was one of our three dogs."

Change.

The watch chain father used to wear stretched right across his vest,

A-flashing very gayly there,

Somewhat below his chest.

Is now by inches much too small,

And can't be well arranged.

The watch chain hasn't shrunk at all—

But, ah! how dad has changed!

—Detroit News.



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About the Farm

A Pilot of the Pioneers

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans, Crystal City.

IT was the guiding star to the intrepid pioneer who in the spring months of 1879 emigrated from Ontario homes to Manitoba's prairie land, selecting for himself a habitation upon lands which in these times represent well settled and prosperous districts of Southern Manitoba.

The eye of the pioneer scanned the horizon as he trekked forward. He longed to obtain a first glance of the butte of land situate two miles northward of the Pilot Mound of today. To the settler of 1879, the eminence was a prominent feature of the landscape, the welcome guide post into the fastnesses of a lonely land. With eager gaze he awaited its appearance, to him it would be as the lighthouse marked upon the chart delineative of his course, the bearings by which he had been directed to undertake his journey.

Today the traveller upon the southwestern branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway observes the "pioneer's landmark" after his train has emerged from the defiles eastward of Wood Bay; to his gaze the butte is as a mountain miniature in dimension. To the contrary, it may be termed as the beacon hill of an upland country stretching in a northerly direction to Swan Lake and the Pembina Valley.

The butte of Pilot Mound is somewhat unique in characteristic. Upon its summit today a cluster of trees are visible; in days of autumn a forest of shocks adorns its eastern slope; the home of a farmer is situate at its base; and at a distance of five miles in a southwesterly direction the town of Crystal City appears in bold relief.

The dimensions of the butte cannot be designated as of great area. Its lengthy graduating slope from crown to base furnishes a difficult problem to arrive at any circumferential size with accuracy; it is but the terminal of an upland ridge from a wooded and broken country at its northern side. To the casual observer the "lone mountain" conclusion is at once arrived at, and he may be pardoned for so erroneous an impression, but in reality the butte is the last elevation of land from a continuation of peaks of much less altitude and area, a fact at once apparent from the highways of the adjacent vicinity. As corroborative testimony of this, there can be observed creations of similar characteristics to its northward, whilst an eminence known in topographical records as Star Mound is situate southward possibly eighteen miles distant.

The question is asked, it will continue to be so, to what source can the origin of Pilot Mound butte be traced? Much discussion has ensued in the solution of this query. By no means has this enquiry confined itself to those who dwell within the radius of its view. Even the scientific world has not been dormant over the matter; various conjectures have emanated from various learned bodies. Perchance there may have arisen one idea for the butte's formative basis in one aspect of the subject which undoubtedly possesses its adherents. It is that in the age during which the Mound Builder is credited with his laborious tasks, his operations were directed in creation of this sentinel upon the prairie land; however, this theory has received strenuous denial. Would it not be closer to a correct solution of the matter to credit the butte's formation as resultant of an upheaval of the land, possibly volcanic in its origin?

In the plan of creation it was not given to man but to surmise upon such matters; an age prehistoric might have witnessed the butte's formation at the hands of its supposed builders. Who amongst us can even conjecture?

It can be remarked, however, that whilst the creative opinion regarding Pilot Mound butte may assume differential attitudes, it is an authenti-

cated fact that this pioneer's landmark has performed its part in the drama of Manitoba's past history. Upon its summit many councils of the once mighty hunters of the plains have taken place, and the idea is yet current amongst the Indians of a reserve in the not distant neighborhood, that beneath the sod of the butte more than one brave warrior of now defunct tribes awaits the summons to another hunting ground. There is without doubt much connection of Pilot Mound butte with historical Manitoba if the story could be unfolded.

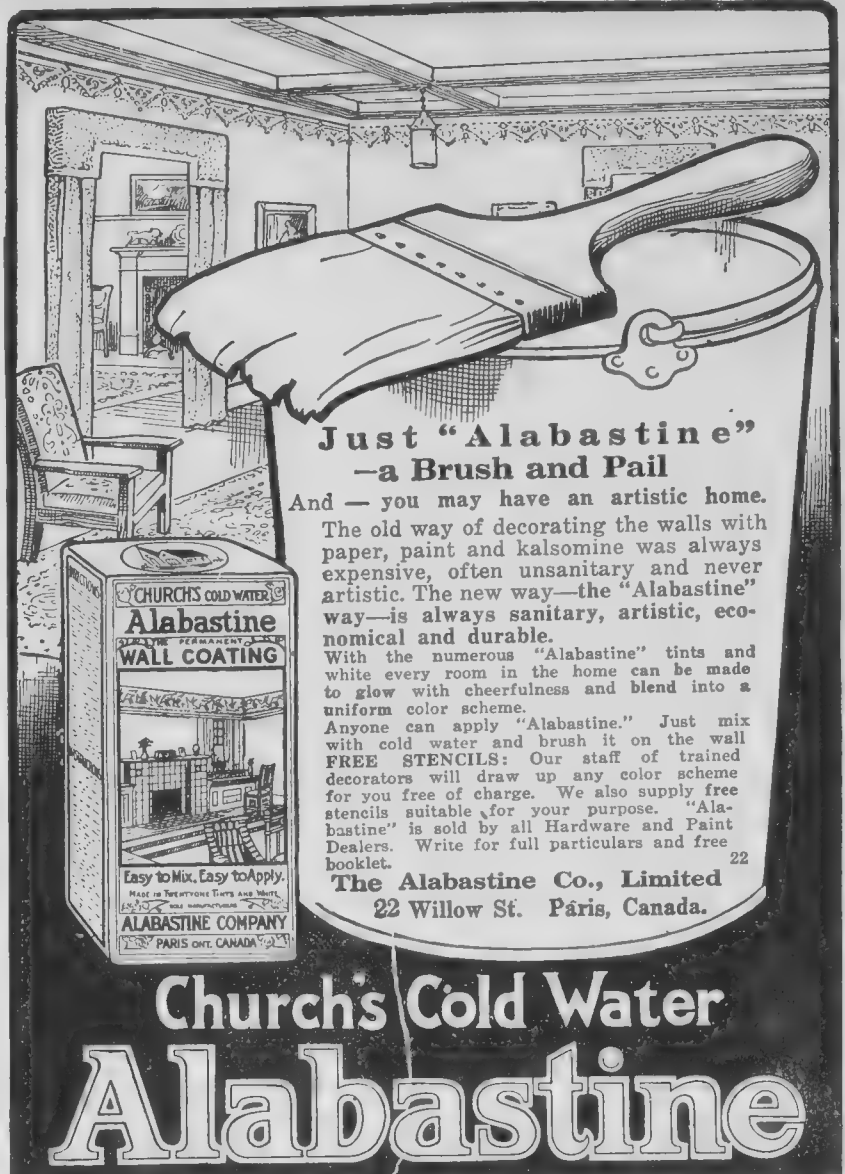
In the vicinity of the butte is another similar formation of land. Upon its slopes in 1862 a bloodthirsty conflict was engaged in between several bands of Indians. But the story of this fierce encounter as related to the writer by a man actually engaged in the fight, and to whom today the octogenarian years have passed into memory, may be related at a future date.

Let the history of Pilot Mound butte be as it may, and its creation a matter of conjecture alone, the presence of this landmark upon the prairie was a welcome sight to the pioneer, one of the earliest of whom in relating his journey into Southern Manitoba in 1879, made the remark that even in the old home town in Ontario, and the railway destination of Manitoba's emigrant at that time was at the frontier town of Emerson, for the highway of steel had not at this date entered into Winnipeg, the butte in close proximity to the town of Pilot Mound was alluded to as the guide post into the then unsettled wilderness into which the pioneers of 1879 were about to penetrate.

And today this ancient landmark stands forth in suns of summer and winter's boisterous days as in the time when the smoke of the Indian's teepee curled over its summit.

Silent witness of that great transformation scene through which this once land of the hunting lodge has passed, today Pilot Mound butte rears its height above a gigantic area dotted with the homes of a prosperous people, at whose firesides are a scattering of those who in the long years ago glanced across the trackless prairie for the landmark to which they had been directed.

Pilot Mound butte is the sentinel standing upon a fertile plain of the Southern Manitoba of today.



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Write us today. Don't delay.

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largest farms. They operate on low or high grade fuel oils. The I H C engine line also includes portable, skidded and stationary engines from 1 to 50-horse power, which can be used to run any farm machine. The I H C local agent will give you catalogues and full information, or, write the nearest branch house.

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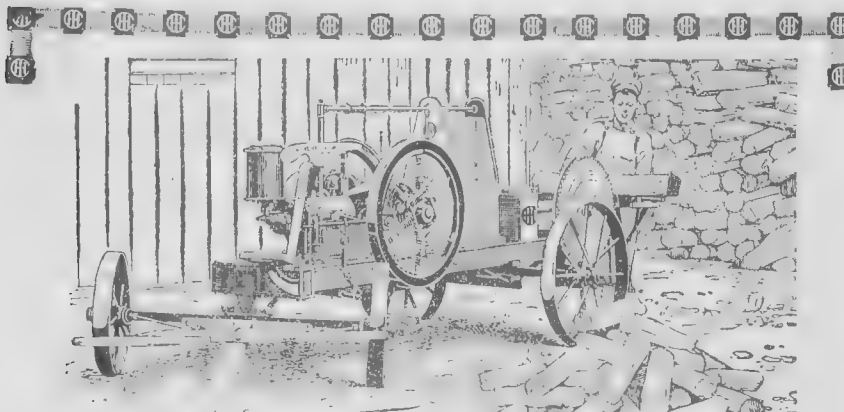
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Gentlemen:—There is no fault to find with your fence. The fencing I put up 4 years ago is just as good as the day I put it up, showing no sign of rust, and giving good satisfaction. The Peerless stands the test better than any other make that I have seen. Yours truly,
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Send for our latest catalog. Ask about our poultry fencing and ornamental gates. Agencies nearly everywhere. **Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.**

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Agents wanted in open territory. **Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.**



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The Sow and Her Litter

When a litter appears, the food of the sow should be changed, the mid-dlings or coarse toppings being usually preferred, and on this food the youngsters quickly learn to feed until they are fit for weaning, when the food is gradually changed to barley meal or whatever the farmer prefers. Much, however, depends upon the type and quality of the sow. She should be large, with broad loins, a long body, deep flank, a good udder, with a full complement of teats, and head and ears rather lengthy than too short. However much we may admire the short-headed pig with prick ears, she is less prolific and apt to lay on fat without a sufficient complement of lean, and to lay it on, too, on the least profitable part of the carcass. It is well that the history of a breeding sow should be obtained, especially as regards her milking properties, her aptitude to fatten, and her constitution, but whether she is pure-bred or not, she should be mated with a boar of equally good practical pedigree. It is more important that the sow should be large than the boar should possess his qualification. The cost of feeding depends to some extent upon the size of the pig, but one thing is quite certain, that the food should not be stinted; when with her pigs the sow should be supplied with all she

cows considered the highest, prove in the test to be the lowest.

3. Cow testing saves good cows from being beefed; they are found to be profitable when actual yield and cost of feed are considered, and it shows that many fine-looking cows do not bring in much cash from the factory.

4. Cow testing helps to discover the great difference in persistency of flow and it brings to notice the slightest variation in flow and urges one to see to the cause of shrinkage.

B.—Herds as a Whole.

1. Cow testing helps to increase the total yield of milk and fat from the same number of cows.

2. Cow testing brings in larger returns from fewer cows.

3. Cow testing helps to build up a profitable herd quickly because heifers can be selected from the best cows.

C.—Feed.

1. Cow testing allows more discrimination in feeding.

2. Cow testing emphasizes the benefit of liberality in feeding succulent, digestible foodstuffs.

3. Cow testing abundantly proves that it pays handsomely to give dairy cows the best of care and kind treatment; this includes regularity as to milking, protection from cold, and the supply of good water.



Piggy at Breakfast

needs, and the young pigs as well; when without them grazing and a few handfuls of grain daily, whether barley, maize or beans, will frequently be found sufficient to keep her in good condition.

One of the most important points in pig-breeding is to get together a number of first-class breeding sows and to take care to keep them and the best of their progeny, which should be gradually improved. One object should be to get off the young pigs as early as possible and to keep them going from birth. It is necessary to be more or less tied to time in order to obtain two litters in a year, but it is equally important that the second should be sufficiently early to enable the young pigs to be sold before the advent of the cold weather, when they frequently fail to thrive.—"Canadian Farm."

Benefits of Cow Testing

The following good reasons why every dairy farmer should commence and continue the system of cow testing have been classified:

A.—Individual Cows

1. Cow testing enables one to find out the poorest cows, those not paying for their feed, so that they may be got rid of.

2. Cow testing shows that many cows considered only average are really the best in the herd, and that many

D.—The Dairyman Himself.

1. Keeping records makes one more observant of all those little details that go to make up success.

2. Because cow testing develops this faculty of observation and induces reading and study, we are becoming far better dairymen.

3. The employees take more interest in tested cows, consequently they give them better attention and get more milk.

4. Cow testing increases one's love for good cows, and creates infinitely more pleasure in the work of the farm.

5. Financially, cow testing is of very great benefit; young bulls sell for higher prices; cows sell for double the old prices when buyers see records.

Never Tease the Horses

Teasing, tickling and beating a horse should never be practised. Very often when the team is being rested for a few minutes, the driver amuses himself by teasing them. Horses are very sensitive animals, and such treatment only serves to keep them "on edge" and deprives them of the rest which the driver thinks they are enjoying. They seldom appreciate the joke. It would be far better if the driver's time were employed raising the collar or rubbing the perspiration off from under the collar. Beating tends to make the horse

vicious, and a vicious horse is troublesome, to say the least.

Many make the mistake of increasing the grain ration to overtired horses. During a few days of very hard work, the feed of oats is often increased fifty per cent. This is not always in the best interests of the horse, although the feeder firmly believes it is. Such rapid increases, when the horse's energy is being all expended at his work, leaving very little in reserve to be used in the process of digestion, leaves the animal in a fit state for colic or acute indigestion.

Where extremely hard work is done, it is best to prepare the horse for it by increasing his ration little by little, so that it is at its maximum before the animal is thrust into the over-taxing labor. If it is to last for a few days only, it would be better not to increase it at all than to feed a heavy feed only on the days of the extra work. An over-tired horse positively cannot properly digest a concentrate feed which is far in excess of that to which he is accustomed.

There are hundreds of little things which make for the welfare of the working horse—little things which any driver can do if he takes an interest in his team, and which common sense should teach him to be right. Give the hard-worked horses every attention possible, and they will amply repay you for the trouble.

Killing Sow Thistles

An American magazine says that it is an excellent plan to disc the field infested with sow thistles. It suggests, however, that unless the land can be disced thoroughly enough to entirely destroy all of the leaves of the sow thistle, it would be better to plow in the summer, then keep it thoroughly weeded and harrowed during the fall so that no growth could start. A safer crop for the land, or one that would be more likely to enable one to kill out the sow thistles, would be corn, or if this is not possible barley. By sowing the barley early in the spring, the crop could be removed early enough so that the land could be plowed at once and give the sow thistles a hard rub again next fall, by preventing them from growing for the last three months of the season.

Chrysler's Farm

(Centennial 1813—1913)

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne, Carberry.

In the opening up of our great West and North there is a tendency on the part of Canadians to forget the early beauty spots of our land, or if they are remembered, to consign them to the background of the past. One

THE STORY OF BILL.

(A Sad Tale with a Very Practical Moral.)

There was a man, his name was Bill,
Who never used a fanning mill;
He sowed just any kind of seed—
To fan it said there was no need.

The weeds grew rank—they mostly do—
Grey, white and yellow, red and blue;
But yellow seemed the favorite shade,
In gold the fields were all arrayed.

Years came and went—that's nothing new—
And Bill kept on a-farming too,
But still he never fanned his seeds
And thicker matted grew the weeds.

Bill shipped his grain—I mean his weeds—
He kept no stock to eat the seeds—
His grade "rejected" always went
With dockage sixty-five per cent.

I'll cut it short—the story's sad—
The sheriff came; the sale went bad.
And now a hired man named Bill,
Revolves his neighbor's fanning mill.

—G.B.

Free Trip to the Winnipeg Exhibition for 100 Boys from the Farms of Manitoba

The Canadian Industrial Exhibition at Winnipeg have instituted a Farm Boys' Club for their forthcoming Exhibition, July 8th to 16th; the Association undertaking at their expense to bring to Winnipeg 100 boys from the farms of Manitoba, paying transportation, supplying them with their meals, and lodging whilst in Winnipeg. To enter the contest a boy, between the ages of 14 and 19, must write an essay on "The Prairie Farm" (1) How best to improve it; (2) Why I wish to remain on it; (3) The necessity of mixed farming; (4) How to make farm life more enjoyable; the same to be delivered to the Association on or before May 1st, and the 100 boys who have forwarded the best essays will be chosen for the trip. In addition to the trip \$200 is offered in prizes for the best four essays in such a way that one boy may win \$80 in a special prize in addition to having the benefit of the trip. When in Winnipeg the boys will visit the stockyards, some of the principal factories, car shops, etc. Full particulars may be obtained from any school teacher or school inspector or directly from A. W. Bell, manager, Winnipeg. The Club will be under the control of Principal Black of Manitoba Agricultural College, R. Fletcher, Deputy Minister of Education and the Association.

hundred years ago the possibilities of our prairies and mines were almost undreamed of, but the early settler was well satisfied with his grant of land in old Ontario. The tract of country lying along the shores of the St. Lawrence river was at that period one of the richest farming districts to be found anywhere in the New World. The counties of Dundas and Stormont were well peopled with the Scotch, to whom "race suicide" was an unknown term, families of ten, twelve and fourteen children being nothing phenomenal. The Dutch too were a boon to Ontario, many of whom were of the United Empire Loyalist body and who equalled, if not excelled, the Scot in farming aptitude, industry and thrift. The roads of a century ago were well-travelled, though innocent of macadam, and the old river road—so called because it followed closely the windings of the majestic St. Lawrence—was the main highway. Except in parts where its route could not be improved upon the old river road has been superseded by the broad thoroughfare of the present day.

There is no more pleasing sight in Ontario than its old farmsteads, most of them prosperous in appearance and each one with a quaint history of its own. What greater evidence of the industry of those pioneer settlers have we! Each farm is set like a jewel in the valley of the St. Lawrence and not a one but has its share of maple trees and its goodly fruit orchard. Notwithstanding the use of up-to-date machinery and other labor-saving devices of the present time, one finds traces of old ideas—

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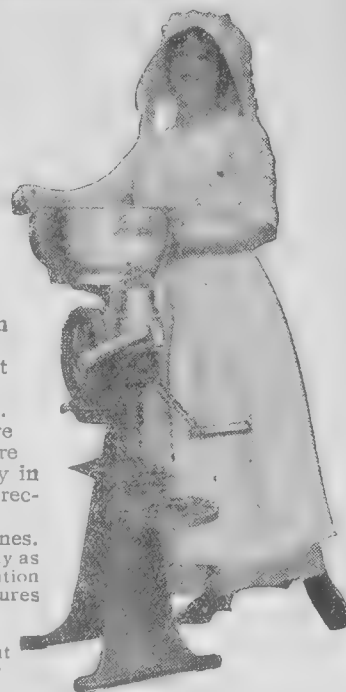
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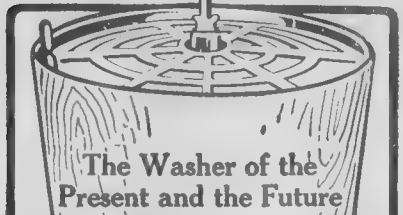
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Washing-machines are not new but the New Century is. The other kinds did some of the work, the New Century does almost all the work. The others gave trouble, the New Century saves trouble. The difference is in the patented and exclusive features of the New Century. Ask your dealer about them or send to us for full information.

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Heider eveners distribute the load so every horse pulls an equal share. That means better work from each horse, easier work for you. They are made for 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 horses. The 4-horse plow eveners work four horses abreast on gang, sulky and disk plows, 1 horse in furrow, 3 on unplowed ground. Heider 3-horse eveners for wagon, manure spreader, grain drill, or any implement with pole.

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old implements and vessels which the farmer still clings to, if only as relics of the past. Among these are to be seen old hand-plows, carpet-loom and spinning-wheels, ancient grain mills—used by hand—pole-and-bucket wells, brass sugar-cauldrons and a great many huge unwieldy tools. We note here and there also an old tall brick chimney, crumbling with age and leaning at a precarious angle, like the tower of Pisa.

One such chimney as this stood for many years near the spot where the battle of Chrysler's Farm was fought



Monument on Chrysler's Farm, Battleford, Morrisburg, Ont.

and was indeed the only mark until replaced by the modern granite monument of today. This fitting tribute to the bravery of our soldiers stands in a large field, midway between the Grand Trunk Railway and the St. Lawrence river and is easily seen for miles. Guarded upon either side by cannon it arrests the attention of travellers by railway, road and river. At this point the banks of the St. Lawrence are high and form numerous tiny bays and coves. The country round about is one of gently-rolling hills, so that in point of excellence no better battling ground could have been chosen. Sweet clover in great profusion adorns these hill-sides and driving along the road on a bright August day one finds it difficult to realize that grim war once had possession of the peaceful scene.

The American expedition had planned to capture Montreal and had been in course of preparation all summer and fall of the year 1813. Elated by a few former triumphs they were quite unprepared for the onslaught of the British at Chrysler's Farm. Counting upon reaching Montreal before winter they began the descent of the St. Lawrence from Sackett's Harbor on Lake Ontario on the 17th of October and made rather slow progress, owing to contrary winds and the illness of two of their leaders. But the British noted their slightest move from the Canadian side of the river and besieged the flotilla at intervals, and while scarcely reducing their numbers to any extent, succeeded in harassing them for some weeks. From the spot where now is the town of Prescott the British proceeded rapidly eastward in the first week of November. Their able and daring naval officer, Captain Mulcaster, with a few gunboats travelled by water. With the batteries at Prescott, the musketry and charge from the boats, they probably gave an exaggerated idea of their forces.

On the tenth of November the Americans anchored for the night upon the Canadian side a few miles below the present town of Morrisburg. Two bri-

gades had been sent over previously to scout the land and report if it was safe for the main line to advance. They had started under bad auspices—lateness of the season and insufficient resources together with the illness of their leader—before mentioned—being the greatest drawbacks. Their chances were doomed from the first. The battle was a short one, beginning about two-thirty in the morning of the eleventh of November and continuing for two hours. The British fought with the strength of their whole army—eight hundred regular infantry, besides the gunboats. On the contrary, the enemy advanced in detachments and fought as it were in parts, although their full army numbered considerably over two thousand and they had as auxiliary six field-pieces. The natural ambuscades afforded by the hills gave the British the best vantage ground and from behind these they kept up a brave charge of musketry and artillery. When at four-thirty, long before the dawn, one of the American leaders fell, his brigade lost courage and was driven back and instantly the whole line gave away in utter disorder and retreated to the river. The British took one hundred prisoners and suffered the loss of twenty-two killed, with nearly two hundred wounded. The gaps in the enemy's army were comparatively much greater and what remained of the American forces took to the boats in haste and proceeded down the river under the cover of darkness, for it was not yet daylight. Their defeat is known as the most discreditable one of the war of 1812—1814.

The owner of the land upon which the engagement took place was Colonel John Chrysler, one of the German settlers, who became a man of wide influence in the county. He acquired considerable wealth as farmer, merchant, justice of the peace, colonel of militia and representative of Dundas county in Parliament. The primitive log house which was his home in the year of the battle was replaced in later years by a handsome structure, known far and wide as "The Chrysler Mansion." The monument, a photo of which accompanies this sketch, was unveiled with fitting ceremony on September 25th, 1895, and in all the large concourse which attended, Samuel Chrysler, a son of Colonel John Chrysler, was the sole survivor of those who had actually witnessed the battle. Although but seven years of age on that occasion he remembered being placed with other chil-



Ancient Elm Trees on the Banks of the St. Lawrence near Chrysler's Farm.

dren in the cellar of his home for safety, and could recollect the booming of the cannon and the other unmistakable sounds of battle. In 1845 the farm became the property of Mr. James Croil, who christened it "Archerfield." The estate comprised about five hundred acres—almost a "section" in the West—but nearly half of it was primeval forest. For twenty-five years Mr. Croil occupied "Archerfield," after which, as land rose in value, the farm was subdivided, until today only the monument and the few surrounding acres remain as links of the past.

Among the many interesting relics of the Battle of Chrysler's Farm is an old-fashioned brass spy-glass or telescope, about three feet in length, which is the valued possession of a United Empire Loyalist descendant who lives within a few miles of the old battle ground. One can fancy with what alternate trepidation and triumph its first owner must have swept the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, whereon are now to be seen only the vessels of commerce and peace.

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Trails

Some Things We Can Learn from Them.

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By H. Mortimer Batten.

TRAILING is one of the most interesting sections in the art of woodcraft, because it brings before us the wonderful provisions nature has made in constructing the feet of various animals in a manner that will best suit their surroundings. As an elementary illustration, it will be noticed that the animals that spend their lives on snowy or swampy ground have all large and spreading feet to prevent them from sinking, while those that live on hard land, and are dependent to a large extent upon their running powers, have usually small and compact feet.

Take, for instance, our domestic dogs. The instincts of the spaniel and the otter hound, with their large spreading paws, are such that these dogs are far better suited for hunting in marshy and swampy land than on dry land; while exactly the reverse applies to the fox terrier, the grey-hound and the deer-hound. The spaniel has little speed, and therefore in open country he is comparatively helpless in comparison with many of the small-pawed members of the canine tribe, but he can hunt with ease and alacrity where the speedy greyhound would be hopelessly at a loss.

The reindeer is the only member of the deer family that migrates as a regular habit. Winter and summer these animals are constantly on the move, travelling many hundreds of miles from one feeding ground to another. Thus nature has provided them with snowshoes, but yet another wonderful provision has nature made designing the hoofs of the reindeer.

When the animal walks, its hoofs click loudly at every step. Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known American naturalist, advances the theory that the object of this clicking is to keep the herds together when travelling at night time, just as the constant twittering one hears high in the heavens during autumn nights keeps the migrating birds together. The reindeer do not call to one another—that would not be safe in a land of so many enemies—and if a reindeer herd passed near to you at night time, and you did not know what to listen for, you would probably hear nothing to arouse suspicion. Yet if you knew what to listen for you would hear it clearly enough the multitudinous cracking of cloven hoofs, a sound so faint and unattractive that one could never guess its meaning.

No other member of the deer family is provided with snowshoes like the reindeer. None of them have any real need for such equipments. The giant moose is hopelessly at sea in deep snow. When winter comes on the moose congregate



Pleasant moments for the Young Holstein.

A study of the trails, however, soon shows us that many animals have feet or hoofs so constructed that they naturally adjust themselves to the surface on which the animal walks. The common hare, when travelling on snow, leaves an immense trail behind him. His feet are so spread out that they are equal in size to those of the coyote, while the whole of the back leg, from the middle joint to the extremity of the foot, presents a bearing surface to the snow. Thus the animal is prevented from sinking, and one would hardly credit that the trails the hare leaves behind him on firm, plastic ground were that of the same animal. Here the footprint is but one half the size, while the lower portion of the back leg does not come in contact with the ground at all except when the animal stops at feed.

The hoof of the reindeer is one of the most wonderfully constructed in nature. The ease with which the reindeer travels on heavy snow has made it invaluable, in many parts of the world, as a draught animal, but in a wild state the reindeer makes immense journeys on foot across the hard mountain slopes. His hoof is so constructed as to enable the beast to travel with the greatest ease either upon hard land or soft snow. A glance at the accompanying illustration will show how this provision is made. The fetlock joint is so constructed that the foot, from this joint downwards, can be placed flat upon the ground when travelling upon a soft surface, thus presenting a much greater bearing surface, while upon hard ground only the actual hoof is brought into use.

into small herds, and each herd proceeds to make a maze. The maze consists of a network of pathways trodden into the snow, and as winter proceeds this network is enlarged, the animals nosing away the snow to reach the moss that lies beneath it. Once out of his maze and in deep snow the moose is so helpless that he is almost sure to be dragged down by wolves, while the reindeer, thanks to his snowshoes, is able to travel safely throughout the winter.

Some years ago I was living in a part of Canada where reindeer—or caribou as they are called in the west—are very abundant. We had at our camp a small cow, who wandered in the woods all day at will, returning to her stable at night time. At first I was unable to distinguish the difference between the hoofmarks of the cow and the reindeer, so I called one of the boys to my assistance. He led me to a frequented runway where both animals had left their mark. On level ground there was certainly little difference between the two, but directly they started to go down hill, where the road was slippery, the difference was instantly visible.

The cow, on feeling herself slipping, had at once closed her hoof so that it formed a solid wedge, whereas the reindeer had opened his at the splay, bringing the inside edges into contact with the ground.

This opened up a new line of enquiry. The hoofs of the cow, like those of the moose and also the goats and sheep are constructed for use on hard ground. The outside edges are the gripping edges, and upon feeling themselves slipping these edges are at once brought

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We are not publishing a catalogue or mating list this season, but our best birds are distributed throughout our various pens for the best results, and we will ship some eggs from each and every pen on each order, in so far as possible. Our customers will receive the same as we set for our own yards. Price for these eggs as they run

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Early settings in March from these eggs ran about 70 per cent. fertile, which may be considered high for early settings in Manitoba. They will run even higher during April.

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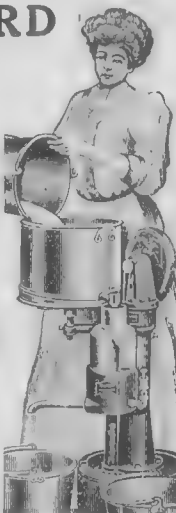
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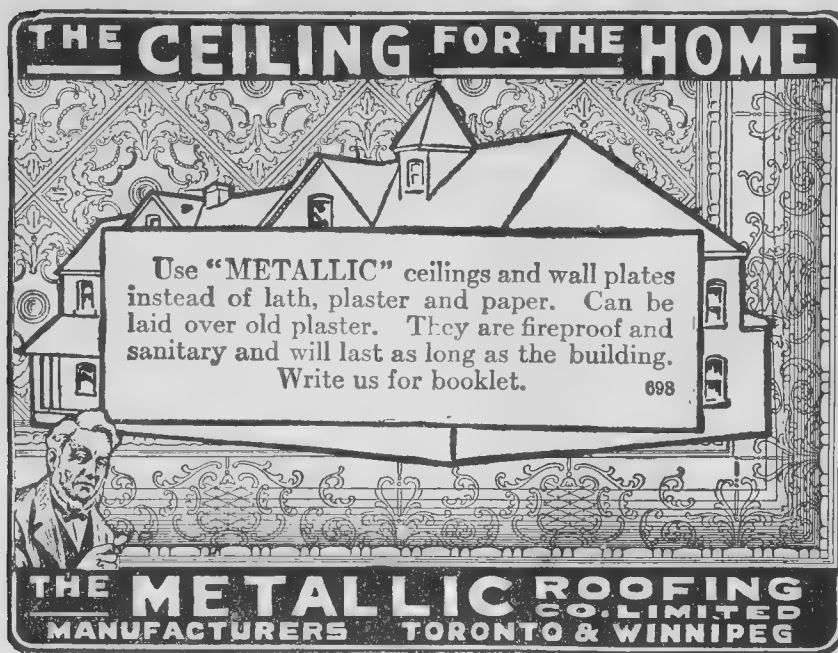
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Tell us the number of head of stock you own and we will send you a copy of our \$3.00 Stock Book—Free.

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into use. But with the caribou, and many other members of the deer family, it is the inside edges that grip best. To them the sensations of slipping and of sinking are much the same, and upon feeling these sensations their first instinct is to spread the hoof, thus preventing themselves from slipping or sinking as necessity may demand.

It is well known to sportsmen that a wounded caribou makes up hill, whereas a wounded moose, at preference, makes for the lowlands. This is easily accounted for. By instinct or experience the caribou knows that he is more likely to outdistance his enemies on the snowy heights than on hard going, whereas the moose is far safer in the timbered lowlands.

Animals that spend their lives in extremely soft marsh lands or on ice, through which feet would be likely to break, present the whole of their bodies to the surface—for instance the crocodiles and seals. Birds are equally well equipped. Some of them are provided with webbed feet, which not only enable them to swim better, but also prevent them from sinking into soft mud.

The moorhens have huge feet which prevent them from sinking, but their toes are not webbed. These birds spend so much time in thickets and spinneys that webs would become damaged, and would also rob the birds greatly of their running powers.

The nightjar has practically no feet at all. During the day time he crouches flat upon a branch, his body lengthwise with it, and is thus quite invisible from below. Were he provided with feet which enabled him to perch he would be easily seen by his enemies during the daylight hours, when he himself is almost blind, and would thus fall an easy victim.

The London Column

London, England.—The tale goes that Lord H—, a noble and fashionable Peer of the Realm, famous in the early days of the 18th century as one of the most open-handed, handsome, generous and altogether most sporting bucks of that sporting time, found himself by a sudden reverse of fortune face to face with ruin and penury. So he sat himself down in his great establishment in the Mall, and began to calculate about the future. He hit all right upon a plan to re-settle his fortune speedily on a sound basis, but to do this he wanted capital, and calculating up he found he could only muster £6,012. It was fortunately the middle of the month, so he had no servants' wages to pay for a fortnight; reserving £50 for his own personal expenses, he went out to Tattersalls and laid out all the rest of his capital on four of the finest blood horses he could find at a cool thousand each, and a coach of magnificent proportions and dazzling elegance. With these he commenced to cut a dash in Rotten Row that very day, and his friends, who had begun to look the other way when they had heard of his ill luck, mightily astonished at this unexpected reserve of cash, had no hesitation in advancing him, when asked, the money he needed to consummate his schemes and set his fortunes fairly right again.

There is no doubt about it, clothes make the man. People have to judge by appearances because there is nothing else to judge by—and people take you just at your own valuation. If you think your body's only worth a slipshod covering, other folks will begin to think so too.

Now when the philosophy of clothes and dollars is all thought out, it really resolves itself into this—that a man of the pushing sort, one who means to get going, must dress just as well as ever he can afford. Grasp the idea?

Then there is another aspect of the case, which diplomacy must consider. If you go to the same tailor's shop as your friends, the chances are they'll get to know how much you actually do spend on your clothes—or at any rate

form a very close guess, and it doesn't pay to let everybody know everything.

Then another thing. Do you know you can buy just about twice as much with a dollar in England as you can in Canada. And England is where all the woollens come from—where they've been making for centuries and know all there is to know about them. Do you catch the drift of the argument?

Let's crystallise. You must be smart. It pays. It's an investment. You want to know where you can get the smartest clothes—at the lowest price. It's your duty to know such things.

Curzon Brothers, 60-62, City Road, London, England, Woollen Merchants, Cloth Factors, the Largest Canadian and English Measure Tailors, will tell you how they can supply you at half store prices, and will send samples of their unprecedented values by return if you will send a postcard to Messrs. Curzon Bros., 449, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Distributing Depot only (all orders are cut and made in London, England). Head Office:—Curzon Brothers, Woollen Merchants, Cloth Factors and Made-to-measure Canadian and English Tailors, 60-62, City Road, London, England.

Wiseacre's Wisdom

Dislike also begets dislike. Can't is the worst cant there is. Our best increases with the doing of it.

Pray always; but don't let go of the plowhandles.

A voice used too much in scolding is not good to sing with.

The birds just keep on singing whether you hear them or not.

Too many try to play the great game of life contrary to the rules.

Some folks calculate to get on in the world upon the shoulders of other people.

The Moving Picture

(Continued from Page 3)

portunity for displaying new hats. Of all the tyrannies that are imposed upon us there is none more glaringly absurd and cruel than that of the master milliners of Paris and New York. Here is a mammoth monopoly if ever there existed one—for it is a monopoly of judgment or taste.

Poor foolish womankind in England and America dare not wear what they know to be becoming and reasonable, but bow in submission to the self-appointed tribunal in the great fashion centre. And, of course, it is all a put-up job. Fashions are changed every year in such a way that everybody must purchase a new bonnet, and with many women it is as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion. One could overlook this wholesale change in fashions and, indeed, might approve of it within proper limits, since variety is always pleasing, were it not that along with the new fashion there is always associated a price which the inventor places upon a ne widea. In other lines an invention is paid for once. In millinery, the fashion inventor gets his price twice a year. The cost of millinery is out of all proportion to its value. Forty or fifty dollars is a common price for a piece of head-gear, and the real cost of production could not have been more than a few dollars. This millinery business is the giant hold-up of the twentieth century. There is a remedy. Let Canadian women—say fifty of the best in a city like this—band together and decide to use their own judgment for once, and the trick is done. In other words let the leaders of fashion declare that the fashion imposed upon them from abroad, is unfashionable. A little resentment, a little independence, a little exercise of judgment and taste, and Western Canada would save a million dollars a year, and men would be swearing by their wives rather than at them. But of course it is a bachelor who writes this, and what else would you expect from him?

The Woodland Spring

By William J. Long

A tremor of brakes where the partridge glides—
Kwit, kwit! and a whirr of wings.
A chipmunk chides at a mink that hides;
A leaf drops down; and the ground-bird sings.

A soft gleam under the bending ferns,
By twisted roots where the woodmouse dwells.

A tinkle of music, stealing along
Through sheen and shadow and veery's song,
Like the tinkle of altar bells.

And loving hemlocks their wide fronds droop,
To shield its face from the sun's warm tide;

While timid wild things, with noiseless feet,
And fear-wide eyes, through the green moss creep—
They drink, and are satisfied.

O song from the earth's great singing heart!
O gleam from unfathomed wells of light!

Content, if only thine overflow
To the simple wood-folk, that come and go,
Can make their dim world bright.

I part the ferns from thy sweet cool face;

To my bending lips is thy full fresh mead.

And, deep within me seems welling up
Some living water, from life's full cup,

To share with a world in need.

A quiver of leaves where the partridge glides—

Kwit, kwit! and a whirr of wings.
The squirrel chides at the mink that hides;

The shadows play; and a wood-thrush sings.

The House Fly Problem.

The Surest Ways to Attack the Pest

By S. F. Aaron

The best means by limiting the number of flies in any locality is by attacking the developmental stages. The ef-

fective control of the fly nuisance is a somewhat difficult matter and outside of cities, where the sanitary conditions may be actually controlled, the extermination of the pest is a practical impossibility. Isolated dwellings, however, and homes in rural communities where there are like-minded people need not, if the proper precautions are taken, be pestered by an excessive number of house flies. Flies will always exist, because it is practically impossible to get rid of every means by which their larvae obtain food. If robbed of the manures, which now constitute their commonest source of maintenance, they often resort to other rotting materials. Moreover, unlike many weak-winged insects flies are powerful travelers and journey many miles, hardly knowing any check to their globe-trotting tendencies. One species is known all over the world. I have seen house flies on the tops of the higher Appalachians, ten miles from the valley cabins, and about our camp in the Southern swamps, as great a distance from human habitation. There will always be a few individuals consequently to take advantage of any open window and to lay eggs for a new generation in any locality whenever an opportunity permits.

A very few flies distributed over the area about the house, outhouses and barn may hardly constitute a nuisance and their normal numbers may be reduced by abolishing or screening their breeding places. Every manure pile, every mass of rotting vegetation mixed with kitchen slop, especially if it contains some farinaceous matter that may lodge in gutter or drain, becomes the breeding ground of hundreds or thousands of house flies.

From Stable to Dining Table.

Each female fly lays more than a hundred eggs, which hatch in a few days into rapid-growing, taper-bodied, white maggot larvae. Thousands of these may be observed when forking over any manure pile. When the larvae are full grown they become hard, oval, reddish-colored, seedlike pupae and in a few days thereafter these crack open and the winged forms emerge. During warm weather the period from egg to adult may last only about ten days. After the new generation has fed liberally, eggs are developed and laid in about a week. There will be from eight to ten generations between late May and the middle of September. The insects winter in all stages of growth, but most

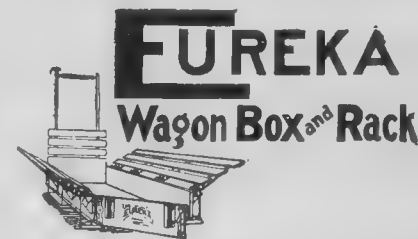


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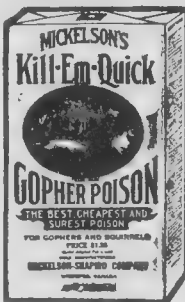


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sealed boxes. Unlike old-fashioned poisons, it is *not* bitter, it is *not* hard to mix, it does *not* weaken and it is *not* expensive.

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commonly as pupae in manure.

It is well known that the insect is largely responsible for the distribution of typhoid and Asiatic cholera and that it carries tuberculosis, certain eye diseases, hospital gangrene and possibly anthrax. It is not pleasant to contemplate the common habit of the fly of leaving any filthy object where it has made a partial meal and hastening to the dining table and the pantry for the purpose of partaking of another course. With its feet in the butter or its entire carcass in the cream it may materially add to the germ infection of human foodstuffs. It has been found that the fly carries disease germs on its feet and the end of its proboscis.

If any person in a locality has typhoid and the flies have access to the excretions brought from the sickroom, and then gain entrance to one or more households, an epidemic of the disease is pretty sure to occur. One noted entomologist says: "They may alight and feed on the sputum of a consumptive and tickle the nose of a healthy sleeper a few minutes thereafter." The isolated family is the most fortunate in this respect, that it is not altogether likely that flies will visit remote habitations while carrying an infection.

The first requisite for limiting the number of house flies is that the domestic drainage should be of modern construction, leading into trap cesspools and that all old-fashioned closets should be abolished. Next in importance are the stable-manure pile and the pig-pen. Every advantage will be gained by conserving the manure in a pit. Concrete

cally over the manure to at least an eighth of an inch in thickness. The fly, emerging from its pupa and still with unexpanded wings, seeks the light and air. Coming in contact with the plaster it cannot get through it before its wings are dried and aborted. This sprinkling should be done every five or six days and two compactly shaped piles of manure should be maintained and alternately treated so that manure may not be thrown on the freshly sprinkled plaster until it has done its duty. It is well to use the plaster also in the manure pit.

Effective Repellants and Screens.

Fly repellants and screens are of the utmost importance. There are screens and apologies thereof, the average collapsible article being seldom satisfactory for the reason that it is rarely tight round the window-frame and under the sash. The best screen is the most expensive—that covering the entire window outside of the sash and hinged or fixed is best. With the half-window sliding screen the wire should be on the outside or next to the sash so that when the sash is partly raised the lower rail will come in contact with the wire; otherwise, both day and night, flying insects will light upon the screen and crawl up through an opening as wide as the thickness of the screen frame. A very good method when building is to have the window-frames made with the pulley stiles reaching nearly to the floor, and a slot in the sill to receive the screen which slides down through the sill directly beneath the lower sash. In



Feeding the Hens

is best for the construction of a pit and should be half sand and half cement so as to hold water. A pit 8 by 12 and 5 feet deep will hold the manure with considerable bedding of four horses and three cows for six months. A smaller one will do if the contents are hauled to the fields more frequently. If built out of doors it should be roofed over and this may easily be made tight enough to be fly-proof. A very good method is to build a frame of 2 by 4 scantling to lie on top of the leveled concrete wall, and upon this frame construct a hip roof of light rafters covered with tar paper. Set into the rear side of the concrete pit two firm blocks of wood and hinge the roof to them. By planting a post in the right position the roof may be raised with a light rope and pulley on one side high enough to pitch the manure in and out. Round the frame tack narrow burlap so as to overlap the concrete; this will make any possible openings under the frame fly-proof. At the apex of the roof fasten a box about 12 inches square, its under side being open to the pit and the upper side made of thick glass. Some flies may get into the pit and lay their eggs. The flies developed therefrom will seek the light in the glass-topped box and there remain until dead nor will those still alive seek to escape when the roof is raised.

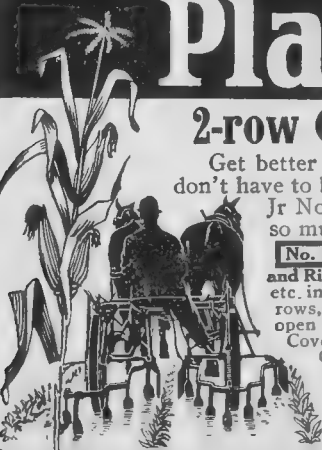
When a covered pit is not possible the manure pile may be treated with land plaster or kaint. This will not only benefit the manure by fixing the ammonia, but it will prevent the final escape of the developed adult fly. The material must be sprinkled rather lib-

fly-time a small sash hook fastens the upper rail of the screen to the lower rail of the sash at the sill level and when the sash is raised the screen is lifted with it. When it is desired to clean the window or throw something out of it the catch is simply unfastened before or after the sash is raised. With a light screen additional sash weights are not needed.

The greater number of flies that enter a screened house come in through the door when persons are passing in and out. In every case the door should open outward but this is not enough. Many flies alight on the screen and the lock jamb of the doorframe as if awaiting an opportunity to get in and they enter with a rush when they can. This, however, can be largely prevented by using repellants of two kinds. One is a clockwork moving arm or pendulum placed on a shelf near the door. The other method, almost as effective, is the use of essence of sassafras or turpentine on the doorsill or, better and more lasting, some saturate of cotton in a pocket of metal or wood near the lock jamb at the bottom of the door.

For the sake of health the kitchen and dining room, where the flies most congregate indoors, are the places that should be kept most free from them. To this end the dining room may be kept darkened the larger portion of the day and the kitchen have every worthy device to combat the creatures.

There should be a number of good slappers handy and some pieces of fly paper in places easily accessible only to the flies. Moreover, a few drops of turpentine sprinkled on the floor from



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No. 72 Two-row Pivot-wheel Cultivator, Plow, Furrower, and Ridger cultivates at one time 2 rows of potatoes, corn, beans, etc. in rows 28 to 44 inches apart. Works like a charm in check-rows, crooked rows, and rows of irregular width. Never leaves open furrows next to plants. Cultivates crops up to 5 feet high. Covers 2 furrows of manure, potatoes, or seed at one passage. Can be equipped with roller-bearings, spring-trip standards and discs. Fully guaranteed.

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time to time it will drive the flies to the window where they may be killed or liberated. If possible there should be a kitchen outshut to every country house and this should be carefully screened, with a screen door between it and the kitchen, so that the flies will need to encounter two barriers against their admission to the house.

One of the most effective methods for keeping flies from the dining table during meal-time is the winding apparatus that revolves two paddles in the center of the board. Even a hibernating fly that may remain indoors throughout the winter cannot get used to this contrivance. I have seen one of elaborate home-made construction hung near the ceiling that was almost two-thirds its area. It revolved very slowly and there were but one or two flies in the room.

Wells as Barometers

On many farms in Nebraska and certain other states of the Middle West are wells that give warning of the approach of storms by blowing. A few years ago, when these wells—variously known as blowing, breathing, roaring, singing, weather, whistling and barometric wells—were first reported, they were viewed with a good deal of scepticism by scientific men who had not actually observed their singular properties. They have now been investigated by the United States Geological Survey and the Geological Survey of Nebraska, and most of the stories concerning them have been fully confirmed.

Prof. Edwin H. Barbour, in an official report on this subject, states that reports of such wells have come in from about twenty counties in Nebraska distributed pretty evenly over the state, chiefly south of the Platte. The information is derived from land-owners, farmers, well-diggers, clergymen, principals of schools, civil engineers, and college students whose fathers own wells of this sort, and their accounts have been verified by the professor's personal observations. There are periods when for several days in succession the wells blow out, and others when the air is drawn in. This is tested with the flames of candles, and by dropping paper, chaff, feathers, and so forth, into the casing. In one instance the current passing out through a knot-hole in the cover of the well was strong enough to lift a hat several feet into the air. Sometimes the whistling of the air escaping through the planks or pipes can be heard for several rods; at other times the current is strong enough to operate small whistles whose sound is so loud that it may be heard for a mile or more. Often only a dull roaring sound is heard as the air rushes through the casing, or bubbles through the water. In some communities all such wells are readily distinguished at a distance by the mound of earth heaped up round the curbing and pump to check the escaping wind. Frequently, in winter, they are banked up with snow instead. This soon becomes melted and riddled by numerous blowholes.

Long before their mode of operation was explained the blowing of these wells was regarded by the farmers as an indication of a change in the weather. It was also noticed that the blowing was most pronounced when the wind blew from certain directions. These wells are simply large barometers, responding to changes in atmospheric pressure. When the pressure is low, the tension on the air inclosed in the well and in the subterranean cavities with which probably these wells always communicate, is reduced, and part of this air forces its way out. It is not likely that the small amount of air contained in the well itself could produce a noticeable effect of this kind, and this is the reason why the phenomenon is not more common. If, however, the well serves as an orifice for an extensive underground cavity or porous stratum contiguous to it, the interaction between the upper and lower air would fully account for the effects observed. Probably, however, another process is sometimes involved. A general rise in the level of a sheet of underground water, whether caused by fluctuations in the barometric pressure or otherwise, would force the subterranean air lying above it to escape violently from the few ori-

fices such as wells, in an otherwise impervious stratum of the soil. Nevertheless, it seems likely that a change in barometric pressure is directly or indirectly, the usual cause of the phenomenon.

Clouds, rain and stormy winds are the accompaniments of what meteorologists call lows—the areas of reduced barometric pressure that move across the country in a general direction from west to east at a rate of several hundred miles a day. When a low is approaching, the barometer falls; in other words, the air is not able to hold the column of mercury so high in the barometer tube as usual. The same diminution in the downward pressure of the atmosphere allows air to escape from a blowing well. On the other hand, clear skies usually accompany an area of high barometric pressure—technically called a high—and when one of these areas draws near, the air is sucked into the well.

An ordinary deep well does not freeze in cold weather, for the air at great depths, when stagnant maintains a fairly equable temperature. In a blowing well, however, during the prevalence of a high the air is sucked down, and causes these wells to freeze at such remarkable depths as 80 or even 120 feet below the surface.

Telling a Sheep's Age

The age of sheep cannot be told with so much certainty as can that of horses. Both are estimated by the teeth, which vary with feeds and other conditions. Sheep have the temporary, or milk, teeth and later the permanent teeth. The latter can be easily told by their larger size and white color. The mouth of the sheep is much like that of the cow so far as the arrangement of the incisors is concerned, neither having incisors in the upper jaw bone. There are eight teeth shown when the lips of the animal are opened for examination. The lamb is often born with the middle pair of milk teeth already showing.

At an approximate age of fifteen months the middle pair of milk teeth is replaced by the first pair of permanent teeth. These are twice as broad and easily recognized. The succeeding pairs of permanent teeth appear at intervals of approximately eleven months following the appearance of the initial ones. When they are all up and wearing there is little change for a time, but as the animal grows older they shrink away from each other and become narrower, exposing considerable space by the eighth or tenth years.

Drilling Oats

Drilling oats showed a yearly gain of 3.9 bushels per acre over broadcasting at the Illinois station. The figure is the average result from three separate fields for three years. Kansas station reports a yearly increase of 5.3 bushels for seven years in favor of drilling. Ontario station shows that yields have been increased four bushels yearly for three years by drilling. These increases in yield are due to the drill which covers the grain well with moist fine earth, and the discs cultivate the soil. The root systems become firmly established when the grain is planted to a proper depth.—F. H. Decaree, Missouri Station.

"This is, the fifth time you have been brought before me," said the judge, severely.

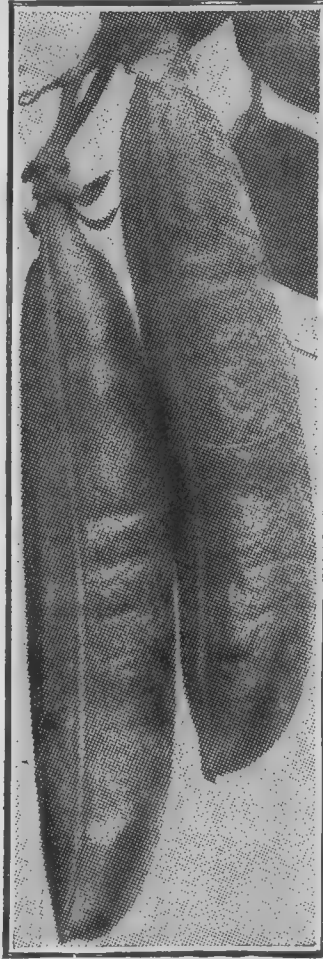
"Yes, your Honor," smiled the offender. "When I like a feller I like to give him all my business. You see—"

"Sixty days," roared the judge.

When a group of visitors was going through the county jail recently a burly negro trusty was called to open doors and perform other similar duties for the visitors.

"How do you like it in here?" one of them asked.

"Like it? Lawd, if evah Ah gets out o' heah, I'll go so fer frum town it'll take \$9 to sen' me a postal-card."



RICHARD SEDDON PEA

FIVE FINE VEGETABLES

New Cardinal Globe Beet

The most desirable variety up to date
Lb. \$2.00, ¼ lb. 75c, oz. 25c, pkt. 10c

New Early Cabbage

COPENHAGEN MARKET.—Undoubtedly without a rival as the finest round-headed Cabbage in cultivation.

¼ lb. \$4.00, oz. \$1.50, pkt. 10c

Montreal Musk Melon

True DECARIE Selected Strain.—¼ oz. \$1.00, Pkt. (with special cultural instructions)... 25c

A New Garden Pea From New Zealand

RICHARD SEDDON.—We can say with confidence that there is no better all-round early variety than this. By express or mail, at buyer's expense, 10 lbs. \$3.00, lb. 35c; by mail, postage paid, lb. 40c, ¼ lb. 15c, pkt. 10c

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The Country Gentlewoman

I was calling on a bride-to-be this week. Her friends are wondering just how contented she will be on a farm. But the groom-to-be is one of our progressive farmers and he is making his house over up-to-date. An office, pantry and two dining rooms have been added downstairs, and several bedrooms and a delightful bath upstairs. A gasoline engine forces water all over the house as well as to the barn, and the attractive paint and papering will make his wife just as content in a farmhouse as she ever was in New York. She has her pretty furniture and rugs, cut glass and linen. Her flowers and yard will be kept in good condition and she can grow in abundance the things which formerly had to be paid for in good hard cash. "Takes money to live that way," some one is saying. But think of the solid comfort there will be in just living!

Somehow all women love pretty things, whether they be gowns, houses or babies. They enjoy a bunch of roses

on the table just as much as the average man enjoys the well-planned and served meals that are sure to accompany this "extravagance." The pretty table linen and china will be apt to make the man more careful of his own personal appearance; it is likely that he will take at least a semi-weekly shave and will feel an interest and pride in his home that no sort of outside influence could ever dull. He will delight in making his wife happy and content, and will always find a willing bright companion on the other side of the roses.

A bunch of roses does all this? Yes! Farmers, plant a few flowers, or fix a place chicken-proof and hog-proof and let your wife have some flowers. Oh, yes, I fully realize that chickens and hogs are money-makers; but think for a minute of some of the things that money cannot buy. Modernize your home just a little instead of fixing a new concrete stable for the cows. Let the old hog pens do this year. Sunshine and fresh air are the very best things for hogs. Use the surplus money to

do something for your wife which will make one hour's work answer for three.

Nearly all farmhouses in my section are either very new and modern or very old and dilapidated. Some few have been rebuilt during the past twenty-five years, but they are not modern by any means. There seems to be a feeling among farmers here that a good up-to-date house is not an asset but merely "some place else to sink money"; that a farm having a fine house and well-laid-out grounds will not bring much more money than one with the same condition of soil fertility and outbuildings and an old ramshackle sort of house.

Most of the old houses built from fifty to a hundred years ago are still standing, and the material in them is surprisingly good where the weather has not touched it—fortunately for those who have to live in them, for not much repair work is done for them if they are tenants. And very often if the owner lives on the place he is too stingy to spend any money on it. A tenant doesn't mind burning a fence

paling for kindling once in a while, or stalling a piece of old rag into the window which has been carelessly broken by some one. If the shutters and doors are loose and ragged-looking they are apt to stay that way so far as he is concerned, for he says: "What's the use of fixing up? Like as not I'll move at the end of the year anyway." The landlord thinks: "I'll not bother to fix it up; he doesn't appreciate anything and I guess he'll move and then I don't care who I get in it. So let 'er go!" The house and barns, but particularly the house, are neglected, for houses don't make any money anyway—just a dead expense, you know.

How to Modernize a Farmer

We read of how to raise the ceilings to make pleasant rooms, but father "raises the roof" when it is mentioned. We see just how to put in bay windows and windowseats with the most attractive sort of curtains and pillows for a cozy corner; just how to arrange our own private gas plant in the garden if you will, so that we only have to give a turn to have a light; and we hear of the joys of hot and cold water and a bath: in fact, good advice on almost every subject except the main one to a farmer's wife—that is, how to take an average conservative farmer and make one progressive enough to see that by making the house more comfortable and up-to-date he is adding at least twenty-five years to the life of his wife; is able to live easier and happier and thereby prolong his own life; and is learning the beauty and joy of living on a farm, not as a hired man but as a man who knows how to make the best possible use of his time and labor. Many more boys and girls could be kept on the farm if the home were made attractive and some good pictures and magazines were brought once in a while. Make it easy for your wife to have things a little bit dainty, so that if she ever does get a chance to visit her city friends she won't be always comparing her life with theirs to the detriment of the farm.

Only when you find a man who has a little more education than the average farmer will you find one who makes any attempt at modernizing. The home centers round the wife and mother, and yet she is perfectly helpless unless her "rich uncle dies"; and then like as not her husband will have some special place to put just that much money. Unless he is willing to help with his time, strength and pocketbook, she can do nothing. It is positively painful for a man of a certain type to give his wife five dollars for a butterworker, when he can take a shingle and make a paddle "like mother used to use." But if he sees a new style plow he gets it, even if it does cost him twice as much as the old one did. Perhaps he can sell his old one at some sale; it looks as good as new and will do the work well enough. I could write a book on this subject—not from experience, but from observation.

Our Way of Making Over a House

When I came as a bride to our farm I found the house in a most dilapidated condition. My husband and his brother owned the place between them and the former had lived here as a bachelor for a year before we were married. Previous to that a tenant had rented it for about twenty-five years. The first thing needed was a roof. So my husband and his brother bought the shingles and put them on the entire house and porch roof. They also put a whole new end of weatherboarding on the east side. Now, some men would not have considered the possibility of doing such a thing. But farm work at that time was pretty well done, since we have a fruit farm, and as my husband is handy with tools and willing to help me too, he went to work. How often do we see men right here in our locality who will let things go to rack and ruin while they sit out in the blacksmith shop or store and wonder when they can get the carpenter or bricklayer to come down and do something which they themselves might have done in the time they were talking about them. Often, too, a man is perfectly willing to fix the stable or barn for the sake of the horses and cows and to make things easier in his own work, but will not take the

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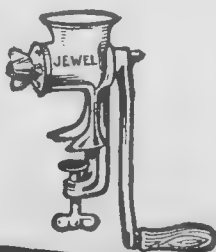
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"Jewel" is superior in every way to imported food choppers, and being made in Canada, costs less.



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time or money to help the woman he has sworn to love and cherish.

After we got the new roof on and had put in two dormer windows, we had a plasterer come and patch up. Then we sent for the paperhanger and ordered the cheapest paper he could get. You see we thought we were fixing to last until summer. Before he papered I painted all the woodwork in all of the rooms myself, for it was horrible. Formerly some one had painted it in four shades of pinks and blues, and frequent scrubbing with various kinds of dirt left behind did not make it any more attractive. So I gave the darkest rooms a heavy coat of white paint first. In fact I had decided to make them white; but I soon saw that I should have to apply four coats and so I gave up the idea. I bought a fifty pound keg of white lead, some linseed oil, turpentine and dryers. I mixed all the paint myself, since it was very much cheaper and better too. Then I got a can of light oak graining color, thinned it with turpentine, and it made a fine stain. Some rooms I stained light oak and some dark oak; and what a difference it did make, especially when the paperhanger finished his job! For fifteen dollars the inside of the house was made to look new. If any of my readers decide to paint, let me warn them that it takes patience and hard work. But who cares? I didn't. Then, too, one must be careful in mixing and in putting it on. Don't let the laps show and remember the stroke of the brush shows when it gets dry.

We searched round in the weeds and grass and found all the shutters but two pairs, so we left them off the kitchen part. We found the porch posts, too, and we found a place to stow away the rubbish in the "parlor," which had been used as a general storeroom by the bachelor. I wish I could draw a picture of the parlor as it first greeted my eyes! The floor was covered with every sort of rubbish that you would find on a farm, and about six rows of nails were all round the walls with various articles hanging on them. Why? The rats were bad, and they could not climb the walls, you see! We discovered things for spraying, old remnants of harness, seed catalogues galore, nails, bolts, meat barrels which were half full of pickle and were the final resting place of many rats which could not swim. Indeed it was a regular Noah's Ark. My husband insisted at first that these things were very valuable and that there was no other place on the farm for them; but when he examined these treasures he found most of them to be rubbish, pure and unadulterated. So four wagonloads of trash and one of dirt left the room and the remaining things were stored away in a cupboard set apart for his own use. After the glass had been put in the windows and the shutters opened for the sunshine to come in, I was soon able to get rid of the unpleasant smell, and when the woodwork and floor had been painted, the room papered and the fireplace fixed over, I had a sweet, clean room, very cozy and comfortable.

The back door in the dining room was in very bad condition. The sills and frames were rotten and the door hinges were gone. The wall there had bulged from some cause, but, with long poles and heavy boards, half a dozen able men pushed it back into nearly its original position. That was done before we patched the plastering. Then the door was nailed shut, extra boards put where it was rotten, and the weatherboarding put clear across the opening on the outside. On the inside I have a large shelf clear across the top of the door where I keep my house-keeping magazines, and beneath it is a hat rack nailed tight to the door. A curtain hanging from the shelf protects the coats hanging there, besides hiding them.

Economies That Were Essential

When I first came here my husband had a wooden box in that place, with a tin bucket and basin, so that the men could wash their hands before going to their meals. I did not like the scheme at all, so I moved it into a large cupboard that we had in the room. Since then we have had the water brought into the house by erecting a windmill and a 5000-gallon tank, and we found a second-hand stationary

washstand for fifty cents which my husband installed himself.

A carpenter put a four-glass window sash in, charging two dollars and a half complete, and we have a fine play and wash room combined—made out of the darkest, dirtiest cupboard I ever saw. I put oilcloth on the floor and a piece of carpet on top for the children to sit on when they play. We found a good stove for eight dollars. The cost of putting it in was six dollars and a half including the pipes—and we are very comfortable both in the bedrooms above and the rooms beneath. I painted the floor, then stained it, and use a big rug since they are handy to clean. The

wide cracks I filled up with boiled newspaper before the first coat of paint.

The back kitchen floor was gone, so a new one has been put down, and we cook in there in the summer and let the men eat in the inside kitchen. Having water right there is a great thing for our work in the house. We have a large pipe and spigot and although the tank is not very high we get a fine flow of water.

Our most modern convenience was the installation of a telephone, whereby we have unlimited calls here in the country. That is a great thing for an isolated farm like ours. The first difficulty in modernizing a farm home is the unwill-

ingness of most men to spend the money; second, the lack of backbone, or of something, in the women which hinders them from demanding that these necessary things be done; third, the poor way in which old farmhouses were built, which made it very hard to remodel without tearing the house to pieces; fourth, and most important, the fact that the women are so busy doing their work "as mother used to do it" that there is no time left for study or reading along the lines of modern improvements, so that they cannot know just what course is the best one to follow.

Promised

The hansom ordered by a middle-aged spinster was late, and the cabby came in for a good rating when he finally drove up to the door.

"I shall probably miss my train," the irate "fare" informed him, "and I shall hold you responsible. I want to know your name, my man. Do you understand? I—want—your—name."

The driver clucked up his horse easily, "You'll make your train, all right, madam," he assured the woman inside. "And I'll let you have me number if you like. But you can't have me name. That's promised ter another lady."—Ex.



Holstein Cattle

It fits better

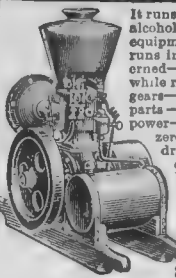
That perfect fit and comfort which you are assured when you ask for your size in Pen-Angle Underwear (the kind knit to fit) greatly improves the look of your outer garments, and gives you a feeling of being well-dressed from the skin out. Other underwear is more or less of a makeshift—it bulges, sags, loses shape, shrinks,—but

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hasn't even one of the faults you are used to paying good money to bother with. Just try Pen-Angle once and learn how it surely does solve the underwear question for man and woman and child. Ask the store you trade at.

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Young People

The Bethlehem Partner

LITTLE Ward was the "star singer" in the little-folks department of the Bethany Sunday School. Sunday after Sunday his clear sweet voice could be heard high above the rest, for he loved to sing just as the birds do, for the sake of singing. Ward loved the Christmas hymns better than all the rest, so he was glad when it came December and they began to practice the Christmas exercises. One of the new hymns this Christmas was

all about Bethlehem, and Ward thought it was fine. He specially liked the chorus:

"Good News! Good News from Bethlehem!
Sound it o'er dale and hill!
"Peace on the earth! Peace on the earth!
And to all men, Good Will!"

The hymn had a ringing tune and Ward sung it as loud as he could. Now the Bethany Sunday School had

a mission-school in the poor part of the city, and this year the Christmas exercises at the Bethany Sunday School were to be repeated sometime in Christmas week at the mission for the pleasure of the poor children. As Ward was the "star singer" and loved to sing he was to sing one of the hymns all alone, and he chose the song about Bethlehem.

Ward's teacher had been telling her class what the spirit of Christmas meant—that it was to do things for those who were poor and had hard times, and not just to give presents to those one loved. Ward asked many questions about doing things for poor people and the teacher said she thought it would be nice for each one of the class to find a poor little boy, and do something for him, and they all promised her they would try.

Ward generally rode down town with his father every morning when he went to business, and came home alone. The next morning, on their way he told him what the teacher had said about helping a poor little boy, and that he would like to do it.

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Lawrence, "and here's fifty cents for you so that you can."

Free Gifts For The Children!

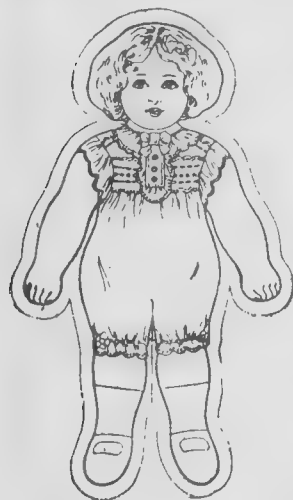
3 Big Dollies

We Want To Play With You

Here is a great, big, handsome life-size doll, 27 inches tall, looking for a little mama. She is just the finest play-mate any little girl could wish for and you will love her as soon as you see her pretty face and big brown eyes, her pink cheeks and light curly hair.

In addition to the great, big dolly, we also send two smaller dollies, making three dollies in all.

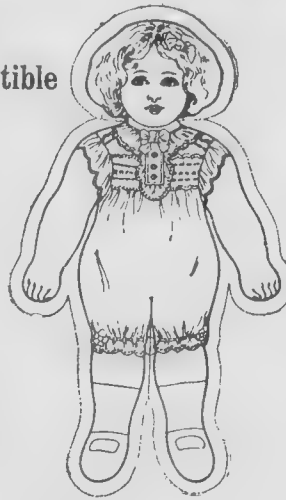
You will have lots of fun playing together and needn't be afraid of hurting the big mama dolly and her two baby dollies, because they won't break, soil their hair or lose their pretty eyes. These three dollies are stamped in bright colors on strong cloth and mother can sew them up on the machine in ten minutes. You can set these dollies down, bend their arms and legs and dress them up in all kinds of clothes and play all day long.



The limbs are movable and the dolls won't break

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No little girl has enough dollies



Lots Bigger than a Baby

These three beautiful dollies will make any little girl or boy happy. They won't break and we believe they are the most popular plaything you can give your children or little friends.

Actual size of Big Dolly, 27 inches tall.

It is so large that baby's own clothes fit it.

Every little girl wants a big doll. Think of the joy and happiness these three dollies will bring into your own home when the little ones see them.

All three dollies on one large sheet of heavy cloth, ready to sew up on machine and stuff. So simple any one can do it in ten minutes' time.

Thousands of little ones all over the country will be made happy with these three dollies. After your little girl gets her dolls all your neighbors' children will want dolls just like hers. The supply of dolls is limited and we will fill all orders as long as our supply enables us to do so.



"Want to go into the bizness"

"Where do you think I can find one, Papa?" asked Ward.

They were getting off the car, and Mr. Lawrence pointed to a very ragged and diminutive newsboy selling papers on the opposite side of the street.

"There's your poor little boy," said he. "Run and speak to him."

Ward looked at the small boy, then ran across the street and called to him. "Don't you want me to help you?"

"Want to go into the biz'niz?" asked the little fellow. "Well, yes, you might come along. I aint go' any pardner an' I'd like one."

Ward took out the fifty cents his father had given him.

"I can't help this morning," he said, "but here's fifty cents. You get that worth of papers and I'll come tomorrow and help sell. Where do you live and what is your name?"

"I don't live nowhere," said the boy. "I just stays where I can. Last night I had a good warm bed in a barrel of ashes. I heard a lady say I was a wafunstray. I dont know what 'tis but I reckon 'tisn't anything nice. My name's Jimmy! I'll be on this corner at eight o'clock."

And then he stood looking after the well-dressed laddie who had trusted him with fifty cents!

That night at dinner Ward's father asked if he helped the poor boy.

"No, but I'm going to tomorrow,"

These three dollies will make any little girl or boy happy. If you are a little girl or boy, ask your mother or father to send for these dollies, or if you know some little friends whom you want to make happy you can accept the offer below at once, and give them the surprise of their life. Better order these 3 dollies early.

How To Get These Dollies Free

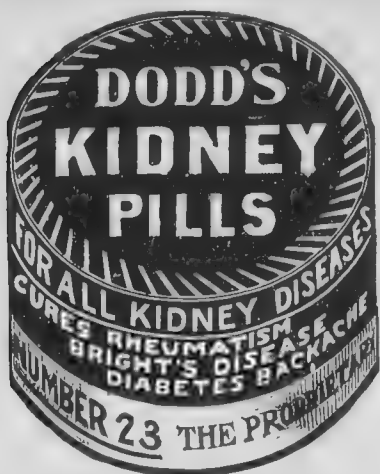
Send us a yearly subscription to The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 and these three beautiful Dollies—one big one and two smaller ones—will be sent to you by return mail.

Now, in case you do not get a NEW subscription, just get your papa or mama to EXTEND your own family subscription for one year. Send us this subscription, and by return mail we will send you the three beautiful Dollies. ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered, as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer, when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 306 Alhambra Bldg.
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Ward answered. "He said he was a wafunstray. What is a wafunstray, papa?"

"A waif and stray, you mean," said Mr. Lawrence. "A waif is someone without a home or any person to take care of him. I guess you've got the right boy."

The day before Christmas is a busy one. There are so many "last things" to be done that no one thinks of anyone else, so it is not strange that Mr. Lawrence didn't notice that Ward came to breakfast in his rough play-suit and his shabby shoes. He was ready with his overcoat and cap long before his father was through breakfast. He feared Jimmy would be waiting for him; and sure enough when he left the car there the newsboy was, on the corner, with his big bundle of papers.

"You must call out something that's in the papers, so folks will want to buy," said Jimmy, welcoming Ward and giving him a lot of the papers. "Like this, you know. 'Here ye are! News! News! all 'bout the big fire! Twenty killed! Child burned alive! News! News! Here's yer News!'"

A man stopped and bought a paper, and then Jimmy told Ward to go over on the other corner and call his papers. Ward tried to call out as Jimmy did, but it seemed so dreadful to tell of folks being burned to death that he just called, "News! News! here's your News! one cent!" But none stopped to buy.

After a few minutes Jimmy came across the street.

"Say, pardner," said he, "I guess the reason you don't sell papers is 'cause your togs is too fine. Rags helps ye to sell papers! Look at mine!"

Ward did look at Jimmy's rags. Then he took his knife out of his pocket, sat down on the curb and dug little holes in the knees of his trousers with the point of his knife, then tore them larger with his fingers. He was so pleased with the result that he did the same thing with his stockings, and with his coat, and even cut the tip from one of his shoes. He ended by taking off his overcoat and putting it on Jimmy who found it warm though a bit too large.

But even Ward's rags didn't sell his papers, and Jimmy came over to him again. "Sing up! sing up!" said he. "There won't nobody buy 'less you sing up!"

"Sing up!" Was that what he must do? Why, of course, he could sing, and Ward waved a paper aloft and began to sing.

"Good News! Good News from Bethlehem!
Shout it o'er dale and hill!"

His clear voice rang out on the frosty air, and people stopped to listen, and then to buy his papers. Excited by his success he sang louder and louder, and the more he sang the more papers he sold. Everybody, almost, that went along stopped to buy a paper. "Say, Lawson, Come over!" called one man to another, laughing. Here's news from Bethlehem!"

"Gee! but you kin sing," exclaimed Jimmy coming across to give Ward more papers. "But, say, I didn't know there was any good news from Beth'lum in the papers. I'll holler it too!"

With Jimmy calling, and Ward singing, and men laughing, presently the "Christmas newsboys" had sold out their stock.

They ran off and sat down in a sheltered corner to count their money.

"Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty," said on Ward who was counting. "Oh, Jimmy, there are two dollars and fifty cents! Take it, I'm awful glad I've helped you!" And crowding all the change into Jimmy's hands he ran to catch a car for home.

"Come back tomorrow, pardner!" called Jimmy; but Christmas day came and no partner, nor did he come the next day after. So Jimmy rolled up his partner's share of the money in a piece of paper and tucked it in his deepest pocket to keep until he should come round.

Now Jimmy went to the Bethany mission-school and he was there bright and early at the Christmas entertainment. He had never seen a Christmas Tree. He had dreamed of how beautiful it was going to be, but he was not prepared for so wonderful a sight as he saw

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when he opened the door of the mission rooms. Such a dazzling tree all lighted with candles from top to bottom and covered with shining balls and hearts and stars, and the boughs bending with curious packages that might hold almost anything a boy would like.

Before the gifts were taken from the tree the Bethany Sunday School gave the programme they had had at their own entertainment. There was singing, and playing, and speaking pieces, and by and by the superintendent said, "We will close with a solo by our 'star-singer'."

As the superintendent finished speaking a little boy dressed in a black velvet suit came to the edge of the platform. He had soft curly hair and his eyes were blue and sparkling. He began his song. He sang a verse, then with all the power of his clear voice struck from the ringing chorus:

"Good News! Good News from Bethlehem!"

But he had only sung this one line when there was a noise in the rear of

story? Why, it adopted Jimmy right then and there, for it had a fund which could be used for kind deeds. Jimmy is now Mr. Lawrence's office boy mornings, and goes to school every afternoon; and he says it was a good day for him when he met his Beth'lum pardner."

Jimmy can't sing, but he is generally whistling the chorus of Ward's Christmas hymn.

The Three Oriental Kings

In a little town in Spain once lived a poor widow whose three little boys had grown to the ages of eight, six and four and never received a Christmas gift!

But these little boys, as well as other Spanish children, had heard of the Three Oriental Kings. They were very fond of talking of the one of the Three Kings who was very black; this one, they had heard, went about on Christmas Eve leaving presents upon the balconies, where the children were told to hang



Counting the Stock

the room. A little ragged boy, wearing a very good overcoat several sizes too large for him, scrambled down from his seat and ran forward crying out, "Oh, it's my Beth'lum pardner, my Beth'lum pardner!"

Up he ran to the platform, and caught hold of Ward's hand. "Oh, pardner," cried he, "I've got yer money an' here 'tis!" Diving his hand down into his pocket he drew out the little clumsy package of change.

Of course the singing had stopped; but now the superintendent came forward and, after a question or two, holding Jimmy by the hand, Ward finished his solo, and when he came to the last verse all the children rose and sung the beautiful chorus with him.

While the presents were being distributed the superintendent found out from Jimmy how Ward had been his partner for one day and also found out a great deal about Jimmy himself. After the distribution he took Ward by one hand and Jimmy by the other and standing on the platform with them he told the Sunday School all that he had learned about the newspaper partnership.

And what do you think the Bethany Sunday School did when it heard the

their stockings and set their shoes so that there would be something ready in which to store the presents. Once when they went to the Padre's house, where their mother did the washing, the Padre's little nephew had shown them a candy dog and parrot which he said had been left for him by the Kings. And last Christmas the baker's five-year-old Marita had come running in with a bag of sweetmeats which had been left for her. Who else, she asked them, could have put the bag on the balcony but the Three Kings who brought goodies when children remembered to obey!

The washerwoman's little sons had never thought of the Kings coming their way. The hut in which they lived had no balcony and they supposed the Kings would look for their stockings nowhere else.

Well, this year the mother of these little boys made up her mind that they as well as other children should have Christmas gifts. She worked harder than ever, and the people of the village who knew how she felt gave her all the extra work they could afford to pay her for doing.

One day, when Christmas came near she said to her boys, "My children, the

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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this. Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045 Luok Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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Oriental Kings have never passed this way. Perhaps it is because we have never expected them. But I think that this Christmas they may pass by at the cross-roads, and if you are there at dusk they may see you and throw you some small gift."

"And do you think the black King will come riding first?" asked little Antonio. "No," said his eldest brother before the mother could reply, which was rude and ought to have made him afraid of losing his gift. "The Padre's nephew says that the white King always comes first!"

"I'm sure, I don't care which of the Kings comes first if only he brings us presents," cried six-year-old Pietro, so excited that he almost stepped on the lame duck warming itself before the little fire and which was the only pet he owned.

When Christmas Eve finally came, the washerwoman's children danced about like wild boys, and hurried away to the cross-roads long before dusk.

They waited a long long time before they heard anyone coming in their direction. But at last—little Antonio said it must be nearly morning—there was a loud shouting down one of the roads and soon a great black thing was seen moving towards them.

"Here they are—those Kings!" cried Juan, trembling. "And see! it is the black King which comes first!"

Little Antonio hid his face against his biggest brother and wished that he dare peep just once when the Kings should get close by. All at once he heard a familiar voice, and lifted his head quickly, and found it was only old Andros, their neighbor, who was shouting to his lazy mules on his way home from town where he had sold his Christmas turkeys.

The washerwoman's boys waited again a very long time until finally they thought that their mother had been mistaken and that the Kings would not come. But just as little Antonio was ready to cry, being very cold and sleepy they espied two long ears waving through the dusk and saw a tall white figure slowly approaching them seated on the back of the very biggest white mule in all the universe—as little Antonio said many times afterwards.

Pit, pat, went their hearts, and they were so busy gazing at the white King with the tall crown on his head, and his long snowy robe flowing down to the ground, that they quite forgot to look past him for the other two Kings.

"Sure enough, it is the white King that comes first!" said Juan; but his brothers did not speak, for the long white arms had begun to toss down some bundles.

"One apiece, and what big ones!" they cried joyously, when they could speak at all, which was some minutes after the Three Kings, as they supposed, had ridden by into the darkness.

When they were quite sure that the Kings must have gone past, the little boys hurried home, clutching the bundles tightly lest they lose them. They found their mother waiting for them, sitting before the small fire which was lighted only on very cold nights.

She untied the parcels for them, and smilingly held up the new suits of coarse clothes which they contained—a suit for each boy.

"Ah, the good Oriental Kings! They knew just what we needed!" the children cried, dancing about their smiling mother.

The washerwoman still smiled, giving the sticks a fresh poke that they might throw out gay sparks, and she allowed the children to sit and prattle on by the fire a long time because they were so happy over receiving the new suits and seeing the Christmas Kings.

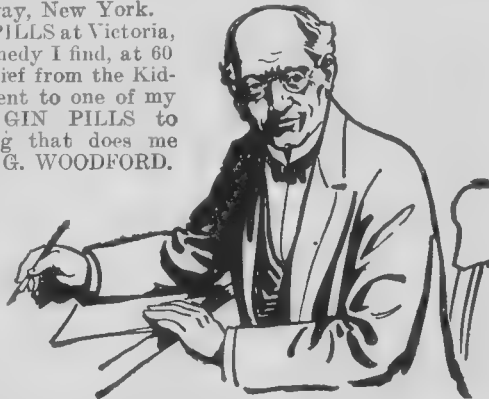
This good mother could not bring herself to tell her sons, until they grew older, that she had made the white robe from an old sheet, and had fashioned the crown from pasteboard and afterward covered it with tinsel and glass beads, and that she, instead of the white King, had ridden to the cross-roads on the vagrant old white donkey which so often came to nibble thistles behind the cabin, and that their neighbor, old Juanita, had helped her dress and mount on his back!

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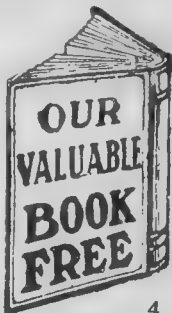
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If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, backache, muscular pains: stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent neuralgic pains, I invite you to send for a generous **Free Trial Treatment** of my well-known, reliable **Chronicure**, with references and full particulars by mail. (This is no C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. **Chronicure** succeeds where all else fails. **Chronicure** cleanses the Blood and removes the cause. Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find **Chronicure** a most satisfactory general tonic that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and send today for large free package, to **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box L. 86—Windsor, Ont.**

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print and, in future letters received, subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mental development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many

instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

Back Again

Meridian P.O., Sask., Feb. 18th, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers: In your February issue I noticed that a correspondent from Carnduff, Sask., made enquiries as to the whereabouts of "The Doctor." Well, here he is, back again, and if you, Mr. Editor, will permit, I will write a few lines for your columns. Well, my mind is a little clouded as I have been testing the effects of Scotch whiskey on the nervous system, and as a remedy for love-sickness, and have proved that it is very effective in its work. Now, I don't think you want a

lecture on drugs and poisons, so I will cease such prattle. Neither will I discuss the card-playing and dancing—they are matters of trivial importance. Did you ask my views on matrimony. Well, my bachelor friends, if you had prescribed for and treated as many of the fair sex as I have and also had witnessed them in their bursts of temper you would say with emphasis, "No wedding bells for me." No, I have sisters, but I speak truthfully when I say that I sympathise with the poor fellow that gets either of them. I will not attempt to discuss in any fullness the question brought forward by "The Crank" of February issue, but I will remark that I do not agree with him when he states that "when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window." In fact, in the course of my medical work, I have had it proved to my satisfaction that with poverty, love comes as a remedy, but with riches the gap opens till the almighty dollar steps between the husband and wife, and family. To "Farmer" of December issue I would say "Hear, Hear." He expresses my sentiments to a finish. Well, to all I will say "early to bed and early to rise, makes a man both healthy, wealthy and wise," so au revoir.

The Doctor.

Votes for Women

Sask., Feb. 4th, 1913.

Dear Editor and Members: If I want this letter published it has to be interesting—does it not? All right, here goes. I would like to begin a new topic—The Women's Suffrage question—what do our readers think of it? To my mind the woman should certainly have the opportunity of having her say in the government of the land which she does so much toward building up. Think of the glorious amount of good their votes would do on all questions of temperance and education. Who are the greatest workers for temperance? The women. Yet their work goes unrewarded, because of their inability to strike through their votes against the worst of all enemies to their husbands, their children, their homes and themselves. Strive on you women-folk, keep up the fight till every civilized country gives you your proper dues—the power to fight for your homes. Just a word about myself and I will close. I am between nineteen and twenty, an Englishman, a lover of all clean sport, and a hater of drink and evil habits. I shall be pleased to hear from any girl readers, and promise to answer everybody.

Gus.

Nothing Venture Nothing Win.

Yellow Grass, Sask., February, 1913.

Dear Editor: I wish to shake hands with the man who signs himself "The Crank," and whose letter appeared in the February issue of the W.H.M. I notice that he does not ask for correspondents, but I would like to advise the young ladies to go after that man just the same. Nothing venture nothing win, you know, and when there's a will there's a way, and I hope that the girls will just beseege that fellow with letters for I am sure he would be a paying proposition. His opinion on "Prosperity vs. Poverty" is sound, and proves that he has never had a serious skirmish with Cupid or he could not consistently express such cool headed determination to wait until all plain sailing before taking a partner on his voyage of life. We all know that he is wise, but we also know that love and wisdom have not even a speaking acquaintance. As I heard a medical man say on one occasion, love is not reason, love is insanity, so I feel sure that "The Crank" has not met his "Waterloo" yet. All the same, I agree with him with all my heart. Poverty hits women harder than men, and in this country one sees too many women who are tired out both mentally and physically. There is no relaxation for either mind or body. Can we blame them if they become careless of their appearance and irritable. I wonder at so many taking up the cudgel on behalf of farm life. I have lived for many years both in the city and country, and I know that we need a judicious mingling of both to make us what we are meant to be. But, were I forced to spend all my time in either place I would certainly choose the city. No one can deny that country life is narrowing, and knowledge is bound to be one-sided

MEN, BE MANLY!



"Your Belt is far superior to any remedy that has ever been developed by medical science for the treatment of nervous debility and lost vitality."—**Mr. Andrew W. Langford, Stratford, Ont.**

"Since using your Belt I feel like a new man."—**Mr. Leonard A. Spooner, Box 69, Palmerston, Ont.**



Do Not Let Physical Weakness Mar Your Life YOUNG MEN

Men young in years but aged in experience, aged in vitality, wan-featured, dull-eyed, slow-minded young men, young men who have in a few short years thrown away the precious vigor of youth and who have scarcely stepped upon the pinnacle of manhood and find that they have lost their right to stand upon it, young men who look back a few years and see themselves as they were, blooming into manhood, and now, as they are, at the age when manhood should be complete, the heart strong, the eye bright, they find the force of manhood gone. Middle-aged men and old men, who realize that they have not the force of vitality that should be theirs—men of any age who are lacking in animal vitality—can be made new by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. It will not fail. It cannot fail, as it infuses into the weakened parts the force of life and strength—the force which is the origin of all vital power—Electricity.

OLD MEN

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The grandest invention of the age for weak men; the surest and easiest cure for all nervous and chronic diseases. Its wonderful power is directed to the seat of the nervous system, through which its vitalizing strength penetrates into all parts of the body, carrying new life to every function which has been weakened by excesses of dissipation, restoring energy to the brain and power to the vital organs. No weak man, no sickly or delicate woman will ever regret a fair trial of the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt, which is Nature's restorer of vitality. It will cure every case of Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Weak Stomach, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Lame Back, Sciatica, Varicocele, Loss of Vitality, and all weaknesses in men and women.

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Brother and Sister Cured and Entirely Satisfied.

Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that your belt has cured me, and I am entirely satisfied with your treatment. I then gave it to my sister to wear, and she too was entirely cured, after being treated by many different doctors, and also being told that she would have to go under an operation, to which she would not consent. She used your Belt and was entirely cured.—Yours very respectfully, **JOHN W. THIBAUT, Bruce Mines, Ont.**

Don't you want to feel young again? Don't you want to feel the life in your blood, the strength in your muscles, the springs in your legs? Then let me fill your system with this great **Invigorator—Electricity**. Electricity infused into the body according to our system cures indigestion, Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Weak Back, Weakness of the Kidneys, all signs of Physical Breakdown in young and old, Nervous Disorders, General Debility.

Quit Drugs and Use Electricity.—It will restore the vital spark to your weakened nervous system, remove your pains and aches and give you the Health, Strength and Courage of a Manly Man.

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Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir,—I am much pleased with the complete cure which I received from the Belt I purchased of you some three years ago. I wore the Belt steadily, and it worked in my case just as you recommended it, and I can recommend it to anyone suffering as I did, as I am not troubled with headache now, and have gained about thirty pounds and feel as good as I ever did. You can take the liberty of using my name if you wish. Yours sincerely, **J. W. LUNDY, Lacombe, Alta.**

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN
237 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Please send me your book, Free.

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Now Feels Strong and Vigorous

And Fit for Any Amount of Work as the Result of Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Mr. J. Hurlbert.

It is so easy to overlook the warning given by headaches, indigestion, failing memory, lack of power to concentrate the mind, irritability and worry over little things, that many a man does not realize his danger until on the verge of breakdown.

Like the writer of the letter quoted below, you can call a halt to the wasting process and restore vim and energy to the nervous system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great food cure has a wonderful record of cures.

Mr. J. Hurlbert, 28 James street, Brantford, Ont., writes:—"I was very much run down in health and as a consequence my nervous system was very much exhausted. Close confinement at my work, I think, brought on the trouble. I started using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and by the time I had used up one box I felt a great improvement. The continued use of this preparation has thoroughly restored my system so that I feel strong and vigorous and fit for any amount of work. I have also used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Ointment with splendid satisfaction, and recommend them at every opportunity." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

If it's made of RUBBER

We Have It. Write us and mention your wants. UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO. Box 2704. Montreal.

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Moving Picture Machines, Billies, Lace Curtains, Clocks and Chains, Cameras, Bracelets, Dinner Sets, Silverware, Bibles, Violins, Accordions, etc., given for selling high grade Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. Famous work of art, such as "Christ is Head of this House," "Birth of Christ," "The Lord is My Shepherd," "Patience and Charity," "Guardian Angel," "Christ Blessing Little Children," "Lord's Supper," "Young Mother and Babe," "On Guard," and other beautiful pictures in natural colors. Original cost thousands of dollars. Not a trashy picture in the lot. Size 12x16 ins. You Will Sell Our Famous Pictures, Where You Failed to Sell Others. Send for 20 of our hand-painted pictures, specially selected, and large illustrated premium list. You can sell them in 10 minutes. Send us \$2, and premium will be sent at once. IF NOT SATISFIED. ALTON WATCH & MOSE. CO., Dept. 110 Chicago



that is gained only by reading. Of course, we have all heard that civilization begins and ends with the plow, and a great deal is written and said about the breadth and freedom of the farmer's life, but it mostly comes from people who feel mighty uncomfortable when forced to entertain a country relative or friend in their city homes. If country life on the farm is all that they say, why does it need advertising so largely? All that can be said in its favor will not blind people to the facts of the case as long as the farmers who succeed in making a comfortable fortune on the farm, rush to the city to enjoy it. In the city the poorest enjoy pleasures denied to the prosperous farmer, and I am sure that if some of our tired irritable country women were transplanted to an ordinary workingman's home in town, where they could hear good music occasionally at small cost, go to church regularly and mingle with other women, we should see a transformation in a very few months, that would open our eyes to the real truth in regard to this "City life vs. Country life" question. I think "Scottie" must be more than half Irish. His letter sounds like that of a hot-headed Irishman, rather than a canny Scot. Dishonesty and deceit are no more prevalent in the country, and the farmer can drive a hard bargain as well as any man, as I am sure "Scottie" will admit if he is a genuine Scot.

Plato.

True Friendship

Manitoba, Jan. 25th, 1913.

Dear Editor: Today finds me at home in company of The W.H.M. of January issue, and as this is the open season for shooting into the sanctum of the W.H.M. Correspondence column, opinions on dancing and card playing, I would respectfully propose to all members of the worthy W.H.M. correspondence column to dwell upon greater questions than dancing and card playing, and skating. Some one said, "Our Club needs a name," then wouldn't W.H.M. Perpetual Friendship Club be a suitable name, with Justice and Fidelity as a motto. This would establish a direct circuit between W.H.M. Perpetual Friendship and the farm wives problem. We Western bachelor farmers do not want to see such as the farm wives problem in print, and if this continues we will never be able to persuade our future wives (the best half of a man) of our true friendship as taught by the good book. True friendship cannot be bought for a price, but it is conceived and born in the hearts of men, and as the sweet fragrant flowers unfold their buds and fill the earth with their sweet fragrance, so will the germ of friendship develop in the hearts of men and fill the soul with blissful peace and happiness. Friendship, if cultivated according to the teaching of the good book, will live on long after we have departed this old world of tumult and strife. It is a flower that never dies, and is found all along the pathway of life, blossoming with sweet flowers of affection. As bachelors cannot fill their mission in life without their "best half," why not show our wives true friendship that teaches us to love one another, thus adding one more ply to the cord of perpetual friendship? Love is divine and fills our life with light illuminating our pathway with the light of heaven, dispelling every fear. Though the clouds be dark and threatening yet nothing can dispel the light of friendship and love. Domestic friendship and love, who can appraise its value and purifying power in the home? If allowed to rule supreme it will make the home beautiful, sending a stream of light and joy through the household, it will bind hearts together in supreme happiness it will dispel all selfishness and hate and shield us from temptations of life, it will fill the soul with happiness and make home a paradise. So if we members of the W.H.M. Perpetual Friendship wish to prove to our sister members that we can attain the high standard of manhood that their ranks demand we must separate ourselves from the things that are foul and base, for the flowers of friendship and love will not live on the barren plains of selfishness and hate, but if planted and cultivated in the fertile soils of fidelity and justice and watered with the dews of perpetual

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All men suffering from Varicocoele, Weakening Drains, Nervous Debility, Depression, Brain Fag, Neurasthenia, Bladder Weakness, and all forms of Seminal Weakness or Premature Decline of the Vital Powers, etc., should test the unique Restorative properties of

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the great Scientific Specific for these ailments. Varicolum will cure you quickly; it will cure you completely; it will cure you permanently. You do not have to wait for months, but experience improvement in a few days. Weakening drains gradually cease; the relaxed veins return to their normal healthy state, a restoration of the whole Nervous System takes place, a return of the Vital Powers with full capacity and fitness is assured. Send 5 cents in stamps for Advice Form and Booklet on "Creative Vital Force," which explains fully all about Varicolum Elixir. It is a world of special interest to men on Seminal Weakness, Varicocoele, Loss of Energy, Kidney Disease, Bladder Weakness, Gleet, Discharges, Urinary Troubles, Debility, and Premature Decline of the Vital Powers. (Read Booklet for cases cured similar to yours.) ADVICE FREE.

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Will be given according to conditions of Contest to somebody who succeeds in arranging the letters of the above three lines so that they will spell

THE NAMES OF THREE STATES IN THE UNITED STATES

ALSO A PRIZE OF \$10 FOR NEATEST SOLUTION TRY IT AT ONCE. IT MAY BE YOU.

Write the names of the States on a postcard or a letter, giving your Name and Address plainly.

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FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure — you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 WINDSOR, Ont.

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If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES

It is Time for You to Stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

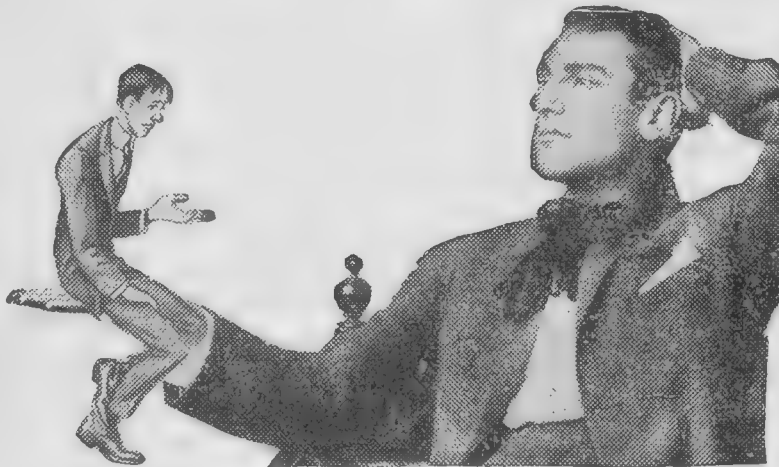
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To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

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Believe me, reader, when I say to you, it is not a matter of statue which makes a man strong and vigorous. A tall man may be weak and unmanly, or a small man may be a giant of power in his community. No matter whether you are young or elderly, no matter what past indiscretion or act of folly may have sapped your courage and left you weak, nervous, unstrung, unmanly, I say to you in all seriousness, if I can be sure that you will help yourself and help me by following the dictates of Nature's laws—that is, if you really WANT to become strong again and will thus cease now and forever the practice of any excesses or indiscretions which you may be indulging; in other words, if you will lead a decent, manly man's life, be true to yourself, then under these fine conditions I promise you as man to man that I can resupply your system with an abundant VITALITY or VITAL VIGOR, you should build up and develop into a strong, virile human being, with the same force and manly vigor that you see displayed in other full-blooded fellows about you. Vitality is the greatest single power in the world, and without it debility and weakness must prevail. Take my word for it, my friend for I know whereof I speak. Over 200,000 debilitated men have written to me of their ailments during the past twenty years.

My little book, which I send free to men, goes into this matter of vitality thoroughly, and should be read by all men, single or married. It fully describes my HEALTH BELT with suspensory attachment, a light, inexpensive

appliance which you place comfortably around your waist upon going to bed and wear until morning. Thus while you sleep, it is continually sending a great, soft, potent stream of real VITALITY and MANLY STRENGTH into your nerves, organs and blood night after night, while you sleep. It often takes the pain or weakness out of your back in one application—then before you realize that time is passing you commence to feel better, stronger, more ambitious, more manly, and will answer "never felt better in my life" to your friends' greetings, while they in turn will secretly marvel at the great change in your appearance. I have seen this work out in thousands upon thousands of cases before you. Remember, I am not asking you to buy a HEALTH BELT now, but merely want you to send for the book, then when you have thought the matter over, I will gladly make some proposition whereby you can use a HEALTH BELT if you want to, but first get the book.

ALL men and women are naturally drawn to and fascinated by the truly VITAL man, because he radiates his power and vigor, as you know if you have observed the bright men in any assemblage. The weakling must stand aside. There are no drugs or medicines to take in connection with my HEALTH BELT. Simply wear it and absorb its wonderful health giving power. With special attachments it is a fine treatment for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders and general ill-health.

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which interest every man, young or old, who would be strong in manly vigor. It is a word of hope, a carefully written, interesting book, which should be in every one's possession. Therefore send to-day. If in or near this city call at my office. Hours, nine to six.

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Dear Sirs,—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free

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friendship, will live long and bloom through all our generations to come. I am not a lawyer, I am a farmer and a railroader who is still engaged in farming and running a train. I have no interest at the present time other than to see good crops on the farm, and good fair laws for railroad employees. I have lived in cities and in country towns, also homesteaded, and like country life with city comfort the best. I want to express my appreciation of all that comes from the pen of the W.H.M. corresponding sisters.

Here's to the woman whose heart and whose soul,

Are the light and life of each spice we pursue,

Whether sunned at the tropics or chilled at the pole;

If woman be there, there's happiness too.

But it's up to us bachelors to make it so. 29 Michael.

From Far Away

Lancashire, England.

Dear Editor: Although you will notice my home is in the East, it is with no less pleasure that I read your splendid paper, "The Western Home Monthly." My brother who is out West sends it to me, and I delight in reading it, for my one ambition is to get out to Canada. When I digest your excellent pages I feel as though I am already one of your fellow country people. I am a teacher, having passed my examinations (any chance in Canada?) but I have many duties at home which makes it my duty to stay here for the present. I take a great pride in the household, cooking, sewing, cleaning, etc., which goes down like a rich piece of cake to snatches of song, recitations and laughter. When I am not at the beck and call of my many younger sisters and brothers, I write articles to our school paper, many of which have appeared in print, or I correspond with a few friends abroad. Maybe some of your correspondents would like to write to me. My ambition being to travel, I wish to know as much of the world as possible. I am a lover of nature, so that the country appeals to me more so than town life, although I can occasionally indulge in a day's shopping. Well, dear Editor, I must not take up the space to which the people of the West have prior claim, so with all the best wishes to The Western Home Monthly, I am

Hetty, The Turk.

Against Card Playing

B. C., Jan. 22nd, 1913.

Dear Editor: Will you admit another subscriber to your large circle of correspondents. I have thought of writing for some time, but am always so busy, but today it is snowing and the fire is the best place, so I thought I would take this opportunity and write a letter. I have read your magazine for over three years, and have been a subscriber for two years, and I must stay I would not like to be without it now, although I have to put the copies away till the long winter evenings are here, as I have no time for reading in the summer. I was reading today, "A Reader's" letter in the October issue, and like him, I, too, often ask myself the question, "Is life worth living." I came from England some five years ago and had only just got settled down when I lost the breadwinner, leaving me with a small family to provide for, without a friend, a stranger in a strange land, and everything so different to what I had been used to. At work from morning till night, week in and week out, and no chance of a change to try and keep a home going. "Life isn't worth living." A neighbor said he wondered I did not go to a city to live. I'd earn more money, and not have to work so hard, but he didn't suggest where the money was coming from to take us there. Had I the money I would not go, there are too many temptations for boys and girls, and a mother cannot always be with them, then again, I prefer the free natural life one can get in the country. I love the mountains with their wild beauty, and also the cultivated beauty of the apple trees when they have their lovely white and pink dress in the spring. There's nothing to be found in any city that

THERE IS NOTHING FOR THE LIVER SO GOOD AS MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

They will regulate the flow of bile to act properly on the bowels, and will tone, renovate, and purify the liver, removing every result of liver trouble from the temporary, but disagreeable, bilious headache to the severest forms of liver complaint.

Mrs. John R. Barton, Mill Cove, N.B., writes:—"I suffered, more than tongue can tell, from liver troubles. I tried several kinds of medicine, but got no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They are a wonderful remedy."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



A bite of this and a taste of that, all day long, dulls the appetite and weakens the digestion.

Restore your stomach to healthy vigor by taking a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal—and cut out the "piecing".

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets are the best friends for sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

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The Original and Only Genuine

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Shiloh 25¢

"The Family Friend for 40 years." A never failing relief for Croup and Whooping Cough.

Had a Weak Heart.

Doctored For Three Years
Without Any Benefit.

Through one cause or another a large majority of people are troubled, more or less, with some form of heart trouble.

Little attention is paid to the slight weakness, but when it starts to beat irregularly, and every once in a while, pain seems to shoot through it, then it causes great anxiety and alarm.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief to all those suffering from any weakness of the heart or nerves.

Mrs. M. Shea, 193 Holland Ave., Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I write you these lines to let you know that I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. After doctoring for the last three years with all kinds of medicines and pills for weak heart, I heard of your Heart and Nerve Pills, so thinking I had never used anything that did me so much good, I kept on using them, and I had only used four boxes, when I was perfectly cured."

Price, 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best
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If he cannot supply the
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In one hour you can earn
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The family remedy for Coughs and Colds
"Shiloh costs so little and does so much!"

can compare with these. It would not do for all to think the same, I know, let everyone have their own preference. I often read of some of the bachelors giving a good account of themselves, and I would not like to whisper a word against them. If you see a needy case wanting a little help, boys of the prairie, try and help out. Remember "a little help is worth a lot of pity." There are quite a number of bachelors here, but only one has ever offered to help me out, and I never shall forget his kindness. As to dancing and card playing, I see no harm in the dances that are held in these small places, it would be dead completely if there wasn't something to pass the long winter evenings away, but I do not like the big dance halls in the city, one does not know who they are mixing with—these places should be avoided, I think, by one and all. I like a dance as much as anyone, but it's very seldom I attend one. As to card playing, which so many think there is no harm in, I for one, am strongly against it. It may be all right for those who can play for an hour or so, and not get a mania for it. I have had lots of trouble through cards, and I know from experience what harm they do. Now, I guess there are mothers, readers of this magazine who have sons, try and keep your boys from cards. It may not make any difference to you what they do, but who is to know what trouble and anxiety it may cause in after years. I'd be pleased to get a

"Rover" might think us rather young. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, we are
Patsy and Cookie.

Defending the Bachelors

Carlstadt, Alta., Jan. 15th, 1913.

Dear Editor: I am, as I suppose you are aware of the fact, behind in my rates, so please accept \$1.50 for further good faith, and I would very much like to say a few words with regard to "Plato." I am a western bachelor to start with, and I would not take up a pen to try and defend my title. I never was aware of the fact that this is a land of woman hunters. I came from the East myself, and presume that most of the western bachelors "Plato" speaks of did also. Now, "Plato," we have friends in the East, and we do not necessarily have to grab the first spinster we see out on the prairie. We have seen ladies before, although we may meet the one that is intended for us right here, and our union might be as happy as though it was pulled off in Sunny Italy. No, "Plato," I do think you are mistaken. I have spent several years in the West now, and formed the acquaintance of a great number of western bachelors, and I can say that those who have married are living happily, and I also do think that their wives rank as high in their estimation as any one I know of. As this is a fair sized old world, I cannot see why "Plato" should class the western bachelors by them-



Snowshoeing party at lunch

few correspondents of either sex, if they care to write. Thanking you in advance, and wishing the W.H.M. every success.
Rome Beauty.

Please send address.—Ed

Two Ontario Girls

Mount Forest, Ont., Feb., 1913.

Dear Editor: We have just been reading over the correspondence column, and have been struck by the similarity of the letters therein, so we are going to try not to travel in a circle, but try to get to the point. We, (Patsy and Cookie) are two high school girls, live on the same street, in the same town, go to the same skating rink, have the same boys to skate with, etc. We wonder as we read letters in the W.H.M., what the girls living on the prairies do for schools, rinks and boys to skate with. We certainly feel sorry for "Rover" who is going to try his hand at batching. If we two girls were only there we would lead him a lively time in his lonely home. We would very much like to hear from "Rover" and perhaps our correspondence would help to cheer his lonely life. Neither of us can claim the beauty of blue eyes, but we are told that our eyes sparkle with fun, and we, like "Rover," enjoy a little dancing now and then, but not in a public hall. At this season of the year we greatly enjoy our skating, and would love to chaperone "Rover" down to our rink some evening, where we feel sure he would pass a pleasant and healthful outing. We would not like to tell our ages, as

themselves, or is it that they are so much worse than bachelors of other parts of the globe. "Plato" says as soon as one of these bachelors is jilted, he hunts up another victim. What should he do? Shut himself up in an air tight shack, blow his brains out, or mourn the rest of his natural life, over the lady who took such delight in jilting him. I guess it must have been meant for a joke, let's ha! ha! a few times and call it one anyhow. There are hundreds of the fair sex marry western bachelors every year, and I do hope they are not deceived in so doing, but girls, you had better beware in the future, don't so much as give them a pleasant look. What's the use, you can always go to the city and land a cab driver any day, that would save you from being the unpaid house-keeper "Plato" speaks of. Any letters answered with pleasure.

Genuine.

In Manitoba

Bowman River, Man., January, 1913.

Dear Editor: Seeing so many interesting letters in the correspondence columns we could not resist the inclination to have our names enrolled in the list of members. We live in a most picturesque spot on the banks of the Swan River. Great tall trees cast their shadows over the mossy banks on which one can recline on the hot summer days. Now, as we gaze from the windows, a very different scene presents itself to our view. A white blanket is upon the ground, toboggans are sliding down the

Deafness Conquered!

Generous Offer of a Free
Book to all Deaf People
Who Wish to Hear



Deaf people everywhere will rejoice with all their hearts over the new treatment for Deafness that is restoring hearing in so many cases once thought hopeless. In order that everyone may learn of this treatment—by all odds one of the best yet known for Deafness—the finder of this successful new method has written a very interesting and helpful book which he will send absolutely free of charge to any person who suffers from Deafness. It shows in the plainest manner the causes of Deafness and Head Noises, and points out the way to regain clear and distinct hearing. Careful drawings of the ear and its complicated passages, made by the best artists, illustrate the book.

Deafness Specialist Sproule, author of this desirable work, has for twenty-five years been making a thorough investigation of Deafness and Head Noises, and his successful new treatment for Deafness is the reward of all his patient study. Now he wishes every one who suffers from Deafness in any degree to learn how science can conquer this cruel affliction.

Don't neglect your Deafness any longer! Send for this book today, and learn how hearing is being restored, quickly and permanently. Many who once believed their Deafness incurable have already gained perfect hearing by following the advice given in its pages. Write your name and address on the dotted lines, cut out the free book coupon. Mail to **Deafness Specialist Sproule, 117 Trade Building, Boston.**

Free Book
Coupon

Specialist Sproule, please send me your new free book on the treatment of Deafness and Head Noises.

NAME

ADDRESS

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Consumption

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure



NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M.D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 1734 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write to-day. It may mean the saving of your life.



CANCER

Book Free. A simple Home treatment removed lump from this lady's breast. Old sores, ulcers and growths cured. Describe your trouble; we will send book and testimonials.

THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, LIMITED
10 CHURCHILL AVE., TORONTO

ONTARIO WOMAN'S FORTUNE

Freed From That Weak, Languid, Always Tired Feeling, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Thessalon, Ont.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a blessing to women, and I cannot speak highly enough of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."



Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, Thessalon, Ont.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

There are probably hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over 30 years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering. If you are sick and need such a medicine, why don't you try it?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

\$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men.

**Send Name and Address Today—
You Can Have it Free and Be
Strong and Vigorous.**

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this but I send it entirely free.

C. & G. KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS

Prompt and reliable, for Ladies. The only genuine. AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition 1891. 100 Years' Reputation. Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in Bottles, 40c and 75c. Agents: THE GORDON MITCHELL DRUG CO., Main St., Winnipeg. Mfrs.: C. & G. Kearsley, 42 Waterloo Road, London, Eng.

deep incline of the river bank, and merry skaters, whom we will soon go down and join, are skimming here and there over the glistening ice. After one hour's skate we will repair to the dance room, a few miles away, and enjoy a few of those long dreamy waltzes. We are sincerely sorry that we cannot send any recipes this time, as we are not the proud possessors of any that do not begin with six eggs, seven lemons or words to that effect. In closing, we would state that although we have not red hair, a few freckles are slightly visible on the fair brow of one of the authors, namely, Sal, while Lizzie's hands and feet are slightly over normal size. So as not to frighten the bachelors, we remark, that we have beautiful golden hair and are still on the sunny side of the "old maid line." Wishing the W.H.M. every success visible on the calendar of time, we will now close, hoping to hear from some of the members, we are,

Batty Liz and Silly Sal.

Does Not Agree with "Plato"

Eastbrook, Sask., Feb. 11th, 1913.

Dear Editor: In reading the correspondence pages of the January issue, "Plato's" knock on matrimony in general,

found only in this country in the early years of homestead life before the day when settlement progresses far enough that family men bring out their wives and daughters to their new country home. Where can a man better learn to appreciate women than out in a lonely homestead shack, where with only the image of his mother and sisters to fill his mind, he learns through hard experience that the household tasks (that most of us men think are but play, as compared to men's heavier work) that women with a tenth of our strength, cheerfully do, are more tiring and tedious than their monotonous routine. How many of us have not after a long morning of putting our shack to rights stopped to survey its still soiled condition and remembered mother's spotless kitchen, how she kept her house, many times larger than our little shack, clean and bright, and still had time to help us at our play as well as comfort us in our troubles. All these things we homesteading bachelors have a chance to learn and profit by. Who has a better chance to become the model husband, than the lonely bachelor, who has been through life's hard fire and come out well tempered with a knowledge of work not



The Coon considering the next move

and matrimonially inclined bachelors in particular, aroused my ire, and although I am no pen artist I will in my feeble way try to write a few lines in defence of we bachelors, who he has so ably pictured as unloving woman hunters, whose sole ambition in life seems to be to enslave through faithless promises and marriage some unsuspecting and unsophisticated but loving girl, into being his unpaid housekeeper for the rest of his or her allotted span. Were I to hazard a guess as to the promptings of his letters, I would say that he has experienced some disappointments in his matrimonial ventures, or in "the slang of the street" he has either been handed a lemon or been cut out. His reason for picking us homesteading bachelors out as an inferior article on the matrimonial market, I do not quite see; but as I am one of these unfeeling future stumbling blocks of western progress myself, I may be a little prejudiced in their favor. Have roamed over a great part of this western country of ours, where I have seen and learned to know quite a few bachelors and their habits, have found a large part of them to be young men with clean habits, a good education, refined manners and with a reverence for women kind, that is to be

equally divided. Wishing the W.H.M. continued success, and leaving my address with the Editor, I will sign myself, Hank on the Homestead.

Always Useful and Interesting

Saskatoon, Sask., Feb. 19th, 1913

Dear Editor: Please forgive me for getting so far behind with my subscription, but I really did not know you were still sending it, till I happened to ask if there were any papers for me at the P.O. the other day, when I was greatly surprised to receive four back numbers. However, I have made good use of them, by sending them to a brother in the Old Country, who is always glad to get them. You have now three subscribers in our family, so you can plainly see it's a favorite. Am enclosing postal orders for \$2.00 for three years' subscriptions, one of which is nearly out and do not intend to get behind again. I think I am what you would call one of the lucky ones, having just sold my homestead, which was close to Saskatoon, for ten thousand dollars, and am now looking for a good location in which to start mixed farming, and as I think the winters a little long here would like to hear from any one in that

STRONGLY ADVISES "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

**Because They Cured Him, And
They Will Cure You**



MR. ALEX. MCCARTER

WALKERTON ONT., MAY 9th, 1911.
"I have been in Walkerton in business for a good many years and many of my townsmen know that my health, for long periods was precarious. My trouble was extreme Nervousness, brought on by Indigestion and Dyspepsia, from which I suffered in the most severe form. It was so bad that I could not sleep before about four in the morning. I noticed one of your published testimonials of how someone had used "Fruit-a-tives" for similar trouble and asked Mr. Hunter, my druggist, his opinion on the matter and he advised their use. I immediately procured several boxes and I am pleased to say that I now enjoy splendid health and could not possibly feel better. I can eat with every degree of satisfaction and sleep without an effort. I strongly advise anyone suffering from like complaints, to commence using "Fruit-a-tives". ALEX. MCCARTER.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Artificial Limbs

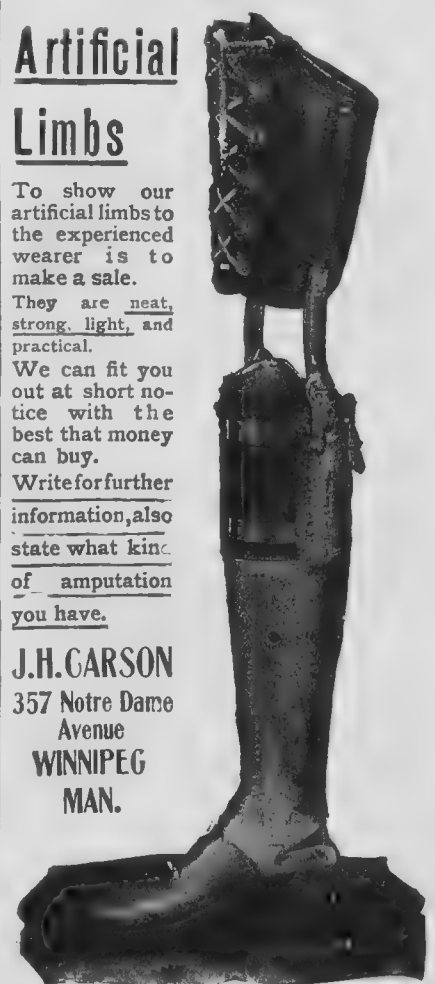
To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON
357 Notre Dame
Avenue
WINNIPEG
MAN.



When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

WHOOPING COUGH LEFT A NASTY, DRY COUGH.

Doctors Could Do No Good.

Mrs. A. Mainwright, St. Mary's, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for my little boy. He had whooping cough, which left him with a nasty, dry hard cough. I took him to several doctors, but they did him no good, and I could see my little lad failing day by day. I was advised to take him to another doctor, which I did, and he told me he was going into a decline. I was telling a neighbour about it, and she told me to get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and give it to him regularly. She then got to tell me how much good it did her children, so I got a bottle, and gave it to my little boy, and was so pleased with the result that I bought another one, and by the time he had finished it he had no cough. He is now fat and strong, and I would not be without a bottle in the house on any account."

Whooping cough generally begins as a common cold, accompanied with coughing and a slight discharge from the nose.

It is, as a rule, more of a child's trouble but also affects adults.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a sure preventative if taken in time, and is also a positive cure for any of the after effects.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark price 25 and 50 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family of any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

INGROWING NAILS POSITIVELY CURED

by the use of
TOE-KOMFORT

at druggists and shoe dealers or send 25c for full sized box.

Satisfaction or money back.

FOOT-KOMFORT MFG. CO.

389 TWEED AVE.

WINNIPEG CANADA

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of Wm. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores
MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

business in B.C., especially Fort George. Goodbye to the present, and good luck to all.
A Farmer's Boy.

Quite Domesticated

Manitoba, Jan. 1913.

Dear Editor; We are very interested readers of your paper, and in our lonely moments it cheers our hearts. We are bachelors, 25 and 22 years of age, and of quiet habits, do not chew, spit, smoke or drink. Two young ladies keep house for us, but of course we assist them in every way, in fact, we are very domesticated and can cook, sew, wash up, and do other little jobs around the house. Think dancing in any form should not be indulged in, but, do not mind an occasional game at cards. We have fifteen horses and sixteen head of cattle, fourteen of which are milking cows, so you can see we have no time to waste, and, usually get up at 4.30 a.m. the year round. We both read the many letters in your paper, and out of so many young ladies surely two such hardworking chaps as us, stand a chance to be able to share a home with them. We will gladly answer any letters.

Wretched Bill and Grumbling Joe.

Send Along Your Ideas

Sask., Jan. 20th, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers: I see you invite your readers to make use of this column. I am a subscriber; I do not like criticism myself, so shall try to be very careful of how, what, when and where I write about. I, for one enjoy reading the letters. I am not going to stay long, only why cannot we vote for a corner for fancy work. I am very fond of this. I take quite a few fancy work magazines and books, so I could help in the building up of such a needle-work corner. I keep house for my father and two brothers. I like farm life best, although there is more work. How many of the girls make patch-work quilts and hooked rugs. It takes me a long time to make a rug, I guess it's because I do not like it quite so well as patchwork. I like Canada for its good climate, but everything is so dear here. There is very little sport, if any, out here, as neighbors are too far apart. I believe in every one enjoying themselves. Yes, I think we girls should give some simple remedy for helping the bachelors to live better. Snookums.

A Subscriber for Seven Years

Winnifred, Alta., Feb. 24th, 1913.

Dear Sir: I must ask your pardon for my neglect in not sending in my past due subscription to your excellent magazine. It has been a welcome visitor to my shack for nearly seven years. The Correspondence column has always been of special interest, but I have never mustered up courage enough to write. Some of the discussions are interesting, whilst others I consider rather monotonous. The young man and his problem I consider, splendid as it hits us in vital places and at the same time helps us. At present I am farming on a fine half section, and have a good outfit. I would like to hear from any members, and will sign myself,

Imperialist.

A New Reader

Dear Editor: I have been reading the last two copies of the Western Home Monthly and have become very interested in the Correspondence column. Although not a subscriber, I have decided to become one right away. It is sure a splendid magazine throughout. I notice that most of the correspondents have something to say on the questions of dancing and playing cards. There is nothing I like better than a good dance or a quiet little game of cards. Regarding the tobacco question, I can only say that I am fond of smoking, and cannot see that it is such an awful thing as some people seem to think. I live in a small town and I believe I like it better than the city. There is always something "doing." We have a moving picture show, which with hockey, and a dance, now and then, keeps every one happy. Hoping this small epistle will escape the W.P.B., I will close. I would like to hear from any of the W.H.M. correspondents, especially "A Western Lass" or "A Lonely Yankee Maid" (Dec. issue). So buck up girls and write to your
Uncle Dudley.

A WOMAN'S GOOD LOOKS

Depend on her general health and freedom from pain. Many a woman looks old before her time because of those irregularities which are essentially feminine. Starting from early womanhood, she suffers from frequently recurring derangements that upset her womanly health. If she be beautiful she grows into that mellow age without wrinkles and crowfeet about the eyes or the blue circles underneath. It is invariably the rule that such women suffer little, or not at all, from womanly derangements which sap the health and leave in the face the tell-tale story of pain and suffering. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the famous specialist in the diseases of women, found a prescription in his early practice that soothed the organism peculiar to womanhood—oiled the machinery, as it were, of the human system—and helped the woman to pass those painful periods that scar-lined and aged her face. This remedy became

the well-known Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that has benefited thousands of women and saved them from misery and suffering at different periods in life.



MRS. PIERCE.

MRS. HARKELY E. PIERCE, of 244 Bright Street, Sarnia, Ont., writes: "I am now a well woman after suffering for three years and doctoring with several different doctors, each one saying it was something different, and the last one, after putting me through a thorough examination, said I was suffering from a growth, which, in time, would result in cancer, and said I would not live more than two years if not operated upon right away. I became hopelessly discouraged but would not consent to the operation as I was too weak and too much afraid, but at last, through the advice of a friend, I tried Dr. Pierce's medicines, and after using two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I immediately felt a change. I also used two boxes of 'Healing Suppositories' and eight boxes of 'Lotion Tablets,' and can safely praise the name of Dr. Pierce's medicines to all who suffer from any female disease, for these medicines are all they are claimed to be, and I hope will help others as they have helped me."

Local Treatment for Women's Disorders

The health we enjoy depends very largely upon how the blood circulates in our bodies; in other words, if we have perfect circulation, we will have perfect health.

There is a constant wearing out of the tissues in every part of the body. The blood flowing through the veins carries off this waste or dead matter, while the blood coming from the heart through the arteries brings the fresh new living tissue, the essence of the food we have digested, to replace what has been carried off. This constant wearing out and expelling of the dead matter and the replacing of it with new matter, atom by atom, goes on day and night, until in about seven years a complete change has been effected. Thus every man and woman has an entirely different body in every particle of it from what he or she had seven years before.

It sometimes happens, however, from a variety of causes, that the blood becomes congested in certain portions of the body. This means that the blood vessels in these parts become weakened, and the circulation in that section of the body becomes sluggish and stagnant. The consequence is that the dead matter in that part of the body is only partially carried away, and that but little of the new, vital matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues and nerves.

This condition invariably exists in all cases of female disorders. The dead matter retained in the circulation, which should have been expelled, causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate membrane, and oppresses the nerve centres. This condition is the cause of the grievous physical and mental suffering which accompanies female troubles.

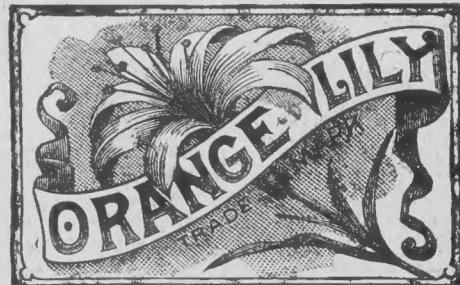
To obtain relief it is evident that the first thing to be done is to get rid of the dead matter which is being held in the circulation. If this dead matter is allowed to remain there a species of blood poisoning will result, and nature will endeavor to get rid of it by forming ulcers, tumors, etc.

The above explanation will also show why ORANGE LILY is so successful in curing this condition. It is a local treatment, and is applied direct to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissue, and from the very start the dead matter begins to be discharged. A feeling of immense relief, both mental and physical, accompanies it, and the improvement is constant and positive. This feature of the expelling of the dead matter is always present to a greater or less extent, and in some cases it is so marked as to be amazing. The case described in the following letter is not exceptional:

Dr. Coonley.—I am thankful to Mrs. F. E. Currah, your Canadian representative, for my health restored by your wonderful remedy. I have suffered for seventeen years, but not so bad until three years ago. Then I had a doctor, who told me I had a tumor, and could not live more than a year. If I went through an operation I would not live through it. A year later I sent for him again, and he gave me up to die. My husband then sent for another doctor, who performed an operation, and it did me much good. I doctored with him three or four months, but became so bad again that I thought I could live no longer, and I began to long to die. One day my husband came home and threw a slip of paper to me with Mrs. Currah's address and told me a lady had advised him to write to her for a treatment that would cure me. I said it was too late, that I would die anyway. I could not lift a teaspoon without hurting me. Then the first doctor told me I was worse than ever. However, my husband sent for ORANGE LILY, and the third treatment brought away one tumor. Others followed, until seven tumors had been expelled—three large ones and four small ones. I know if it had not been for ORANGE LILY I would have died, for I could not live much longer. I would have thought it cheap at one hundred dollars for a month's treatment, instead of one dollar. It is worth its weight in gold.—MRS. GEORGE LEWIS, Huntsville, Ont.

The above letter is published with Mrs. Lewis' permission. All letters received are treated as being sacredly confidential, but occasionally some patient feels so grateful for being cured that she is willing to make the matter known for the benefit and encouragement of her suffering sisters.

ORANGE LILY is a positive, scientific remedy for all disorders of the female functions. As explained above, these troubles are of local origin, and require local treatment. It is just as sensible to take medicine internally for female trouble, as it would be to take medicine internally for a bruise, a boil or an ulcerated tooth. In all these cases some dead matter is being retained, and the cure is effected by employing local methods for expelling the dead matter. ORANGE LILY has antiseptic, soothing and healing properties, and also tones up and invigorates blood vessels and nerves. I am so anxious that every suffering woman may satisfy herself, without cost to her, that ORANGE LILY will cure her, that I hereby make the following



Free Trial Offer

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Always In a Hurry.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it?—she never is on time.

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason;

But I am sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

Topsy's Babies.

"I must teach the kittens some tricks," said Alice, one day. "They are getting so big and plump! Don't you think they are old enough to learn to do things, mamma?"

"Well, little daughter, suppose you try teaching them," said mamma.

So Alice went to the door, and called: "Kittens, kittens, kittens! Come Tip! Come Trot! Come, kittens!" Now, their real names were Tipkins and Trotkins; but Alice always called them Tip and Trot for short.

When the kittens heard their little mistress call, they came running as fast as their fat little bodies and short little legs would let them come; for "kittens, kittens, kittens!" almost always meant, "Here is some nice warm milk to drink."

Alice gathered the funny little things up in her arms. They looked just exactly alike, for Tipkins had a black spot on the end of his tail, and Trotkins had a black spot on the end of his tail, too. Tipkin's eyes were blue, so were Trotkin's. Tipkin's nose was black, and Trotkins nose was black, too. Alice often wondered how their mother, Topsy, ever told them apart.

"Now" said the little girl, "you have grown to be such big pussies that it is time you learned to work. You must earn your dinner. What do you say to that?"

"Meow, Meow!" said Tipkins. "Meow, Meow!" said Trotkins. "Meow, meow, meow!" said Tipkins and Trotkins together. Which seemed to mean, "That we will, little mistress, only show us how."

Alice took a tiny bit of meat in her fingers, and let one of the kittens smell of it; then she said very slowly, "Now, pussy, roll over." The kitten liked the smell of the meat very much, so he said, "Meow, meow!" but he did not know in the least what "roll over" meant, so he did nothing. "Roll over, kitty" said his little mistress again, but he only said, "Meow, meow, meow!" once more. Then Alice made pussy lie down, and she gently rolled him over with her hand, saying very slowly as she did so, "Roll over." After this she gave him a bit of meat.

Then it was the other kitten's turn. He had no more idea than his brother what "roll over" meant; but, after Alice had said the words two or three times, she gently rolled his plump little body over, too, and then she gave him a nice bit of meat also. Then she set a big saucer of milk down in front of her pets, and so ended the first lesson of Tipkins and Trotkins.

This was only the first of many lessons, however. Alice worked very patiently with the kittens every day for a whole month; and, at the end of that time, both Tipkins and Trotkins knew just what she meant, and would roll over every time she told them to, even though they got not a scrap of anything good to eat in return.

Tipkins seemed to think it was great fun, and would sometimes roll over and over five or six times without stopping, just as Alice herself often rolled on the

grass when at play. But Trotkins never seemed to like doing it, and would turn round and round until he was fairly dizzy before finally lying down. Then, as he rolled over, he would give a funny meow, as much as to say, "I don't like to; but, if I must I will."

Tipkins learned to ring a small call bell by striking it with one of his front paws. Trotkins could never be coaxed to touch this bell; but he would sit by when his brother rang it, and cry, "Meow, meow, meow!" Alice thought this was very funny, and she said that Trot sang while Tip did the playing.

Both kittens learned to jump over a stick when their mistress held one out in her hand, about a foot from the floor; and Alice taught Tipkins to jump through a small wooden hoop, but she never could persuade Trotkins to even once try to jump through the hoop.



The Pet Lamb

As Tipkins and Trotkins grew older, their mother, Topsy, taught them to hunt for mice in the big dark barn, and to catch moles and grasshoppers in the field. They had less and less time, as the days went by, to play with their little mistress, and Alice found them so sleepy, when they did have time, that at last she gave up trying to teach them any new antics.

As the months passed by, they grew sleek and fat. They were kittens no longer, but had grown as large and could hunt as well as mother Topsy; and, although they learned no new tricks now, the old ones taught them by their little mistress were never forgotten by Tipkins nor Trotkins.—Jane L. Hoxie, in the Kindergarten Review.

Soap Bubbles

For three days it had been "misty-moisty" weather.

"Too damp for my chickies to be out-of-doors," said mama, as Alice and Harry came into the room where she lay—not very ill, to be sure, but not able to be up and go down stairs.

"What can we do?" thought the children.

"Oh mama, can you please give us two empty spools?" asked Harry. Mama told him where to find them, for she usually kept some in a machine drawer for just such requests. Harry brought the spools, got a wash-bowl and seemed to be washing his hands, but he really was making soap-suds. Then both the children dipped their spools in the soapy water, rubbed the wet end on the soap in the soap dish, and then blew through the spools.

Place your finger over the hole till you blow again. And when you stop to take a new breath put your tongue over it, and the bubble will keep its size."

Then both Alice and Harry touched the bubbles they were blowing together, and often they became one large one, into which both were blowing.

Then Harry found a reed stem and stuck it into his spool, and stood on a chair, so that the bubbles would be high up in the air. He would blow them the size of very large oranges, and throw them over toward mama, who tried to fan and blow them up toward the ceiling.

"Oh Harry, look! I blew that bubble in two," said Alice, as two smaller bubbles chased away from her, followed by "a tiny baby one," as Harry called it.

"But just see here, Alice," and Harry was throwing a small bubble off the end of his spool, catching it and blowing a new one immediately. "I just now blew seven that way," said he. So Alice tried it. By this time papa had come home, and after a few minutes of admiring the size and pretty colors of these fairy balls, they went down to supper, as happy as if the sun had been shining all day.

Paper Doll People

"I always thought twins had everything alike!" sobbed Hope as she sat with her head in Auntie's lap.

"Well not everything," said Auntie. "You don't want Scarlet Fever because Faith has it, do you?"

"No-oo," said Hope, "but I didn't want Faith to have it, either! We've never been apart before."

"Be sensible, child!" said Auntie, "it's much harder for Faith than for you; she must be kept away from the other children for six long weeks; you can go out and play any time."

"But she's the only one I want to play with! I believe I do wish I could have it, too, then we'd play dolls together."

"Is that what you miss most?" asked Auntie.

"Of course we miss our children most," answered Hope. "Some of the family belong to me and some to Faith; she wouldn't take the children to bed with her 'cause they might lose their hair with the fever."

"You poor little doll mother!" said Auntie, giving her a very loving kiss, "suppose you run right up to my postcard album and bring down the pictures the family had taken at the seashore last summer."

"Yes Auntie," said Hope, wiping her swollen eyes.

When Hope came back with the postcards, Auntie took out the embroidery scissors and began to cut.

"Oh, you'll spoil our picture! You'll spoil our picture!" cried Hope as she saw the scissors going in and out around the two figures.

"I am spoiling the picture," said Auntie, "but guess what I am going to make out of it?"

"I don't know," said Hope looking very much puzzled.

"Well, what does this look like?" asked Auntie.

"Oh, it's a paper doll!" cried Hope, "and it's one of us—I don't know which."

"I think it's Faith for she has a way of holding her arms akimbo."

Hope took the scissors and began cutting as if her life depended on it. In a few minutes there were two paper dolls with faces just alike.

"How can you make them stand up, Auntie?" asked Hope.

"We'll put on an easel-back," said Auntie, and she cut out two pasteboard strips to paste on the backs of the dolls.

"I'm going to put us right together side by side," cried Hope. "Oh, Auntie, it's almost like being together again!"

"Now," said Auntie, "I think it will be fun to make paper dresses like the ones you wore that day."

"Lay the dolls on this sheet and draw all around their waists, draw flaring skirts and, on the shoulders, draw oblong pieces to bend back."

"Look mama! Oh, look!" excitedly exclaimed Alice, as an immense bubble grew at the end of the spool. First it had rosy colors, then greenish, then a wonderful golden tint, gradually changing to a rich purple and indigo, then—snap!—it was gone. Each tried to see which could blow the largest bubble, and they soon found they could spend no breath on exclamations, so they tried to call out without taking the spools from their mouths; but this made such funny little grunts and squeals that they could not blow for laughing.

"Oh mama, see my bubble grow small!" said Alice.

"Yes, dear. The hole in the spool is so large, the air comes out rapidly."



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The homely Meat-
Pie is fit for a King
when made with-

PURITY FLOUR

Recipe: Make a paste of $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of **PURITY FLOUR**, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of water. Rub the butter lightly into flour and mix to a smooth paste with the water. Roll out two or three times and it is ready.

Cut 3 lbs. of steak into pieces about 2 inches square, allowing a small piece of fat to each. Arrange in layers in a deep pie-dish, sprinkling between each layer salt and pepper to taste. Fill the dish sufficiently to support the crust and stand in the centre a cup turned upside down to take the weight. Pour in water to half fill the dish, put on crust and bake for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a hot oven. (Sufficient for eight persons.)